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THE

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## THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT DISCONTENTS

It is many years since an independent observer of the political horizon at the opening of a new year could welcome the dawn of International Peace. And it is even many more years since he could see in this blessed prospect the personal work of a Constitutional King and a Conservative Minister. Ever since Edward VII's 'circumnavigation of peace and amity' in 1903, it has been the Treaty of Arbitration, the settlement of long-standing sources of estrangement. The most important of these was the comprehensive settlement with France, just accepted by the French legislature. Having regard to the immense area and the diverse conditions covered by this settlement it must be pronounced a masterpiece of diplomatic *do ut des* the most important since the Treaty of Paris in 1856. It has removed all the burning problems between our countries and some of them that seemed inveterate, for the knotty question of the Newfoundland Fisheries has been an outstanding sore for centuries. The settlement has recast the whole scheme of European politics. It gives our statesmen a free hand such as they have not had for a generation.

The details and provisions of this great 'omnibus' Bill of settlement between two nations were of course the work of Lord Lansdowne, and were by no means the work of a month or a year, but of long and arduous negotiations. The driving-power of the new Anglo-French *entente* was largely due to the good sense of the King. One of the dominant signs of the age is the tendency towards some form of *personal* direction by Sovereign, President, Chancellor, Secretary of State, or favourite. It is the inevitable result of the impotence of Parliaments, Senates, or even of Cabinets, to work a complex scheme with energy, rapidity, and scientific knowledge. The



grown from 91 millions by 50 millions - this amazed and alarmed rational men. But it turns out that this is not nearly the worst of it. Like other things, it has been a juggler.

Mr. T. Gibson Bowles has shown conclusively in *National Finance: An Imminent Peril*, that the real Revenue received by and paid out by the Exchequer was £176,000,000 in 1893-4, as against a similar Revenue in 1893-4 of £106,602,384. He says that, in ten years, the State Revenue *has been increased* by £70,300,000. Within the last ten years the increase alone has amounted to the total revenue received a generation ago. When we look into the items the tale is explained as waste, extravagance, muddle all round. The Army expenses have grown in ten years from 21½ millions to 46½ millions and military experts and foreign critics tell us we have not got an Army, and are not on the way to get one. The cost of the Navy has increased from 15 millions to 40 millions. And Army and Navy together now account for 86½ millions, as against 36 millions; an increase of 50½ millions. And the War budget bears a far larger proportion to the total Budget. It used to be *a third*. It is now *one-half*. And that in a time of peace, *entente cordiale*, Arbitration Treaties, and a renewed understanding with America and with France. Peace hath her victories as well as war - and also it seems her wasteful and extravagant finance.

Mr. Bowles goes on to show how this monstrous increase has been brought about, owing to the control of Parliament and the necessary publicity of public accounts having been evaded by the tricks, deceptions, and violent abuses of the present Government. He shows how they have handled and spent 25 millions which were not included in the votes of Parliament. His summary shows that the State revenue has increased in ten years by 70 millions, the War budget by 50 millions, Education by five millions. In the same period the liabilities of the State have grown to £948,800,000 an increase of over £210,000,000; whilst the total liabilities of the nation, including Local Debt, have risen to £1,417,820,000 an increase of £411,700,000. These figures are all taken from the official returns and accounts and challenge contradiction. It will be a sight to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer - the successor of Gladstone, Harcourt, and Hicks-Beach - stammering out his reply.

Every public man, nay, every intelligent citizen, should mark, learn, and inwardly digest these thirty pages of pitiless exposure of folly and fraud. If they cannot be answered they are enough to shake any ministry from its seat. Let every constituency in the realm get by heart these plain figures, and call upon every candidate (party apart) to answer them or to denounce them in his place. Mr. Bowles is no Radical, or Pro-Boer, or Little-Eng-



land for a Peace-at-any-price man. He is an old Parliamentary hand, a stout Conservative, one of the few men in Parliament who have mastered every detail of the Navy and also of Finance. At this terrible analysis of the public burdens, which he truly describes as "an imminent peril," has been examined and supported by financial expert authority, quite free from party or personal bias. A London banker, in discussing this pamphlet said: "Yes! We are steering full steam upon national bankruptcy!" The stock reply to the warning, that if we are spending 70 millions more than we did in 1893-4 we are so much richer is a childish sophism. The man in the street, the man of business, the retired official and professional man, well knows that he is paying far more in taxation, with anything but a similar increase in his income.

We are, in fact, in the backwash of a most wanton, costly, inglorious war, in which we have made ourselves a laughing-stock and an opprobrium to the civilised world, disorganised our finance, our trade, and our political institutions. And for what? Twenty thousand British lives, two hundred and twenty millions of sterling money sunk in turning a fine land into a howling wilderness, in making a chaos in South Africa, in ruining English labour, and handing over gangs of Chinese slaves to cosmopolitan gold-hunters. Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Milner, Mr. Lyttelton and the rest of the Pro-Beits, will live in history as the men who re-introduced a particularly dirty form of slave-trade into British territory, who burdened a fine Colony, already deeply weighted by its race problems and its inter-tribal difficulties, with a new problem of a peculiarly sinister kind. To all the dilemmas which faced our statesmen in South Africa, over the vast prairies of blasted homes and the curses of an indomitable people, there come back to us ghastly accounts of disgusting diseases, cruel oppression, and unmentionable vice.

Tell us, you Beits and Pro-Beits, and all you jobbers in the political or in the financial markets, what have become of all our promises? You wanted no gold-fields? It is false—you wanted nothing else. You claimed only to introduce free government and equal rights? It is false. You have established such government as the Tsar gives Poland or Finland. You meant to open up Africa to prosperity and trade? It is false. You have ruined its agriculture—its essential industry—and have opened it only to gold-mining. The only trade you have assisted is the slave trade. You pledged your words that the receipts of British officers should be paid? They have never been honoured, and never will be honoured. You pledged your words to give just compensation. Say what you will in official *dementis*, we know that the victims of the devastation are starving. You promised this nation that

the gold mines would advance thirty millions sterling for a *loan*? *Credat Josephus*. They have not advanced it, and never meant to find it. Who would trust their promises but a gambler—in the share market, or in the political market? You promised to open up the Colonies to British settlers and labourers? You have driven them away and sent British miners home, lest they should not prove as docile as coolies. You promised these slaves 2s. per day, and to make a home for them with their wives and families? You pay them less than Kaffirs. Neither wives nor children come. They are guarded in prison-yards and we know the rest. You told us that they were to be free and most intelligent workmen? In the result, they are slaves and that expatriated in a peculiarly vile form of slavery.

People rub their eyes and say: "But can these things be, in a British Parliament and a Government of English gentlemen?" Well, yes! Arrogance, and a fraudulent majority of the hour, and the need for "keeping the party together," will account for almost anything. The Grand Dukes in Russia, full of their royal birth, their prestige, and the need of saving "Holy Russia," applaud the drunken brutalities at the Dogger Bank. And so, to be a conventional "English gentleman," to have been at Eton, and to be good at games, is enough for honour, though you play the crimp to the Kaffir Circus. And these are the men whose promises have turned out to be frauds, whose schemes have proved to end in disaster and confusion; who, with 16½ millions sterling have no Army, no War Office, no guns, no reserves, no mobilised corps worth mentioning. These are the men who ask us to tear up the fiscal system by which alone their 177 millions have been drawn out of our pockets. These are the men whom we are to trust when they ask us to fling British prosperity and the food of the people into their new Imperial Stock. We might as well trust the Whitaker Wrights and Balfours—Jabez Balfour, of course, in Parkhurst Gaol.

There is no need now to argue the Tariff juggle. Events have shown it to be a tissue of false assertions, impudent promises, and contradictory nostrums. The main prophet of these nostrums has been all his public life an ardent opponent of them, and has himself exposed their hollowness within the last few years in official utterances. When he tells us that trade is being ruined, the returns show a record prosperity. When he tells us that the Empire is in danger, it turns out that its only danger is from his own hollow promises. When he talks about the demand from the Colonies, it appears no demand has ever been made. When he says they have made an "offer," they say they have made none. It is just the same with every forecast, promise, and scheme he ever made public. As Mayor of Birmingham, he posed as a

Republic. He went for Disestablishment till he joined the Tories. He promised Three Acres and a Cow, National Councils and Old Age Pensions, Secular Education, Free Institutions in South Africa, a reunited Empire—all manifest bribes at elections, flung aside when they had done their work. Not a single scheme that he has ever advocated has come to anything. Not a single promise he ever made has been fulfilled. The Sugar Convention has proved a dead loss of millions to the nation, with a petty "tip" to some favoured tradesmen in the Colonies. When imports increase employment is found to improve; not, as he tells us, to diminish. Yet everyone who disputed this random nonsense became a Pro-Boer when he himself became a Pro-Beit. Is it worth while arguing with a mountebank beating his own drum?

It is the hopeless contradictions in the Tariff juggle which make it so ridiculous. The landlords here, as in Germany, want to tax foreign corn. But that will make bread dear, which the working men will not stand. Manufacturers want to tax machines, but that will ruin the farmers, and a dozen trades which depend on buying foreign machinery cheap. Foreign hops, foreign grapes, foreign ham, foreign flour, foreign sugar, are to be penalised in order to please growers in Kent or Sussex, Yorkshire or Somerset, nullers, refiners, maltsters, or graziers. But then the consumers, who are fifty to one, cry out, "This won't do for us!" Next, Canadian wood merchants must be "protected," as well as Canadian farmers. "Oh!" cry the builders, "you will make us bankrupt!" "Tax American cotton," cry Imperial growers. "No! No!" roars Lancashire. How about wool, leather, timber, maize, jute, minerals? Every trader wants to tax anything that competes with him, and objects to tax anything he uses himself. The head-huntsman holds up his dead fox, and each hound in the pack is scrambling for his bite. But the fox won't go round; and the hounds are beginning now to bite each other. Says My Lord Duke and Mr. Chaplin, "If you don't keep out foreign corn, what do we get?" Says the cotton-spinner and wool stapler, "If you force up our wages, we will see you at Jericho!" Ours is a country of such immense complication in its industry, is so utterly dependent on unlimited (and therefore foreign) supplies of food and raw materials, that to favour any one interest is to injure all the rest.

These inextricable dilemmas were obvious to anyone who understood economics and politics. But into this game of "bridge" Mr. Chamberlain plunged, crying, "No trumps!" with his self-assurance, his ignorance, and his mastery of "Bluff." Everybody was to gain. Corn would be taxed, and yet bread would be cheaper. The farmer would again sell his wheat at 55s., and yet

The loaf would be bigger and cost less. Wages would rise for the workman; and yet the wages-bill of the employer would be less. The foreigner would pay all the new taxes; and yet he would send us his goods cheaper than ever. Though foreign manufactures and goods would fall in price here, British manufactures and goods would command increased prices in the home market. The horrid German would see how a Briton could "hit back"; and yet he would have to take it "lying down." The semi-rebellious Colonies would return to the bosom of the Mother Country and sing "Hands all round." The Empire would be saved. And the Duke of Birmingham would celebrate an Imperial *Te Deum* in his own capital.

Now the Prime Minister, who is not so ignorant nor so unblushing, saw from the first that this would not do. So he put down his foot—his fixed and irresistible foot!—upon any taxing of food. He thought Tariff Reform was a card worth playing; but that rank Protection was a dangerous game. So he announced himself to be a Semi-Protectionist-Retaliation-Quasi-Free Trader—what the Latin grammar would call a *Paulo-post-futurum* Protectionist. He saw much in his eminent friend's scheme. He was no "hustler" himself, and he did not think the time had come. He explained himself in a cloud of words which might be taken on either side. In the meantime, he took care to get rid of Free Traders and put Protectionists in charge of the Finances, the Army, the Navy, the Colonies, and the Board of Trade; he supported Protectionist candidates; he patronised Protectionist caucuses. All this time he kept asserting that he would have nothing to do with Protection, and if "the Party" went for Protection he would cease to lead it. The rump of "the Party," by overwhelming majorities, did go for Protection; but he did not cease to lead or rather he did not cease to follow. He managed so that the Speaker and his deputies gagged the House of Commons, and prevented it from touching the burning question of the day. By this trick the Prime Minister was able to wriggle out of any plain statement. The House of Commons was befooled, demoralised, and degraded by a so-called Government which was double-tongued, double-faced, and double-minded to a degree which has not been seen since the days of the Cabal or of Pelham. Two Ministers in the same department spoke in different senses about Protection on the same day. The Minister of Finance was tongue-tied on a financial question, because his avowed opinions on Trade were opposed to those which the Prime Minister chose for the moment to assert. All the same, he remains to make the next Budget.

The result of this is that the *prestige* of the House of Commons is destroyed. It has neither authority, duties, nor character left.

It has ceased to be a deliberative assembly, because discussion on the most criminal, vicious and the most oppressive measures is arbitrarily cut off by the gag. The Prime Minister nods to the Speaker, *Prætor Senatus locutus est: causa finita est.* "Bride, it's time," cry the Ministerial "lambs"—arbitrary measures are settled in the lobbies. *Solritur ambulando*: legislation is a matter of walking in and out the House, not of argument. It is legs, not voices, that decide. But a gang of rowdy young coxcombs can supply both. The House of Commons is degraded, befooled, and gagged. The House of Lords will throw out an i Liberal Bill, even if it did pass the Commons. But nothing can even be spoken in the Commons, unless it suits the Leader of the House. The Speaker takes the cue. And the minority are as completely silenced as if they were a crowd in Hyde Park ordered to move on by the police.

Nor is this a temporary accident. It is a permanent revolution in the Constitution. The House of Commons of Peel, Palmerston, Bright, Disraeli, and Gladstone—the assembly where the leaders of public opinion freely argued out their cause—is dead (by strangulation) and can never be revived. The Minister of the hour has a majority which cares for discussion, facts, or remonstrance as little as a Khaki meeting in war-time. This being conclusive, public men on both sides address meetings which they have all to themselves—not Parliament, where the other side hit back and do not take it lying down. The public prefers it so. The trend of things leads to this end. But the end is government, not by Parliament, but by *Plebiscite*, i.e., a majority snapped on a popular cry, election by "hustling." The greatest living "Hustler" thoroughly understands the game invented and perfected by the Bosses of Tammany Hall. The dodge is to find a cry which will "catch on"; work it for all it is worth; "boo" down everything else. Money, sharp practice, and insolence are the main things needed. You snap your majority, and then for five or six years you have no further trouble. "The party must be kept together." You can silence your "Opposition," reward your supporters, and make rags and tatters of the Parliamentary system. It is the Boss system, the Tammany system. It fully explains the Boer war, the bribe to Beer, the bribe to the Church, and Tariff Juggling.

The Parliamentary system being honeycombed and rotten beyond recovery, the entire system of "Party" has to go, too. All who have studied and love the Parliamentary system of our country are well aware that the "party system," as understood and practised down to living memory, is an indispensable instrument of working the Parliamentary system with effect. We have pointed the finger of scorn at French, German, Austrian, and

Italian Parliaments with their eight or ten parties --Right, Centre, Left Centre, Irreconcilables, National Liberals, Clericals, Socialists, Nihilists, and Savages. We have always said that Parliamentary government cannot be worked with any consistency if the "party system" be broken up into shifting "groups." That is true but, now that the Parliamentary system is for ever destroyed, the "party system" does more harm than good. What we have come to under Mr Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain is not Parliamentary government, but Boss government. The House of Commons now takes a back seat in the Constitution. Home Rule, Labour, Imperialism, War, Temperance, Churches, and now, at last, Tariff Reform, have destroyed the Party system; for they have bisected, trisected, and disorganised the Conservative as well as the Liberal Party, and also the mass of neutral Mugwumps who count for so much.

The Great Liberal Party is an obsolete shibboleth, and we had better acknowledge that at once. It cannot be revived, in our day at any rate. What with "the predominant partner" in the sulks over Home Rule, Liberal Imperialism standing by Cecil Rhodes and the advance of the Empire, what with the Navy League, the Army Reformers, the Church Establishment, and the Labour Law Reformers, the Liberal Party has hopeless divergences within. It can only pretend to keep together by putting out a programme almost as vague as Mr Balfour's, and by straining the conciliation of different policies to the bursting-point. When the Leaders of the Liberals ceased to resist the war fever with the passion that moved Chatham, Burke, and Fox to resist the war on the American Colonies, they sacrificed their moral forces. When they submitted to the gag, to wanton Budgets, to war in Tibet, to Beer, to the Church, to the Labour Law Repeal, to a dozen outrages on the freedom of Parliament and the rights of minorities, they lost their *raison d'être* as the true Liberal Party. Their difficulties were great. They had behind them a divided, doubting, timid, and cowed party. Some of them spoke with vigour, some even nobly. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr Asquith, Mr Bryce, Mr. John Morley. But this was not enough. They left Labour, Wales, Dissenters, Economists, Temperance, Ireland, to fight their battles in sections. When the fundamental rights of the House and of citizens were violently assailed they should have fought as Pym, Cromwell, Somers, Chatham, and Fox fought, with their back to the wall. Passing Acts by guillotine and closing all amendments is a more flagrant breach of the rights of Parliament than Ship-money, arrest of members, or expelling an elected member, which are personal matters. The violent forcing of the Beer, School, and Welsh Councils Acts cut at the roots of Parliamentary rights and of public freedom.

ist Party is now more desperately divided than the Liberal Party. The Fiscal dynamite has blown the Unionist into fragments. The Unionist is divided or even trisected. It is radically split into three sections, not so very unequal. There are the Unionist Protectionists; the Chamberlain Preferential shareholders; the Chamberlain True Blue Landlord Protectionists; the Whole Hogger manufacturers' Hustlers; and last, but not least, the Unionist Free Trade Club. If the Tariff League has the bigger till, the wildest wire-pullers, and the smartest Boss, the new Unionist Free Trade Club has far the greater force of ability, character, and authority. When the roll of its members came to be read -Conservative ex-Ministers, great landowners, manufacturers, able speakers, and professed economists- the Prime Minister's Little-Pig Party was seen to shrink to insignificance. Even Mr. Chaplin might give it in pity a helping hand. It would be idle to suppose that any Ministerial Party could long survive such a disruption—a disruption far broader and deeper than what befell the Liberal Party in 1886. The mills of the Duke like those of the Gods grind slowly, but they grind out fine at last. They have, at any rate, ground out the Balfour-cum-Chamberlain Tariff juggler very fine indeed.

The Ministerial Party is shattered at last. There are at least four competing segments of it with mutually destructive aims. You cannot protect food without ruining manufactures. You cannot protect manufactures without dealing a blow to the land. You cannot protect any one interest without injuring the rest. You cannot favour one Colony without being unfair to others. You cannot favour one interest in a Colony without making the others jealous. You cannot tax raw materials without crushing industry at home. And you cannot satisfy Colonial claimants for a preference without taxing raw materials. You are trying to feed four thousand souls with seven loaves and a few fishes. When they find that your boast of miraculous powers is a fraud it will end in a horrid scramble. And in the scramble you will sacrifice the only real Empire in the allegiance of the King the people of India, who are ten times as numerous, and suffering, as commercially important as all our white fellow subjects together.

Though the Ministerial Party is now more hopelessly divided than is the Liberal Party, and though the Tariff juggler is exposed in the eyes of rational people, it would be sanguine to hope that we have seen the last of the conspiracy to delude the electors. It may seem strange that in a country of practical business men such as ours, a jumble of incompatible nostrums can hold its ground in face of such an exposure of its folly. But, in fact, not

e in fifty of the Tariff hustlers really think  
 good for the country as a whole, much less  
 population. Each "interest" knows it might  
 self. There are some dupes, of course—  
 farmers, and their satellites, who have a hazy  
 thing may be got out of the scramble for "  
 retrieve their ruined fortunes. They are now su  
 tectly natural and inevitable reaction from the old-world idea that the  
 owner of one or two thousand acres could live, and ought to live,  
 "like a gentleman" at ease. This mischievous superstition, sur-  
 viving from the age of the war with Napoleon and the breezy  
 times of Pitt and Sidmouth, is at the bottom of "agricultural  
 depression." The obsolete tradition that agricultural property  
 y bring in a pound an acre to the owner still lingers on in the  
 Shires. And the owners rally round Mr. Chaplin when he tells them  
 he is going to get it for them "when Joe comes into his own."  
 As a fact, the average land of our island is not able to produce,  
 under modern economic conditions, a fifth of that sum to the  
 owner, when account is taken of fair wages to the labourer and  
 fair rent to the farmer. English agriculture, as a rule, is not  
 sufficiently valuable to produce three profits—one to owner, one  
 to farmer, one to labourer. It has normally room for two only—  
 working-man and superintendent. And until that truth is  
 accepted we shall continue to hear wild cries to "protect" the  
 power of food and to "do something for the land."  
 We shall go on long hearing inarticulate moaning about "the  
 land." But the real force of the Tariff Reform comes from  
 "rings" of traders in various industries. These men have money,  
 energy, business knowledge, and a genius for wire-pulling and  
 working the machine"—that new science, bred and perfected  
 America. A small knot of such men, with money behind them  
 and no scruple inside them, willing to stake their bottom dollar to  
 raise a boom, can capture our flabby politicians and stir the public.  
 They "nobble" the Press, they banquet silly peers, they hire a  
 crowd at meetings, and produce the show of a public opinion on  
 their side. We see it daily in the advertisements of soap, tobacco,  
 pills, and hair-wash. And Birmingham has had the happy idea  
 applying the "Monkey-Brand" trick to politics. The Monkey-  
 Brand "will not wash clothes." Nor will Tariff Reform save the  
 Empire. But it might enable some very smart tradesmen for a  
 season to make a pretty pile. Of course, they cannot all win.  
 What gives one his chance will ruin another. But, like bookies  
 shouting in a betting ring, each backs his own luck, and hopes to  
 get home. And the public stands looking on with half a mind  
 risk a bet.



of our age, the imminent curse of modern development of the "ring." It is largely due to the rise of the people who can read, the growth of the arms of literary puffing. The "ring"-what is puffing, swagger, and blowing trumpets- seize the markets, literature, and politics. A generation ago a dozen journals of different colour had each some thousands of buyers and ten times as many readers. But now the Ring has consolidated some dozens of journals. Its Monkey Brand leader is issued simultaneously in scores of centres, and reaches millions of readers. And this huge mechanical megaphone captures the "man-in-the-street," just as a thousand placards-"Vote for Swindle, the People's friend," captures him at Elections. So the Kaffir Circus inflates the price of its shares. The great "Tobacco Combine" crushes out the small merchant. Each market in turn is swept by tornadoes of some huge gambling "Corner." Literature has its booms, too; especially if the megaphone is fed with something at once silly and nasty.

These things, however, only concern the weak people who suffer by their own gullibility. The really serious disaster to the nation comes from the application of the "Trust" system to politics. When a knot of experts in the art of running the political machine at high speed decide to risk their whole fortune and credit in booming some popular "notion with money in it," there is almost nothing which they may not hope to carry in a time of political disorganisation, with masses whose sole intellectual activity is concentrated on war, games, the Divorce Court, and short stories, especially such as bring the Divorce Court home to every fireside. Just as all the lives and the millions lavished on the Boer War have thrown South Africa into the grip of the Mining Rings, so year by year our whole political future is falling into the grasp of confederated capital. The "Boss" is King at Parliament in one.

If there is ever to be a Liberal Reaction and a Liberal Government again, it must not be satisfied with repeating vague formulae about Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform-excellent things in themselves, but not sufficiently specific and definite. A new party must be consolidated without the catchwords of the old Whigs and Radicals, resolved to act as Englishmen have always acted when they were confronted with lawless oppression. The arbitrary doings of the late session were as much acts of lawless oppression as those of any Stuart King; not so dramatic and not so defensible as Cromwell's dismissal of the Long Parliament. The destruction of the excellent School Boards to please Protestant and Catholic priests, the thrusting Welsh County Councils under the

of a clerical department, the endowment of the Drink Traffic, the illegal Raid on Tibet, the houcussing the House of Commons on the Fiscal conundrum—all these were violent outrages on the institutions of Parliament, not at all to be justified by the formal plea of a majority snapped by a trick at the Khaki election. The Balfour Ministry had its origin in fraud, and it has ended in fraud and in outrage.

A new government must undertake to annul these outrages, to disallow and repeal these so-called Acts. It is not a time to hide behind the old rule of respecting Acts of Parliament once passed. Acts passed by trickery and violence are not worthy of respect. The entire Temperance problem must be re-opened and settled. The just demands of the Nonconformists must be met by relieving State-paid schools from all religious difficulties whatever. The domineering attempt to make Tibet tributary must be renounced. The control of South Africa must be taken from the Mining Kings and their subservient agents recalled. If the Tariff Problem is to be re-opened the entire Financial Problem must be reframed. The War Taxes must be repealed, an honest Land Tax and a graduated Income Tax substituted. The Labour Laws must be restored to the effect they had thirty years ago. Lastly, but not least, Dublin Castle must be carted away stone by stone and thrown into the Liffey of the past. A genuine Irish government must be restored to Ireland, whether or not in the form attempted by Mr. Gladstone.

It is possible that desperate men may attempt, as is rumoured, a Redistribution Bill to disfranchise Ireland and to draw off attention from their own confusion. It is even conceivable that they may attempt a Protectionist Budget, in spite of all the pledges given by the Prime Minister. He is quite capable of persuading himself that black is white for purely Parliamentary purposes :—

*ἡ γλῶσσ' ὁρώμοχ' ἡ δὲ φρήν ἀνώμοτος.*

Any further attempt must be resisted by every weapon known to Parliamentary obstruction. They must be fought tooth and nail. Revolutionary oppression can only be stopped by revolutionary resistance. If the whole front bench Opposition, and 150 behind them, have to go to the Clock Tower, to the Clock Tower they must go. It will be a weakness to allow Supplies to pass by the sheer use of the gag. Taxes so voted will find passive resisters enough who will refuse to pay them. When the old Republican Cicerone at Rome was hopelessly corrupted by aristocratic lawlessness, Clodius professed to have a legal majority; and the only way found to stop him was to meet lawlessness by obstruction.

It is idle to rely on obsolete Parliamentary formulas and conventions, when the Parliamentary system itself is being hustled out of life before our eyes.

A Khaki war, and the Khaki majority of the hour, seem to have turned the heads of the Party in office. Though all the men of influence who stood beside Lord Salisbury in 1895, with one notable exception, have left Mr. Balfour, though the mandate received in 1900 was strictly limited to "ending the war," they imagine that the United Kingdom can be governed as Lord Milner governs in South Africa; they treat Wales as if it were a Crown Colony in time of war; they treat the House of Commons as Von Bulow treats the Reichstag; and they cringe to the Royal Tariff Reform Commission, much as the High Commissioner in South Africa cringes to the Johannesburg Mining Ring. The United Kingdom is not yet a Crown Colony, and their violent attack upon its liberties have stirred questions which may last us for a generation.

The whole problem of Church Establishment and Endowment has been raised in Wales and in Scotland. The great uprising in France against the mediæval anomaly of a State Church may have its influence throughout Europe. And the partisan measures to favour the Establishment at the cost of Dissent have revived the movement for total Disestablishment and Disendowment in all parts of the United Kingdom. The cynical bribe to the Drift Trade has put fresh life into Temperance Reform. The abrogation of the Labour Laws by the House of Lords re-opens the entire Labour controversy. The great gain of the Tariff Reform is that it re-opens the whole question of national taxation and the control of Parliament over wanton expenditure. And the proposal for Redistribution re-opens the whole of that complex question in no petty Party sense but for thorough Electoral Reform. And, so far as it is a mere device to muzzle Ireland, it re-opens the whole question of the government of Ireland. Our Calottes and Maurepas have started more than they knew. Before the Revolution of 1789 Voltaire wrote: -

"Alors, ce sera un beau tapage. Les jeunes gens sont bien heureux ils verront de belles choses."

I shall not see them. But I see them coming.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

December 15.

## THE BRITISH AND GERMAN FLEETS.

THE Navies of Great Britain and Germany are being reorganised, practically simultaneously, and the underlying principle in each case is—concentration. The latter Fleet is massed in the North Sea, and the squadrons are being rearranged and strengthened with new ships, while the British Admiralty are carrying out plans which will result in practically the whole Navy being reconstituted so as to provide a more dominating striking force in the seas which wash the British Isles than has ever before existed. The old policy of wasteful dissipation of strength has been abandoned and, if the truth will not be unpalatable, we are taking a leaf out of the German book. The traditional organisation of the British squadrons is being abandoned in order to meet a new political situation. The changes have one end in view—the provision of an immense striking force ready for instant use, so that the first paralysing blow may fall on any foe immediately, as it fell on Russia in the Far East last spring.

The British plans include :

- (1) The withdrawal from distant stations of all non-fighting ships—little cruisers, sloops, and old gunboats—vessels too weak to fight and too slow to run away from any probable enemy.
- “ (2) The reduction of the strength of certain distant squadrons in view of altered political circumstances since the present disposition of ships was settled; the North Pacific Squadron and the South Atlantic Squadron being abolished and the ships of the North American Squadron becoming a Particular Service Squadron, used in peace time mainly for training cadets and boys.
- (3) The provision at the home ports of an efficient organisation which will enable the ships on the War List in the Reserve to proceed to sea prepared in all respects for war immediately the Admiralty issue orders. The officers and men withdrawn, as stated above, from distant squadrons will be utilised as nucleus crews in the Reserve ships.
- (4) The reorganisation of the battle fleets in European waters, so as to coincide with the needs of the Empire in the face of the shifting of naval power from southern to northern waters.

These are the main features of the new scheme. The reorganisation has been rendered essential owing to the changes which

have occurred in the balance of naval power. Until lately the naval defence scheme of the Empire has been pivoted on the Mediterranean. In the North Sea hardly a warship was seen; and quite a secondary force was maintained in the English Channel. The balance of power has undergone a complete reversal. The naval power of this country is now being shifted so as to coincide with the altered situation. British predominance in the Mediterranean is not being abandoned but British influence in future will be more in evidence in the North Sea and English Channel than it has been in the past. The Fleet in the Mediterranean will remain one of the most important commands any officer can hold, and it will continue to be the most powerful strategical unit in the Midland Sea, but it will be reduced by four battleships, while the force "based" on British ports will be made stronger to that extent, and a squadron of eight battleships and six armoured cruisers will act as the connecting link between the Channel and the Mediterranean Fleets, with Gibraltar as its *point d'appui*. This force will be known as the Atlantic Fleet. It will be ready at any time to sit astride the Straits; to go to the eastern end of the Mediterranean to render aid to the Mediterranean Fleet, if need be; to steam out into the Atlantic, or to sweep up the English Channel to the assistance of the ships—the Channel Fleet—to which the defence of the Narrow Seas will be entrusted. Consequently, for striking an immediate blow, the Mediterranean Fleet gains four battleships in reality if trouble occurs in those waters, while the Channel Fleet, with the Atlantic Fleet, will number twenty battleships, if any Power should threaten to disturb the Pax Britannica in more northerly waters. Gibraltar becomes the "pivot" of this distribution of twenty-eight battleships and the three attached squadrons of eighteen armoured cruisers, practically light battleships. It has been announced that in the spring Lord Charles Beresford will have the reversion of the command of the Mediterranean, that Rear-Admiral W. H. May, a name with which the British people have good reason to familiarise themselves, as he is the coming man in the Navy, will assume the control of the Atlantic force, hitherto known as the Channel Fleet, and that Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, V.C., probably the best strategist the Fleet has had for many years, will fly his flag for two years longer as commander-in-chief of the Home Fleet, which will be styled the Channel Fleet under the new scheme.

For the first time in the history of the modern Navy, the nation will have a veritable Channel Fleet. In the past, on the first whisper of war, the Channel Fleet has passed out of the Channel

to Gibraltar, so as to be handy to co-operate with the ships in the Mediterranean, leaving the English Channel and the North Sea without any sea-going and trained force. As long as we possessed only two fighting fleets in Europe and the naval Powers on our eastern flank were negligible, the arrangement was the best that could be made. Now, however, the Earl of Selborne having created a new battle fleet, this force becomes definitely the Channel and North Sea Fleet. Its "beat" in peace time will be from Portland to the Firth of Forth and its place in war will be off the enemy's coast.

Moreover, the scheme also includes, as has been indicated, the recall of weak ships away in distant waters—"death-traps" they have been styled—the abandonment of certain squadrons the importance of which has decreased, and the "grouping" of the cruisers on foreign and Colonial stations on war lines. The officers and men set free by reduction in the number of small ships abroad and by the substitution of merchant sailors in some other non-fighting but essential ships—an army of ten or twelve thousand of all ranks—will be utilised for further expanding the fighting forces at the strategical centre of the Empire. They will enable the Admiralty to make the best possible use of our reserves—ships in ordinary. In recent years improvements have been made, but hitherto the difficulty has been to secure an adequate number of officers and men to maintain those men-of-war at the home ports not actually under repair in a condition for immediate sea service. By the withdrawal of non-fighting ships from the Fleets and a reorganisation of the coastguard service—a force at present comprising nearly 4,000 highly-trained men—this defect will be remedied. The idea is that officers and skilled men—gunners, torpedoists, engine-room hands, &c.—shall be assigned in peace time to all vessels on the "war list" and no obsolete vessels will be on this list; they will be ships in commission with reduced crews. On an emergency the remainder of the complements would be immediately supplied. These will not be highly skilled, trained in all the intricacies of duty afloat, as their work will be of the simplest character, requiring only average intelligence and muscle. They will be the "hewers of wood and drawers of water"—men required for miscellaneous, non-technical duties. The ships, in fact, will be completed with reservists—men of the Royal Naval Reserve and the Royal Fleet Reserve. Reservists can be called out only by Royal Proclamation and, therefore, these ships could only be completed for war when war had become practically inevitable. A rear-admiral will be in command of the Reserve Ships at each port who will himself take the reinforcements in time of war to the Fleet which they are to reinforce, and "he, and

he alone," it is announced, "will be held responsible that every possible step has been taken to reduce breakdown of machinery to a minimum, and that the fighting efficiency of his ships when mobilised is without flaw." Later on, as the number of ships in Reserve increases, one rear-admiral will be appointed to command the battleship division and one to command the cruiser division at each port. These flag officers will command the divisions on mobilisation for war. Consequently, on the Admiralty sending telegrams to Portsmouth, Devonport, and Chatham—"Mobilise," these vessels will merely have to receive the less highly trained hands and they will be ready for sea. But occasions sometimes arise when it is desirable to increase the force at sea without a general mobilisation and a Royal Proclamation calling out reserves. This need is supplied by the new arrangement, whereby at each of the three ports two of the battleships and two first-class cruisers—styled "emergency ships"—will be maintained in a condition to complete their complements and proceed to sea without disorganising the general mobilisation scheme or interfering with the gunnery or torpedo training classes.

Another change which has been effected has given the Admiralty two swift squadrons of scouting ships. The old training ships, some of them sailing vessels and others antiquated ironclads of no war service, have been paid off and their places taken by modern ships, which in future will be used for the training of cadets and boys at sea and seamen in gunnery, torpedo, and navigation. They will have trained officers and crews on board for their peace duties and, in case of an emergency, will be speedily transformed by drafts from the depôts of unskilled hands into most useful scouts for the Fleets at sea, or for detached service. Some of these ships, including the Reserve drillships round the coast, will be based on home ports and will include sixteen protected cruisers and thirteen torpedo gunboats, with nine destroyers; while others, though having Devonport as the headquarters, will constitute the Particular Service Squadron, which will cruise in the Atlantic and West Indian waters. The last-named force will be the "Western Group" of cruisers, while those in East Indian, Australian and China waters, under the strategical control of the Commander-in-Chief of the China Squadron, will form the "Eastern Group," and the cruisers at the Cape will be the "connecting group" between the East and West.

By these changes the force of the blow which the British Navy could strike at once on the outbreak of war will be doubled, if not trebled, and this will be effected not only without additional expenditure but with immediate and substantial economies. "Concentrate" is the watchword of the Admiralty. It has been first

business of politicians in the past to utilise the years of peace in preparing for the millennium and on the outbreak of war to rush into operations ill-prepared, and with wasteful outpourings of the national resources. Almost all British wars have begun with disaster. The Admiralty have outraged British traditions of defence by preparing to meet a danger of which only the first shadowy outlines have been observed by the public: they are locking the stable-door before the thief has appeared, instead of waiting for the thief to do his work and then in hurried confusion setting out to punish him. In the whole story of British defence, since Great Britain became a democratic country, the action of the Admiralty is without parallel. It has come to be recognised as an almost essential principle that the British nation should not prepare for a probable contingency of war for fear the action might hurt someone's susceptibilities; the Army and the Navy, in all their unpreparedness, should remain unready, hold their breath, in fact, so as not to reveal their existence; then, if war should occur—well, it could be said that at least the British had not provoked it—and, after all, we usually “muddle through.” In most naval engagements we have “muddled through” because we have had the “biggest battalions”—have eventually secured superior power to throw at the enemy. That day has gone. We do not remain one of two naval Powers of the first class, as was the case even as lately as twenty years ago, but the British Fleet is one of seven great fleets. Rivals have arisen, and if we would hold what we have we must organise to defend it. This the Admiralty are doing, and they are carrying out the task while the shadow of war is, it may be hoped, yet a long way off.

We are at peace with the world. The relations of Great Britain with France and Italy were never more cordial. These nations happen to be the two which have expanded their Fleets least in the past twenty years. The naval expenditure of these two countries, which was £12,926,000 in 1889, the year of the British Naval Defence Act, amounted to only £13,162,000 in 1904. Apart therefore from the good relations existing with the two Powers of the Mediterranean, we should have reason for reconsidering our position in those waters. We are also on terms of friendship with Russia and with Germany. In 1889 these two Powers were devoting £6,164,000 to their Fleets; while in 1904 the expenditure was £23,000,000—an increase equivalent to nearly 400 per cent. We are not preparing for war with either of these Powers, because we are shifting some of our might so as to safeguard northern waters, while not relinquishing our position in the Mediterranean. Such a growth of naval power could not be ignored, though the Russians' Fleet for the moment is under an eclipse.



In spite of all that has been said and written, there is no solid foundation for the reiterated statement that Germany seeks to embroil herself in war with this country—nothing more than a widespread suspicion—but her naval policy has given every excuse for such measures of precaution as the Admiralty are taking. There is a case for preparation not in view of the prospect of probable hostilities in the near future, but because the German Fleet is being increased so swiftly as to give reason to believe that it might be used as a political instrument or might serve in case of our complication with some other country or countries as tongs wherewith to pull chestnuts out of the fire for the benefit of Germany. A neutral Power can use a fleet with good effect—without striking a blow—against a nation weakened by war, even though that nation be victorious, as was Japan in 1895. It is possible to imagine circumstances in which the silent pressure of a strong German Navy could compel concessions; it might be merely consent to some line of action, such as the assertion of undue influence over a neutral neighbour, the seizure of a coaling-station here or there, or the shifting of some boundary. A nation well armed, as Germany will be, might effect its purpose without firing a gun or running a single torpedo. The preparations of the British Admiralty indicate not a shadow of animosity for the German nation. Germany has a right in view of her growing mercantile marine to a more considerable Fleet than she has possessed in the past, but the fact that this Fleet is increasing out of all proportion to the extent of the Empire's merchant shipping, its overseas trade, and its colonial possessions—expensive luxuries enough already—does compel other Powers to take precautionary measures while at the same time remaining on friendly terms. British statesmen cannot forget that in the preamble to the Navy Act of 1900 it was stated that "Germany must have a Fleet of such strength that a war even against the mightiest naval Power would involve such risks as to threaten the supremacy of that Power." Great Britain is "the mightiest naval Power," has been in the past, and must remain so in the future. The Kaiser has also told the world that Germany's "future lies on the sea," and at another time claimed that he was "Admiral of the Atlantic." We did not ignore the growth of the French Navy in the late 'eighties, and to-day we are good friends with the French Government because we showed that we had backbone and that we realised our inheritance and the duty that it cast upon us—that we were not, in fact, one of the late Lord Salisbury's "waning nations." Again we are faced by naval aggrandisement by a neighbour, and again we are taking steps, not with a view to war, but to safeguard our position—to prevent this rising Navy being used as an

instrument against British interests, first and foremost among which is peace. Europe understands this truth so well that she is apt to trade upon it. Though we desire peace, we should at least have the courage and the organisation for war, and then, indeed, peace will be our reward—peace with honour.

The movement for a strong Navy, which the Kaiser initiated, first took shape in 1898, but the scheme was expanded two years later, when the Emperor announced his determination, "as my grandfather did for the Army, so will I for the Navy, carry out the work of reorganisation." Apparently it was thought that this work would be performed with the tacit concurrence of all rivals. As a matter of fact, it has led to the *renaissance* of the British Fleet, has prompted in large measure the extraordinary and unparalleled expansion of the American Navy, and is now leading the French people to turn attention once more to the improvement of their sea forces. In the meantime, Germany has proceeded to carry out her scheme, the initial factors in which are :—

- (1) Concentration in the North Sea.
- (2) The patient and unrelenting training of the crews in their war duties, so as—to quote the Navy Act again—to compensate for the numerical superiority of rivals by the individual training of the crews and by tactical training in large bodies.

German methods are nothing if not thorough. Germany has already gained great advantages by her sacrifices. She now rivals France on the one hand and Russia on the other on paper, and in fighting power the rivalry is even more appreciable. But in relation to Great Britain the position of the German Navy is not so favourable as is sometimes supposed, because the German ships are of less power than those of England and in the past six years the organisation of the British Fleet has been immensely improved and is still being further adapted to modern needs. It is doubtful, taking all considerations into review, if to-day Germany, in respect to Great Britain, is in much better position on the seas than she was in 1897, bearing in mind the fact that owing to Russia's naval misfortunes in the Far East the opportunity to play the part of "honest broker" in any "scrap" in which England might be engaged has become, and must remain for some time, an enterprise which would be altogether too dangerous. At the same time, Germany has a Fleet to-day of the first class, whereas she had only a few ships of negligible value in 1897, and it is her policy to concentrate all her fighting weight in the North Sea, always manœuvring and carrying out mimic invasions and other drills, so as to familiarise officers and men with war duties. The German Fleet is directly under the control of the Emperor ;

the Reichstag, having voted supplies, has no further voice in its affairs. The management of the Fleet is as much a personal affair as the control of the Royal palaces. By his Majesty's direction the whole force is kept in the North Sea; even the four battleships which were in the Far East in 1900, constituting the famous "Mailed Fist," have been withdrawn to home waters, where the German Navy stands ready in all its strength.

Under the new organisation of October, the First Active Fleet of Germany will be under the supreme command of Admiral von Koester, with Vice-Admiral Fischel and Rear-Admiral Graf von Baudissin as commanders of the two squadrons, and Rear-Admirals Breusing and Schmidt as divisional commanders. It comprises the following ships:—

#### FIRST SQUADRON.

*First Division.*—First-class battleships: *Wittelsbach, Zähringen, Wettin.*

*Second Division.*—First-class battleships: *Mecklenburg, Kaiser Karl der Grosse, Kaiser Wilhelm II.*

*Despatch-vessel:* Third-class cruiser: *Blitz.*

#### SECOND SQUADRON.

*First Division.*—First-class battleships: *Kaiser Friedrich III., Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, Worth.*

*Second Division.*—First-class battleships: *Braunschweig, Elsass, Weisenburg.*

*Despatch-vessel.*—*l'feil.*

#### CRUISER DIVISION.

First-class armoured cruiser: *Friedrich Carl.*

Third-class cruisers: *Arcona, Hamburg, Frauenlob.*

First-class armoured cruiser: *Prinz Heinrich.*

Third-class cruisers: *Ariadne, Medusa, Amazone.*

(*This sub-division of cruisers is attached to the First Squadron.*)

Almost simultaneously an order was issued organising the older German battleships, really coast defence ships, into a reserve squadron consisting of eight vessels, so that already the Kaiser has the satisfaction of having at his disposal a formidable force of twelve first-class battleships, eight coast defence ships, two armoured cruisers, and six swift, protected cruisers, besides small craft, about forty destroyers, and a hundred torpedo-boats. This is by no means a despicable Fleet even in these days of naval aggrandisement, and this is merely the German Navy in the making; the expansion is not complete. Eight battleships, three armoured cruisers, six small cruisers, and many torpedo-craft are now being built, and a number of coast defence ships are being modernised, while, at the same time, under the powers of the Act of 1900, these older ironclads are being replaced in the Active Fleet by first-class battleships. It was intended to complete the great programme in 1917, but it is now certain that it will be finished before that date, probably five or seven years sooner, and

another programme for further increasing the size of the Fleet will be shortly authorised, in spite of the shortness of money Germany is experiencing. It may be accepted as a fact that by 1912 the German Active Fleet in the North Sea will comprise :—

28 First-class battleships.

18 Large cruisers.

45 Small cruisers.

16 Torpedo-boat divisions.

Behind this force, in reserve, but kept ready for almost immediate despatch to sea, will be about a score of older battleships, many of which will, it is true, be of comparatively small fighting value.

It is in view of these facts that the balance of power of the British Navy is being shifted and its reorganisation improved so as to enable the Admiralty to keep a larger and more efficient striking force in home waters. The new scheme of distribution will give us a fighting force in Europe disposed as follows :—

**CHANNEL FLEET** of twelve battleships will defend the English Channel and the North Sea, having attached to it one division of six armoured cruisers, about sixteen protected cruisers—assigned in peace for coastguard and other duties—and all the torpedo boat destroyers, gunboats, and torpedo boats in home waters.

**MEDITERRANEAN FLEET** of eight battleships will have a division of armoured cruisers, a number of "Scouts," and torpedo craft. Its base will be Malta, as at present.

**ATLANTIC FLEET**, consisting of eight battleships and a division of armoured cruisers, with a couple of small cruisers, will have Gibraltar as its base. It will be the "pivot" battle force, ready to carry out either of four duties as an emergency may demand; (1) sit astride the Straits; (2) co-operate with the Mediterranean Fleet; (3) join forces with the Channel Fleet, or (4) act as an independent force in the Atlantic.

#### AT THE HOME PORTS.

**RESERVE SHIPS** on the "War List" at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Devonport, with all essential officers and trained men on board, will be ready for sea at short notice and under the command of the flag officers who would command in war. These three Reserve Squadrons will probably eventually include about a dozen battleships and twice as many cruisers.

**EMERGENCY SHIPS.**—At each of the three ports two battleships and two large cruisers will be kept ready for almost instant despatch for sea.

This organisation is logical and essential in view of the change in the balance of naval power. Though we are on the friendliest terms with all our neighbours, it is essential that the strategic plans of the Admiralty should bear in mind that they are also rivals. It was a dictum of Bismarck's that in framing national policy the friend of to-day should be regarded as the enemy of to-morrow. There is no more threat to any Power in these fresh dispositions of the forces of the British Navy than there is in the

patrolling of the frontiers of France, Russia, and Germany, or in the action of Switzerland in recently expending large sums to protect her mountain frontiers with heavy artillery. It is the alarmist who is the danger, not the authorities. There is no occasion for alarm or for sensationalism, but there is room for these precautionary measures in view of the shifting of power. The new scheme does not lead to any abandonment of the Mediterranean, as has been suggested in some quarters, but it actually will lead to an increased number of battleships being available for employment in those waters, since the Atlantic Fleet will be based on Gibraltar. The British force which will dominate the Mediterranean will thus be greater than ever before if trouble threatens in that direction. It may be that in the event of serious peril in northern waters, when the Atlantic Fleet would join the Channel Fleet, the Mediterranean Fleet would at once pass up to Gibraltar, but certainly so far as the actual plans at present outlined are concerned the British position in the Midland Sea will be strengthened while at the same time the domination of the English Channel and North Sea will be more supreme than ever before.

Another probable change, though it may be that it will not be carried out at once, can be indicated. In view of the size and importance of the Fleets which will in future be continually in commission in Western Europe, we may anticipate the appointment of an *admiralissimo*. The probability seems to be that the next war which *threatens*, judging by indications at present discernible, will find the Atlantic Fleet and the Channel Fleet, now the Home Fleet, acting in co-operation. Under these circumstances the senior officer of the Channel Fleet—the senior admiral flying his flag afloat—would become the officer in supreme command of these forces, comprising five divisions of battleships. In the German Navy an officer in this position has no personal responsibility for the command of either of the squadrons or divisions, but he is the head of them all—the thinking machine. At present Admiral von Koester occupies this important appointment: he is the *admiralissimo* of the German Active Fleet, responsible for its efficiency and its strategical and tactical disposition for war. He has the advantage of the advice of the squadron and cruiser flag officers, but their duties are mainly confined to the domestic affairs—if the phrase may be used—of their particular commands, while the admiral in supreme command acts as War Lord of the Fleet. The probable outcome of the present reorganisation of the British Fleets in the Near Seas will be the selection of the most capable senior officer qualified for sea employment to fill the imposing position of senior admiral afloat, with three junior admirals in command of the divisions of

the Channel Fleet, and a rear-admiral controlling the six armoured cruisers of the Fleet. When the Atlantic Fleet is called upon to co-operate with the Channel Fleet, the senior officer in command, a vice-admiral, will bring his two battle squadrons and squadron of armoured cruisers under the orders of the *admiralissimo*, raising the whole command to a matter of twenty battleships, with twelve armoured cruisers. The *admiralissimo* will be in supreme command. There will then be two or three vice-admirals and three or four rear-admirals under him. This is looking ahead, but this organisation for war is the logical outcome of the changes which are now being made. When war occurs these forces will be joined by the ships from the Reserve and the cruisers of the training service, probably as many as twelve battleships and thrice that number of protected cruisers, adding four or five junior admirals to the officers flying their flags. It is essential that the defence of the Channel and the North Sea should be unified, and this, it may be anticipated, will be the means by which that end will be attained.

The nation owes the reorganisation of the British Fleet mainly to the Earl of Selborne, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and to Admiral Sir John Fisher. Mr. Chamberlain's former lieutenant at the Colonial Office has revealed himself as a bold administrator, who is not afraid to face facts as they are. Many politicians seem to spend their lives in evading responsibility; Lord Selborne, with magnificent courage, has marked himself out as a great naval administrator by never shirking responsibility, by unremitting study of the huge defence machinery placed in his charge, and by ceaseless labour. He has had in Mr. Balfour a "chief" who has never been too busy to assist in the colossal task which he has undertaken. Lord Selborne came to the Admiralty when the Fleet was still bound down by the traditions of the old sailing days, when the administration was unduly hampered by red-tape and over-centralised, and too little attention was devoted to gunnery and real war training. He proceeded to carry out the series of reforms in all the details of administration and naval training which were urgently needed. Not the least of Lord Selborne's claims to the country's gratitude lies in the fact that he has had the courage to listen to his naval advisers; chief among them, in fact, the author of practically all the reforms now being carried out, is Admiral Fisher. It is fortunate for the nation that it had one of the most remarkable men of the age to undertake the task of remodelling the Fleet to render it fit for its duty as the bulwark of British liberties, trade, and Empire. Voracious for work, an officer who thinks in fleets and oceans where others have been content to think in ships and seas, Sir John Fisher had made his reputation as an administrator years before the public became

familiar with his name. The science of naval warfare has received his life-long devotion. Contemporaries recall the young commander who was always at work, from five in the morning until late at night, and the energetic post-captain and junior admiral, who was dreaming and planning what the Fleet might be. As the main inspirer of Mr. Stead's articles "The Truth about the Navy" in 1885, which gave impetus to the great naval movement of the last twenty years; and as the officer who, with Admiral of the Fleet Sir Frederick Richards, stood by Earl Spencer, when, in 1895, Mr. Gladstone tried to reduce the provision for new men-of-war, Admiral Fisher deserves the gratitude of the nation. It has been remarked that Sir John Fisher runs the risk of those persons of whom all men speak well. In honesty it must be said that this officer is in no such danger. He has, it is true, the complete confidence of the public, but it is probably no exaggeration to say that the majority of the officers of the Fleet—certainly of the senior officers—do not share the enthusiasm of civilians. The Navy is a service with conservative traditions, and the reformer is apt to tread on someone's toes. Admiral Fisher has done a good deal of dancing of this character. It is one of the penalties of greatness to make enemies, and Sir John Fisher is no exception. He has enemies not a few, and there are others who merely do not sympathise with all his plans; but he has also the satisfaction of knowing that he has a body of supporters in the Fleet who yield to none in their admiration of his ideals and achievements.

The scheme which is now converting the Fleet into the greatest of all war-machines is not a hastily contrived panacea. It is the result of a lifetime of thought and work. Every detail has been carefully considered. Sir John was fortunate in gaining the approval of the King and the full confidence of Lord Selborne and his colleagues of the Cabinet. Each, from his Majesty downwards, has had some share in the preliminary work which has been proceeding for many months past, and while Admiral Fisher has brought to the task the trained mind of the most consummate naval administrator of modern times, his Majesty, the Prime Minister, and the First Lord of the Admiralty have lent their support in a manner which has smoothed many of the difficulties. The result is that instead of carrying out a few piecemeal changes Admiral Fisher, under the authority and in the name of Lord Selborne and the Board of Admiralty, has been able to initiate a complete revolution in practically all departments, ashore and afloat, and as an immediate consequence the strength of the Fleet as a warlike instrument is being doubled, if not trebled.

## THE AWAKENING OF RUSSIA.

*E pur si muove.*

AMONG a nation governed, for more than a thousand years, on the principles of worse than Asiatic tyranny, an event has occurred which will prove a turning-point in the history of the Empire. It was the coming together of a kind of "Vor-Parlament," reminding us, in some distant way, of what took place in Germany in 1848. Though forced to meet in private, an assembly of rural nobles, Presidents of the Provincial Councils, together with a number of other Notables, resolved upon Constitutional demands tantamount to an entire reversal of the Government system.

The deputation elected by these men to place their demands before the Tsar was not, it is true, admitted by the infatuated Autocrat. But the vague turmoil and the seething discontent existing in many provinces are so rapidly increasing that the iron bonds of despotic rule are already snapping here and there, and the Colossus appears tottering on feet of clay. What if Byron could have foreseen this coming change, when, in immortal verses, he branded Tsardom in his "Age of Bronze"; or Platen, when he sang his terrible lay of the "Subterranean Chorus" (*Unterirdischer Chor*) against the arch-tyrant, Nicholas I.!

It is of importance to show how this present movement arose. Already pens have been busy to assert that the initiative came from above, from the monarch himself. In England even, some men friendly to freedom seem to have been deceived by that fabricated statement. Yet the misleading falsehood had, no doubt, been cunningly spread by agents of Muscovite diplomacy, bent upon shielding the reluctant ruler, in case he should have to yield to even more threatening signs of revolt. *Spargere ambiguas roces* has ever been a favourite game in the "inner ring" of the Government at St. Petersburg.

No; it was not Nicholas II. who summoned the gathering of the Zemstvo agitators. It was the Japanese who did it. They, by the repeated defeats of the Tsar's army and navy, gave courage to men who have a great deal to lose by revolutions of the kind that were enacted in 1789 and in 1848, in France, in Germany, and elsewhere. The yellow race of the Land of the Rising Sun made Russians speak out at last in favour of the most ordinary rights of liberty and of legislative power.

Over and over again, since the beginning of this gruesome war, I have publicly foretold that it would come to this. In the spring, last year, I often wrote to this effect:—"The Japanese have a Parliament. Is it to be believed that if the Tsar's forces on sea and on land are still more crippled, and the corruption



prevailing in his administration revealed in all its hideousness, men will not come forward in Russia to claim a share in government on the basis of similar parliamentary privileges as a far-off Asiatic race now possesses, on whom venal scribes heap such shameful insults? That day of reckoning will come, and it cannot be far off."

Months ago, I once more said that, whatever may be the backwardness of the lowest, ignorant, and bigoted layers of the Muscovite population, there could be no question as to the tendency among all the better educated. "Their ardent wish," I wrote, "is to see representative institutions at last introduced. With an angry indignation that knows no bounds, they point to the fact of the so-called despicable yellow race in Japan enjoying a constitution, whilst they themselves are the enslaved subjects of an Autocrat, who cultivates the most antiquated superstitions, and of his tools, who, on their part, flatter his ambition and his prejudices, and mislead him often by false representations." And I added words of warning, at the end, that it was high time for Nicholas II. to reflect upon the dangers arising from this state of things.

That was written early in September last. Many would not believe in such a forecast. Nicholas II. himself, with the vacillating, weak, yet, off and on, self-willed character of a man who, at heart, has no sympathy with the sufferings of the poor neglected masses, or with the ideal aims of nobler natures, could not bring himself to change his fatal course. His German wife is believed to be actuated by better feelings and to have greater insight. But she has been powerless as a foreigner—more especially so as, until quite recently, she had not given birth to a male heir to the throne. The listless young monarch, a believer in the inanities of spiritism, who yet, in an access of haughtiness, once said that his ambition is to "follow in the footsteps of Nicholas I.," foolishly persisted in the old groove. Careless and frigid during the day—so it is stated from good sources—he only awakes to a curious kind of energy late at night—after the Empress has withdrawn—at a special Russian game of cards. On these occasions he is said to develop a surprising amount of lively gambling venturesomeness.

Read the description of his character, as Professor Andrew White, the late American Ambassador at Berlin, and formerly at St. Petersburg, has recently drawn it, and you will see that this Tsar is not the person to deal efficiently with a great emergency. The coldness of heart is what is chiefly dwelt upon in that portraiture. I happen to know from personal contact, many years ago, that so kindly and moderate a man as Andrew White would not be guilty of overdrawing the unpleasant traits

of a likeness. As an ambassador he certainly had excellent opportunities for close observation.

However, the lively zest shown in card-playing will not ward off a brewing political storm. In the midst of these nocturnal distractions came awful, tragic admonitions. Then the question arose whether, after Bobrikoff and Plehve were gone, Nicholas II. would find still a tool for continuing the despotic policy for which his forbear of the same name had been so infamously famous. Pobiedonoszheff, the Grand Inquisitor of the Holy Synod, gave advice in the sense of upholding that policy. So did several of the Grand Dukes. But no one was to be found willing to risk his life for the beautiful ghost-gazing eyes of the Tsar. Hence the unavoidable appointment of Prince Swiatopolk Mirski, a well-meaning, more enlightened statesman.

He, however, has to pursue a kind of see-saw course between the absolutist tendency still prevailing at Court, and the necessities arising from the refractory bearing of the cultured classes, with their manifest aim at an overthrow of the intolerable yoke. If, in some cases, Prince Mirski has been able to carry a point, as against the attitude of the Court, it was owing to his declaration that he would, otherwise, hand in his resignation. This proper regard for his own personal safety had its effect. Without him, who knows whether the sluices of the rising discontent would not suddenly burst with overpowering force!

## II.

In this state of things is to be found the explanation of the meeting of the members of the Provincial Diets. It was they who made the first move. Their declared wish was, to be allowed to forgather at the capital, in an official capacity, with open doors and full publicity. The Russian Press was not allowed to inform its readers of all the facts of the case; but from more than one trustworthy quarter the real facts have been fully ascertained.

Whenever a country tends towards such a crisis, there is always a kind of premonitory sheet-lightning, indicating the possibility or probability of a revolutionary change, of a more or less violent character. The importance of the movement, so far as the intellectual classes are concerned, may be seen from the fact of Prince Meschtscherski, an Independent Conservative, having written, in his paper, the *Grashdanin*, that the Congress which the Presidents of the Zemstvos were then planning was occupying the public mind in a far higher degree than the future of Port Arthur, the occurrence on the Dogger Bank, or anything referring to the war and its consequences. "One has the impression," he added, "that this Congress will lead to *something*." Himself an opponent of parliamentary government, he did not say what that

"something" would probably be. But everybody understood that he meant a Constitution. In presence of the prevailing feeling in favour of a Constitution, he, however, did not dare to pronounce against such an issue.

Prince Swiatopolk Mirski, the new Minister of the Interior in the place of Plehve, found it impossible to resist the urgent demands of the Zemstvo Notables. Finally, it was even agreed that the Congress should take place in public. Only, it was to "refrain from any political proposals, properly speaking"; that was the condition imposed by the Court.

Then, however, a number of Grand Dukes, fortified by Pobiedonoszheff, stepped in for the object of preventing the public meeting, lest popular pressure should induce the members of the Congress to break through the restricted programme. Here it may be mentioned that among those expected to come to the Congress was Ivan Petrunkowitsch, a former member of the Provincial Council of Twer, who had been exiled for fifteen years, and had lived at Paris. The province of Twer is politically one of the most advanced. When Nicholas II. came to the throne its Provincial Council sent an address to him of so pronounced a character that the Tsar indignantly prohibited this local assembly from meeting again for a long time. Through Prince Swiatopolk Mirski, Petrunkowitsch was permitted to return from exile. The presence of such men at a public Zemstvo meeting was looked upon with fear at Court and among its reactionary adherents.

A former president of the Provincial Diet of Moscow, Schipoff, placed before the new Minister of the Interior a programme, the first point of which concerned a thorough "examination of the political system of Russia." As this was suspected to mean a demand for representative institutions, the Minister laid the matter before the Tsar. Thereupon a prohibitory order was issued. Then the organisers of the Congress informed the Minister that if they were not allowed to come together officially, they would nevertheless do so unofficially, in private conclave. It may be easily understood what such boldness meant in despotically ruled Russia. Still, Prince Mirski answered he could not oppose a private meeting. His thus running with the hare and keeping with the hounds was the outcome of his difficult position, on the one hand, and of his personal views and inclinations, on the other; for, unquestionably, if he were free, he would rather go with those who are on the track of the hated autocratic system.

Whilst not opposing a meeting *in camera*, the Minister replied it should take place in a provincial town—excepting Moscow, the old and now second capital of the Empire. The fact was, the Governor of Moscow, Grand Duke Sergius, an arch-pillar of absolutism, would under no circumstances hear of Holy Moscow being

chosen as the place of the Congress, even if held in secret. Upon this, the Notables curtly resolved upon meeting and deliberating in the capital itself, though in conclave. This was finally no longer opposed, albeit it had been given out in society that the culminating point of the demands to be made would be the election of Representatives of the People with legislative power, together with freedom of the Press and other civic rights in matters political and religious.

Such is the history of the Zemstvo movement, as told by men who know.

It was the fear of seeing the Congress developing in the same way as did the famed "Vor-Parlament" (preparatory Parliament) at Frankfurt, in April, 1848, which induced the Tsar to forbid the Zemstvo Progressives to meet in public. In that year of revolutions a number of political notabilities—members of the Legislatures of various German States, professors, popular leaders, writers, and poets—gathered in the old free town where once the German Emperors were elected. Supported by enthusiastic masses, whose firmness of attitude I have in good remembrance, this informal "Vor-Parlament" compelled the princely Governments of Prussia, Austria, and all the minor States to assent to elections for a German National Parliament. This latter National Assembly afterwards ruled the Fatherland for a year and a half—until June, 1849, when perjured princes, false to the promises they had made at a time when their entire overthrow would have been feasible, gained the upper hand once more by a sanguinary military reaction.

A significant feature in this Zemstvo movement is, that it comes from Old Russia, from the original centre of the Empire. These local assemblies date from the Russian New Year's Day (January 1/13), 1864, when Alexander II. issued the ukase for their establishment. But neither the Polish part of the Empire; nor Lithuania; nor the south-western section of European Russia, where there is a Slav race of a somewhat different kind from the Muscovite, with a language of its own; nor the Baltic countries, with their German towns' population, and their Esthonian and Lettish rural inhabitants; nor Finland, which is again a different nationality, were ever comprised in the Zemstvo scheme. It was, and is, confined, roughly speaking, to ancient Muscovy—with a slight Tatar fringe, such as we know it from writings like those of the old French lansquenet captain, Margeret, who served several Tsars at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century.

At first, these Provincial Councils, mainly composed of men belonging to what elsewhere on the Continent is called the "Court nobility," as distinguished from the prouder and more independent

ancient families, became the butt of much sarcastic treatment on the part of Liberal Russian writers. Nevertheless, that gloomy and mistrustful Autocrat, Alexander III., whom the dreadful end of his father had made deeply morose, felt so little confidence even in those aristocratic assemblies that he ordered a restriction of their privileges, insignificant though they were. Count Dimi-try Tolstoi, the reactionary cousin of the freer-minded, but anarchically impracticable poet, undertook that task. Under Nicholas II. it was carried out to its fullest extent. When, during the present war, some prominent men of the Zemstvos endeavoured to found, at Moscow, a central organisation, under the patriotic plea of a Committee for the Care of the Wounded, the then Minister of the Interior, Plehve, at once struck across their plan by various arbitrary punishments.

With defeat following upon defeat in the Far East, and two of the most cruel Ministers having met a violent end, the Zemstvo agitation, in a central and national cause, again came to a head. That this should have happened in Old Russia bodes well for the future. The vague unrest among the Polish, Lithuanian, Ruthene, Baltic, and Finnish nationalities, which constitute centres of discontented races of their own, may have served as a spur to the Zemstvo movement in Old Russia. At Warsaw, sanguinary encounters even took place between socialist and patriotic demonstrators under the red flag and the police. In the south, the levy of Reserve troops led to tumults. I mention these facts because, in a Liberal London paper, which properly supports the grievances of India, it has been erroneously said: "The patience of India is more wonderful than the patience of Russia, for, in the latter case, the bureaucracy is at least of the same race and the same tongue as the people." There are undoubtedly grievances of the various Indian populations which it would be in the interest of England herself to abolish. But as to the Russian bureaucracy, its power extends over the whole Empire, in Europe as well as in Asia; and, not to speak of Siberia and the Trans-Caucasian provinces, with their non-Slav, Turk, and Mongol races, there are, in European Russia itself, quite a number of nationalities with separate languages which have nothing to do with the race and the tongue of the Tsar's oppressive bureaucracy.

### III.

In order fully to understand this present movement, a reference has to be made to what came out, a few months ago, at the Königsberg State Trial in Germany, instituted against several men accused of having promoted the aims of Russian revolutionists by helping to smuggle pamphlets of theirs into the Tsar's dominions.

All Germany rang at the time with indignation at the subserviency shown on this occasion by the Prussian authorities to the despotic ruler of the neighbouring Empire. Now, the Public Prosecutor and his Assistant Councillor, in the discharge of their awkward duty, certainly made the most of the revolutionary character of those publications. Yet it was much remarked that both representatives of the Crown prosecution introduced, in the midst of their severe charges, the following curious matter-of-fact observations :—

These pamphlets are written for the purpose of abolishing the Autocracy of the Tsar, destroying absolutism, and introducing a Constitution for Russia. *It is clear that this object could not be attained by the legal means existing in other monarchies.* The Russian expert, Professor von Reussner [who was called as a witness for the defence] has told us that in Russia there is not even a right of petition or of public meeting; and that the object in question could only be accomplished by force. That is what the accused are charged with.

So the Public Prosecutor, Dr. Schütze. His substitute, Dr. Kaspar, speaking in support of the charge, declared that he had "no cause whatever to doubt in the least the facts related by the two witnesses, Buchholz and Dietz" [facts of the most atrocious nature, as regards Russian Government cruelties against political prisoners and peaceful demonstrators]; and this legal representative of the Prussian Crown also said :—

Professor von Reussner has instructed us about the political state of affairs in Russia. To us he has told nothing new. *How is it possible to introduce in Russia, in a legal manner, a Constitutional Commonwealth, if there is not even a right of petition? Under such conditions, only a violent struggle is possible.* In Russia the question simply is : Who will be the stronger one?

From these avowals of the prosecution, which form a strange contrast to the remainder of the official charge, everyone may draw his own conclusion. The prevailing belief in Germany was, that the heart of the Public Prosecutor was not in the task set to him. Indeed, the accused were finally let off with a slight sentence, or set free.

Professor von Reussner—as I stated on a previous occasion—is a Russian subject, a member of the Orthodox Church, and for five years had been a Professor of Public Law and Criminal Jurisprudence at the University of Tomsk. It was after a number of students had been beaten and flogged by the police, and the protest of the University Senate addressed to the Minister of Public Instruction had been made in vain, that he resigned. I have given before a part of the description of the awful despotism in Russia, as exposed by this witness at Königsberg. I now will state some additional facts, which shed a lurid light on what has

been going on under the rule of that humane friend of peace, Nicholas II. The facts in question were detailed, without contradiction, partly by the defending counsels at Königsberg, partly by Professor von Reussner himself.

Prince Obolenski—the same man who was appointed Governor of Finland after Bobrikoff's death—had, in his previous official capacity in Russia proper, all the men of a peaceful village flogged in presence of their wives, and then told his Cossacks to "deal with the women in the way they might like." In the Siberian Kara Prison, according to the testimony of a witness whose truthfulness the prosecution had not the slightest reason to doubt, a woman of twenty, who was driven, through unbearably shameful treatment, to insult a prison inspector by striking him, had a hundred lashes given her on the naked body. Such a cruelty had not, until then, occurred even in Russia.

Collections for peasants suffering from famine were prohibited. When working-men made a peaceful demonstration at Wilna for the introduction of constitutional government, the chief of the gendarmerie, Wahl, received them, after their imprisonment, with these words:—"For you I have now something quite special." Thereupon he had them flogged on the naked body. Some of those so treated fainted away. The cries of the victims were such that even the prison-warders hurried away in disgust and the people dwelling in the neighbourhood fled. Many political prisoners made attempts at suicide.<sup>1</sup>

At Kischeneff, where the atrocious crimes against the Jewish inhabitants were perpetrated with the connivance of the police, forty-five persons were murdered, 586 severely wounded. As to the implication of Russian diplomatic envoys and agents in the many sanguinary plots in the Balkan countries, a series of astounding revelations were referred to at the Königsberg State Trial by the defence. There were the texts of telegrams, and reports of the "Asiatic Department" of Russia and of the Tsar's ambassador at Bucharest, concerning the planned assassination of the Bulgarian Minister, Stambuloff; the removal of the Prince of Coburg from Bulgaria, even by the use of dynamite; and the murder of the King and Queen of Servia. In the coldest manner imaginable, the Russian Ambassador had supported the demand of a merchant for dynamite cartridges, guns, and revolvers, and of 50,000 francs, in order to carry out the conspiracy against the Prince of Coburg. Secret agents in disguise,

(1) To those who wish to know more of the inhuman treatment of political prisoners, I would recommend articles in the monthly journal, *Free Russia*, formerly ably edited, as the organ of the "Friends of Russian Freedom" in England, by Felix Volkhovsky, once an exile for many years in Siberia, from which he was at last able to escape. It is now efficiently conducted by another Russian gentleman, D. Soskice (London: 13 Paternoster Row, E.C.).

in the pay of the Russian State Councillor Durnowo, reported that they had found a good place for derailing, on the Rustschuk-Varna railway-line, the carriage in which the Prince would travel.

All this was dutifully supported and reported by the Russian Ambassador. When Professor von Reussner was asked his opinion about the genuineness of the documents, which had been published, he answered that they had quite the usual official tone and appearance. Not the slightest attempt was made at Königsberg to cast doubt on those extensive documents.

On the part of the defence it was pointed out—and here again the prosecution did not offer a contradiction—that in the writings even of the most extreme Russian revolutionists the assurance is repeatedly given that “on the day when some freedom of movement is allowed, *our terroristic measures will cease at once.*” But the Government would not alter its fatal policy.

Then came, in the course of this war which so deeply shook the prestige of the Autocracy, semi-revolutionary demonstrations in Poland; sanguinary agrarian riots in various parts of the Empire; mass desertions of recruits, chiefly Polish and Jewish, across the German and Austro-Hungarian frontiers; the renewal of a spirit of opposition in Finland, as shown by the recent elections for the Diet, all the four orders of the Legislature having now an anti-Russian majority; great financial pressure; industrial distress in the Western provinces, and famine among the peasantry in most parts of the country—so much so that the conservative Prince Meschtscherski again came out with words of warning. He said he stood aghast at the “hopeless *non possumus* answers” given by provincial governors and chiefs of country districts to the complaints made about the bitter wants of a starving rural population. Even in Kalmuk quarters, the horrid head of a “prophet Ainot,” who has gathered thousands of partisans around him, arose of late against the Russian authorities. The occurrence reminds men acquainted with Muscovite history of the frequent disturbances, in that south-eastern quarter since Pugatscheff’s time, and of the troublesome false Demetriuses that preceded him.

#### IV.

The Russian Empire has in modern times often been masquerading, through its literary agents, as a youthful giant. In point of fact, it is an old, rotten despotism. In the forged “Last Will of Peter I.,” which was published in France for the special purpose of exposing Muscovite aggressive tendencies in Europe and Asia, a false comparison was drawn with the youthful, energetic German race which overthrew the Roman Empire. Emissaries from St. Petersburg afterwards took up this very



point for the purpose of paralysing the resistance of the Western nations to the conquering schemes of Tsardom. Shortly before the Crimean War, their special parole was, to flatter the United States of America as "the other young giant, between whom and Russia the Germano-Romanic world, with its corrupt blood, would be crushed, when Europe would be rejuvenated by the energetic barbarians of the inexhaustible North."

The Crimean War showed the hollowness of that phantasmagoria. For a thousand years, Russia has lain under the iron heel of despots, some of whom were tainted with the madness of Imperators of the Roman Empire in its decline. During nearly two centuries and a half, she has been bowed down under the yoke of the Mongol "Golden Horde." She had then endured the atrocities of monsters in human shape, like Ivan the Terrible. For a time the country fell under Polish dominion; and when that was overcome, a few privileges in government were obtained by the boyars, that is, the nobility, only to be almost immediately abolished again.

The promise made by Anna Iwanowna to the nobility, as the price for her elevation to the throne, that a Chamber would be instituted similar to the English House of Lords, was no sooner made than broken. Those who resisted were sent to the scaffold or to Siberia. Under Catherine II., the friend of French philosophers, an Assembly of Notables was convoked to Moscow for the sake of a show, and in the following year summoned to St. Petersburg for Court festivities, but never called in again. Alexander I., who also had imbibed French ideas through his tutor, Laharpe, came to the throne through the assassination of Paul I., his lunatic father, in which he was personally implicated. The scheme for a Constitution, which he ordered his councillor, Speranski, to elaborate, remained on paper, though even in that draft his own autocratic powers had been fully reserved, even to the extent of annulling any law passed by the Legislature, or abolishing constitutional government itself.

Nicholas I., in 1825, waded through blood to the throne. He had to fight against a military conspiracy for the acquisition of a Constitution, in which some men of the highest families had taken part. Under him, also, that Polish Legislature was abolished, after the rising of 1830, which Alexander II., finding a legislative body established in the so-called Duchy of Warsaw, through the Napoleonic invasion, had thought fit to preserve. Alexander II. passed a measure for the emancipation of the serfs, mainly from a desire to punish the landed aristocracy for its constitutional hankerings, to which it had been emboldened through the defeat of Tsardom in the Crimean war. He is said to have also, like Alexander I., drawn up, towards his end, a scheme for a Constitu-

tion. But it remained carefully locked up in his desk. His ghastly death by a bomb brought Alexander III. to the throne, who ruled like Nicholas I.

This is, in short, the history of constitutional aspirations in Russia. All through those centuries, the sufferings of the down-trodden peasantry, of the cultured classes, and of the nationalities forcibly brought under the sway of a foreign tyranny, have been such that they may be truly said, in the language of those who incline to such expressions, to "cry to heaven." The canker of corruption, which, under this atrocious system, ate into the vitals of the country, became more disgusting as time went on.

Already Peter I., that ingenious, though half-mad and inhuman despot, had occasion to say :—"If my Russians could pocket my men-of-war, they would steal even them!" Alexander I. wrote to Laharpe :—"Everybody plunders. One scarcely meets with an honest man. It is abominable!" Again, later on, to the question :—"What is going on in Russia?" the terse answer was given : "*On vole!*" ("Why, stealing!") Enough has been heard of the continuance of this same state of administrative corruption, both during the late war against Turkey and in the present war. Though the Government pays the coupons to its foreign creditors out of ever-increasing new loans, the final financial crash must at last be expected.

This canker of universal peculation has its disgraceful counterpart in a mendacity which pervades the whole official world. It has unfortunately tainted—as Ivan Turguenieff deplored in his *New Generation*—other classes as well. "Since the Mongol invasion in the thirteenth century"—Prince Peter Dolgorukoff wrote in his book, *La Vérité sur la Russie*—"Russia has been, down to our days, nothing but an immense pyramid of oppression. In this vast structure slavery and arbitrary power are the rule, and from top to bottom there exists, in formidable proportions, the official lie, the lie organised into a State institution, the dreary and bitter fruit of slavery, and of the absence of all individual freedom, of all publicity, of all serious and real control. Despotism, hideous in itself, exercises, moreover, an eminently deleterious influence upon morality. It drives out the noble and elevated sentiments; it degrades the souls; it corrupts, perverts, and lowers the character even more of those who serve that despotism than its victims."

A national revival has, under these circumstances, to contend against great difficulties. However, even whilst I am writing these words, news comes both from Moscow and from Warsaw that the members of Agricultural Societies, and bodies of lawyers, have followed in the wake of the Zemstvo Progressives, by passing resolutions for the abolition of the restrictive ordinances of 1881; for reforms in judicial matters; for guarantees of personal security

and freedom ; for the liberty of the Press, and for the establishment of a Representation of the People in a Legislature.

The shape in which such a Legislature would have to be organised is a matter presenting no mean difficulties, owing to the number of discordant nationalities within the Empire and the backwardness of the masses in Russia proper. Finland, the Baltic Provinces, and Poland, would certainly prefer obtaining a national status ; hence special Legislatures of their own. So would, perhaps, Siberia. The other vast Asiatic dependencies of the Empire in the south-east could scarcely come within the range of a parliamentary representation at St. Petersburg.

Again, assuming that the statements about the demands made by the Zemstvo members are correct, the question may be raised whether it would be advisable to confer at once equal political suffrage upon a section of the population of which, in many cases, 90 per cent. of the land-tilling class, and even a considerable proportion of the inhabitants of small towns, cannot read and write? At St. Petersburg itself, two-thirds of the population are said to be in the same plight.

That which happened in France, in consequence of the indiscriminate introduction of universal suffrage, after the proclamation of the Republic of 1848, might serve as a warning. Under Louis Philippe there had been only 200,000 electors—a mere “ring” of the rich classes. After his overthrow, by a stroke of the pen, nearly 10,000,000 men obtained the vote in a country where in many departments, 60 to 70, and even 75, per cent. of the people could not read and write. In the south, masses of the peasantry—as Napoleon III. himself laughingly told Queen Victoria—believed that Napoleon I. was still alive ; and they greeted him (the man of the State-stroke of December 2nd, 1851) with cries of “*Vivè le petit caporal!*” and the Empress Eugénie with “*Vive Marie Louise!*”

However, considerations of this kind, applying with much force also to Russia, could only be dealt with if once the principle of representation were adopted. Votes, after all, are only a means ; real progress in matters political, social, and intellectual is the proper aim to be kept in view. But in the storm and stress of a movement tending towards the goal of deliverance, philosophical measures of a general nature will always prevail over more practical suggestions concerning the immediate future.

Nations only learn by experience ; and experience is often a very hard taskmaster. If statesmen cannot rise in time to the necessities of a desperate situation, there may come a moment when more terrible tragedies will be enacted.

KARL BLIND.

## THE ETHICS OF ESPIONAGE.

THE recent Parliamentary crisis in France, that culminated in General André's resignation, calls for some comment. It will be remembered that, four years ago, General André was chosen as Minister of War by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, upon General de Gallifet's resignation. When M. Combes became Prime Minister, General André remained in office, to achieve the difficult task of reconciling the contradictions between a democratic Government and military institutions framed by the master hand of the great Napoleon. A country which has enjoyed representative government only for two brief periods during the last hundred years or so, must, in reality, be republican but superficially. It means Herculean labour to do away with arbitrary methods of justice, to stamp out the *bourgeois* spirit that retards fiscal reform, and to eradicate Bonapartism in the Army. France is an ancient castle whose halls are haunted by the ghosts of the past. For instance, the average radical deputy of 1904 has, no more than his predecessor in the Convention of 1793, a liberal notion of the relation of civil government and the churches; he would denounce the Concordat, but maintain a Ministry of Public Worship. Democracy hailed in General André one of those strong men who can shake off the obsession of conservatism.

The Deputies have a picturesque way of describing the unforeseen accident that ends a brilliant Ministerial career; they call it "*la pelure d'orange*." The fatal orange peel was dropped at General André's feet by an insidious ghost, that of Fouché, presumably. The Minister had set his heart upon promoting only those officers whom he could trust in the event of a grave domestic crisis. It is a disagreeable mistake in a democratic leader to give the command of a regiment to a harebrained warrior who one morning draws his sword and shouts: "*Vive l'Empereur!*" How to guard the Republican fold against the Nationalist wolf? Officers are promoted upon the recommendation of their chiefs, who do not all concern themselves about their subordinates' political tenets, and who profess—some of them at least—a republicanism of the palest hue. The proper course would be to apply to the prefects whose duty it is to gauge in each would-be servant of the State the depth of the devotion to the Constitution. General André's *entourage* refined upon the existing system. The ghost of Fouché that stalks about the Government offices whispered

into their ears some precious advice. They solicited information from the Republican Associations. If applied to the English Army, the system would involve an active clandestine correspondence between, say, Lord Roberts and the Primrose League or the Cobden Club. The answers sent in—some childish, others venomous, others, again, simply nauseous—all testify to extraordinary dogmatism and narrowmindedness; they are provincial to a degree. The informers care only for one question: Is the officer a "clerical" or no? If an officer hears Mass, he is an enemy to the Republic; if his wife goes to confession, he has designs against democracy. These informers belong to the *bourgeoisie*; there are among them petty magistrates, who, by the way, do not seem to have over-carefully studied the law of evidence—schoolmasters, local surveyors, subaltern officers, but none of them are artisans or working-men.

During the summer recess, an assistant-secretary to the Grand Orient—the headquarters of the masonic lodges—handed, for a consideration, a number of these documents over to M. Guyot de Villeneuve, a Nationalist deputy. The revelation at first took the Republican party by surprise; but when it appeared that the opposition were prompted less by virtuous indignation than by a desire to make political capital out of the incident, General André secured a majority. However, in order to clear the political atmosphere, he soon after determined to resign.

The "pelure d'orange" has in it this time a significance apart from the consequences involved. Current Parliamentary accidents, when read in the morning paper, over the breakfast table, excite hardly more comment than the motor-car smash recorded in another column. Who, outside Army circles, cares whether General André is Minister or no? Who remembers the attack upon him in yesterday's newspaper? To grasp the philosophical import of the incident, we must strip it of all accessory detail, forget the persons interested, and cease to consider it as an isolated fact; then it will appear worth studying, not only to the historian or political philosopher, but to the moralist and ethnologist.

In the official report of the Parliamentary debates, given by the *Journal Officiel*, I find a deputy making the following statement:

**La République et le parti républicain ont non seulement le droit, mais ils ont le devoir de se défendre, et ils commettraient un crime s'ils négligeaient les précautions élémentaires, et s'ils laissaient l'armée aux mains des pires ennemis de la République. . . . Mes amis et moi, nous emploierons tous les moyens pour défendre la République. . . . L'honneur permet à tout républicain . . . de mettre la République hors de l'atteinte**

de ses ennemis. Tous ont le devoir de connaître les tendances politiques de ceux qui détiennent une partie de la force publique.<sup>1</sup>

I suppose that, when an obscure schoolmaster sends a report to his friend, the secretary of the Republican Committee, he thinks he is defending the Republic against her enemies. Are not scouts expected to report to headquarters on the enemies' movements? Psychologists teach that in time of war whole cities are seized with a panic, called, in scientific jargon, "obsidional" fear. The informers act under a similar irrational impulse. At an age when French children read Jules Verne, they followed with breathless interest the adventures of Eugène Sue's *Wandering Jew*. Shuddering at the recollection of Father Rodin's occult power, the little Southern schoolmaster still peeps under his bed at night, fearful of discovering the Jesuit hidden there. The formidable personality of Père du Lac has haunted the dreams of many a peaceful *bourgeois* these last half-dozen years. The informers' youthful brains were also nourished upon tales of the Fenimore Cooper school, for they have not forgotten the methods of warfare dear to the Red Indian. Gaboriau, also, may possibly be found upon their small bookshelf, although, to rouse the detective dormant in most men, it is unnecessary to fire the imagination with the record of immortal Vidocq's powers. Under the influence of abnormal brain excitement and "obsidional" fear, the informer sets out on the warpath; now the vast and gloomy Cathedral, now the monks' bepainted and bejewelled chapel, are the object of his quest. Concealed in the darkest corner of the dingy provincial café, with a glass of absinthe to help him pass the weary hours, he lies in ambush. Woe to the unsuspecting officer coming that way, ascending the steps of the forbidden sanctuary, touching with ungloved hand the forbidden holy water; across the vast square, in that café reeking with the fumes of cheap tobacco and adulterated cognac, the humble, not inglorious defender of the new régime has whipped out his favourite weapon, a notebook. There passes Captain the Marquis, whose ancestors charged with the Household Cavalry at Malplaquet, or withstood the fire of the English infantry at Fontenoy; now comes along Lieutenant Dupont or Durand, the

(1) The theory boldly advocated in this last sentence was set forth by an English statesman of some notoriety, Lord Bolingbroke; in his letter to Sir W. Windham, he writes: "Our principal views were great employments to ourselves, and great opportunities of rewarding those who had helped to raise us, and of hurting those who stood in opposition to us. . . . Our view was to fill the employments of the kingdom, down to the meanest, with Tories." Such comparisons, though misleading to the grave historian's mind, may serve to pass the time agreeably.

great grandson of a ploughman who volunteered to fight Brunswick's troops in 1792, and forgot that he was hungry and barefoot when he heard the Marseillaise or saw a tricolour cockade; both hear Mass, both are enemies to the Republic.

A casual reader of the *Journal Officiel* might infer from the Nationalists' virtuous indignation that informers were unknown at the War Office before General André's advent thereto. Political parties have short memories. In the old anti-Dreyfusard War Office, it was not inquired of an officer whether he heard Mass or no, but whether he was a freemason, a Huguenot, or a Jew. To the clique of pious generals who then reigned supreme, a freemason was a kind of highwayman, and they would have taken their oath that all Huguenots and Jews were traitors in pay of Queen Victoria and the Emperor William. The saintly monk who contributed articles to the local *Croix*, and, flattered, envied, and hated by the parish *curé*, shrived the wives of the wealthiest and the most influential, would regret, in his unctuous way, that such and such a Major or Lieutenant-Colonel sent their sons to the State Lycée, and not to the fathers' model Academy; and somehow these casual remarks would persistently come under the notice of the most Catholic general at headquarters. Thanks to the exertions of the devout spies, right-minded society, in the little, old-fashioned reactionary city, boycotted the Republican officer about whom it was so positively asserted that his father was a German Jew, or his brother a Protestant missionary in the pay of "les Anglischés," or that he had married his wife out of the Divorce Court.<sup>1</sup>

The custom of spying, so frequent in the smaller towns, must not be overlooked if the War Office scandal is to be rightly understood. The hours hang heavy on the *bourgeois's* hands. Outdoor exercise seldom attracts him. How delectable a pastime to watch his neighbours, and if, as is not infrequently the case in highly-centralised France, they depend upon the authorities for a living, to inform against them. The sport is inexpensive and unattended with danger, and with what inward content does the amateur detective watch developments: the officer sent away to a distant garrison, the old teacher in the elementary school waiting in vain for the expected pension, the ambitious civil engineer thwarted in his hopes of promotion, and dying in the sleepy town like a poisoned rat in a hole.

Nor is espionage confined to politics. A vaster field is open to the informer in private life: the employer has unknown friends

(1) The Assumptionist fathers expected to hear from their informers: "tout ce qui se passe dans le village . . . tout ce qui intéresse la vie de la commune et aussi la vie individuelle de chacun des citoyens." (Report of the Trial, Jan., 1900.)

who warn him against his employés; the mistress learns, through the medium of the post-office, that the cook, in collusion with the butcher, inflated last month's bill. Thanks to the devotion of a friend too modest to sign his missives, husband or wife make startling discoveries. Many a betrothed girl has wept bitter tears on reading the wicked lie, written out in so fair a hand, on the sheet of violet-tinted notepaper.

This system of espionage is, in most cases, accepted as a matter of course. It is ridiculous to hunt a shadow, and vain to threaten the unknown informer. The letter is treasured up, or tossed into the flames, according to individual temper. Nay, a modified form of espionage is resorted to when a marriage of convenience is being arranged. The parents, whose acquaintance with their intended son or daughter-in-law is slight, solicit information. Seldom will a head man in a State or Municipal department, decline to reveal to the girl's father whatever he may know about a subordinate's private life.

Some say that if espionage is so prevalent, it is owing to its being constantly-resorted to by successive Governments. Royalists, Bonapartists, and Republicans, finding it indispensable to their safety to watch their adversariés, and the most intelligent part of the nation having accordingly bent their energies upon satisfying those in power, an admirable secret police has been instituted, and espionage, deteriorating from a profession into a mere sport, has spread downward into the nation. This theory does not meet all the facts: why are women, who care little for politics, so eager to act as spies in private life? How is it that the system is most unpopular with the boys in those privileged Lycées where it is still carried on, who, when they see the spy enter the study, jeeringly shout to one another: "Here's the headmaster's eye"? And, lastly, why is espionage equally resented by the lower classes, to whom must be ascribed the coining of the epithet *mouchard*, with which they brand the *bourgeois* informer?

Now, the apology offered by the informer being, as we have seen by the deputy's speech quoted above, that the end justifies the means, it is apparent that education is responsible in France for espionage. The mind of the average *bourgeois*, when trained by the Jesuits or their lay disciples, is quite prepared to accept and even to practise espionage. This special training has been going on for centuries. Long before Fouché became chief of Napoleon's formidable political police, the ethics of espionage had been attacked by a brilliant predecessor of M. Guyot de Villeneuve, the Jansenist Pascal.

How about the Jacobin spy, the Jesuit's sworn enemy? We



reply that the Jacobin is only a renegade Jesuit. To be a follower of Père la Chaise, it is unnecessary to enter an order many of the members of which recoil with horror from the ethical system taught by some Casuists. When the Jew Deutz, after selling the Duchesse de Berri to Louis-Philippe's police, came to receive the reward of his treachery, a high official in the secret service tendered him the notes held between a pair of tongs. In this little scene the Jew was the Jesuit, and the police official the Jansenist.

The system, however, rapidly deteriorates in the hands of the Jacobin. A perfect Jesuit is the product of ages of intelligent selection and years of severe mental training. Three conditions must he fulfil if he wish to shine as a political star of first magnitude. First, he should be an artist. Poor Homais, who sits in his little back shop, making up a prescription, is a man of shallow intellect. His feeble scheming succeeds only in taking the bread out of an under-surveyor's mouth. The great Jesuit statesman is witty and subtle as Mephistopheles. He has none of those petty failings that tie a strong man down as effectually as the innumerable Lilliputian threads that bound giant Gulliver, —I mean, preconceived notions, debilitating metaphysical principles, obtrusive conscientiousness, briefly, scruples. Not only, then, must his mind be of the highest order, but he must be proof against all stupid sentiment. The Marquis de Priola might, under the care of proper tutors, become a passable Jesuit. Lastly, the man must have an iron will. He not only masters others, but masters himself. He so effectually disguises the mainspring of his power that men praise his frankness and his candour, and wonder how he can lead men without practising deception. He is so consummate a hypocrite that, at times, when the pressure of work tells upon his fine intellect, he is temporarily his own dupe, and praises himself for those honest virtues so dear to the commonplace crowd, thus yielding to the dangerous instinct that ever prompts such geniuses to revert to the baser types of mankind out of which they have been slowly and painfully evolved.

At what height does not such a master mind soar above the informers of the War Office. Some actually allowed themselves to give way to pitiable feelings of remorse! Then what genuine Jesuit would allow *his* secret service department to see the light of day?<sup>1</sup> To Homais, practising espionage in a third-rate French provincial town, he would say, with a Gallic shrug of the shoulder: "Forbear; for you, my friend, and such as you, commonplace honesty is, after all, the best policy." CH. BASTIDE.

(1) "*C'est du bien qu'il faut faire,*" wrote the Assumptionist fathers to their spies, "*et non du bruit.*"

## LONDON.

"To hear the hansoms slurring  
Once more through London mud."

THE white cliffs of Dover, seen fitfully across the Channel in summer days, have stood for England from immemorial time. They have been hallowed as the goal of the returning traveller for many centuries, and an Englishman must needs watch the long grey line on the horizon to the north rise up out of the deep and clear its purity with a great thankfulness that custom never stales. But if the secrets of all hearts were known, if the last and always slurred-over page of the book of all travel were for once written out in full, it would be found that the deep brimming tongue of Westminster and the pigeons that dip and flutter round the Eleanor Cross of Charing have caused more lumps in the throat, and dimmed more eyes, than all the shores of all the coasts of England.

For, if you have once known London as she should be known, you may land at Plymouth and go straight to your house in Scotland through Bristol and the north, but you have not come home. You may land at Harwich and reach the remotest village in the Midlands or the east, but you have not come home.

The silence that broods over the Homeward mail as at last it nears London, tells its own tale. As the long-expected fringe and waste of grey flat-lying suburb is reached and penetrated; as the dull warehouses and factories which mark the sea of sordid brick and grimy roof flash past between the quick openings and shuttings of dreary streets, unending and monotonous; as the last curve is made round the flinted transepts of St. Saviour's; as the train slackens steam slowly across the tideway into Cannon-street, there is rarely an unnecessary word spoken, save by a foreigner. And as the carriages draw out again across the bridge, and the distant towers and spires of Westminster and the City loom through the reddened misty west over the still wharves and warehouses of the foreground below, and the lighters and barges group themselves by the shadowy quays and in the fairway of slow-moving water, steel-blue in the light and in its reflections most mysterious, the strained silence still hangs over all.

The train slows down again, and the river is crossed for the third time—perhaps in the blaze of a rare noonday when the heat makes the distant houses quiver, and the Thames runs in a suite of molten ripples that reflect themselves in a moving tangle upon

the dull crimson paint of Hungerford Bridge :—perhaps on some long summer afternoon when the dying day is throwing a glamour over the city's grime, and the halated outline of Whitehall Court stands out against the conflagration of the west with a grace you never found in all the east :—perhaps on some bitter day in winter when the churned slush lies heaped up below the stripped plane-trees of the Embankment St. Martin-cloaked with snow, while the dull wind moans in the great struts and girders of the bridge, and in the river beneath the white mantle lies yet on the moored coal-barges in mid-stream, and on the Surrey shore the soiled ice strands itself upon the widening stretch of foul mud as the fast tide drains away.

Still, however and whenever it may come, this slow winning into the last terminus of all is the true crown of travel, the only goal of wandering, however far. Even if you emerge into the deep-brown of a November fog, and grope your way out through the narrow archway beneath the hotel into the muffling umber, still you have at last and at least come home. The pearl and topaz lights of the Strand, the hoarse call of some newsboy with a fluttering poster in his hand, the check and swerve forward of the ghostly traffic, the half-seen figures through the gloom, all belong to you again, and London in her foulest mood is still, perhaps then is all the more, the city of your heart.

Evening and night sit well upon her. Perhaps when distant she is best remembered by some local picture after the burden of the day is shifted, and its heat abated. But she is still the same wherever one may live. London—where beneath the pale arcs of Nine Elms the bang and travel of the shunted trucks outlive the night : London—where the blue-white carbons glow in their nests of transparent green plane-branches along the curving candelabra of her water-front : London—where, under the trees in the dusty golden haze of the evening the dainty women of the west sit out the summer sunset in the Park : London—where the naphtha lamps flare coarsely in the crowded lane-markets of Soho : London—where across the frozen Wanstead Flats, the scared engines cock-crow to each other beneath the bitter stars : London—where the tedious omnibus horses beat out the difference of their strides through the clotted mud of Piccadilly between the blazing shop-fronts, while the last clouds swarm across the sky overhead, and the wind shrieks in the wires. London, my London !

Even the dreary insistence of a rainy day cannot make her commonplace. The long-drawn reflections on the wet wood of her streets, the dirty gutters wherein the raindrops are circling fast—these are common enough to all large towns, but here the autumn evening with its vulgar slant of rain, and misty figures

head-to-wind along the mud-splashed thoroughfares, takes on a new significance just because it is London and no other. The grey-yellow air in which the omnibuses sweep and jostle, and through which the leafless trees in the squares emerge to you one by one, dripping and sad, over the dingy russet palings, means to you London in a way that Abbey and Palace fail alike to rival, just as the true voice of St. Paul's is less the perfect music of the choir than the dim but never extinguished hum that surges for ever round and round within the dome. What wonder Gounod wept—it is the prayer of humble access to her Creator of the proudest thing on earth, and it is not given to many to hear the words.

Parts, great parts, essential parts even, such things may be, but, like the curve of the river or the wildernesses of squalid houses that stretch out to east and south, no more than that, being on a different plane from the whole. For the strength of London is found not in this thing or in that. It is not that she lies out under the sky the greatest city that the world has ever known, the greatest it will ever know. It is not that the wealth of the Leviathan mocks the pretensions of a New York or a Paris. It is not that you will find here the work you need, the man who needs you. It is not that here in the end you will discover all that is best in the work of other men. It is not that here is the capital and centre of the earth. Were London less gigantic, less rich, less magnetic, less comprehensive, less important, she were indeed less London. But the charm lies deeper than in all these things.

To the fact that she has no rival on earth, no standard of man's making to equal her own, the strange attraction of London is mainly due. Gravitation has its human as well as its physical truth. The most enormous work of man, she has created her own atmosphere, and in solitude she dwells apart, taking counsel with no other thing, careless of praise or blame, and self-contained as she should be whose children's devotion, though deep as a religion, is never expressed. It is a strange creed: it cannot be taught, yet few indeed there are who escape from its influence. Blending with all other creeds, you are still your own high priest, and no two men will fully agree in their expression of the tie which binds all the more because it is not, or of the hostages which must needs be left in the hands of the Mistress who has never demanded, and does not wish for them.

Perhaps, too, here and here alone a man can find the comfort that the strongest feels in the sense of an overlapping strength so great that it requires nothing from him, not even respect, so just that it is utterly fair to the greatest as well as to the least.

For London judges no man, whatever he has done, whatever he is. She is no respecter of persons, and in all the world there is no such remedy for swollen heads as is the wind which blows westwards through the floats of the Tower Bridge.

She does not care. Men have made her to be their own Juggernaut. No family within her borders has outlived even one of her many centuries. She is the crucible of the world, the trying pot to which men all unwilling must yet carry their metal to be assayed. She does but smile at the abuse which men shower upon her : were she less omnipotent they might have hesitated. It is the accepted ritual of her worship : you will come back to her, you will come back, she knows it well enough.

For those who are ever by her side she does not greatly care. Womanlike, you will find her more gracious after you have turned your back upon her for many months on the Longer Trails. When you return, your unspoken gratitude is part of her service of praise. When the first acrid whiff of swaying London fog stinks again in your nostrils along the Strand, and your very soul sobs at the goodness of it, her canticles are sung in due form, and the silence of the incoming mail is as swung incense before her unregarding altar. And then is her *Sursum corda* intoned when after many years of absence you shall hear the great thong of Westminster plucked nine times with shattering certainty through the night, and you return thanks to God as the thanks of ten that it has been given you to hear it again once more before you died.

Stretched out like some heaven-gazing sphinx, the young goddess with the touch of silver in her hair suffers no human passion. Some million of her people may make both night and day hideous with rowdy clangour, but London rejoices never. Twice in these latter years has she winced. The line of her lips hardened on one sixteenth of December, and on one twenty-second of January she caught her breath—but that is all.

Three years ago, the Moorish envoy to England on special service was taken to see what he called the great mosque. He had already been shown the ordinary sights of the metropolis, and he had seen them unmoved. He was a dweller in deserts : what was this city to him, who here could never see farther than the end of the street—not always so far? At St. Paul's also he was made to hear the foolish conventional things that the visitor must hear. And it was as it had been before. Courteously, but obviously, the Moor was showing signs of boredom, and the attentive vergers thought but little of the dark stranger who could listen unmoved to their rehearsal of the dimensions of the nave or the wonders of the whispering-gallery. But the A.D.C. in attend-

ance was a wiser man, and up to the very height of the Cathedral, above the dome, above the golden gallery, up till the ball and cross alone were above them, the unmoved envoy was taken. By the merest chance, the day happened to be one of those unaccountable gaps in the reign of haze which open without warning or apparent reason, and close perhaps in a density as inexplicable as the clarity. A clean breeze drove the last rags of mist down-wind, and London lay out beneath them like a map. Here the Moor paused and motioned to his attendants to leave him alone. For a quarter of an hour he was there in solitude looking down upon the outstretched panorama, and afterwards, when his suite went up to rejoin him, they found him groping his way down the steps as if in darkness, and muttering, dazed and broken, "Allah, O Allah, we are as the dust beneath their feet."

It is a fine principality over which the four great golden filberts of the cross of St. Paul's bear rule. To the east, the towering masts that rise at every street-end, webbed with rigging which has been keckled and retriced in half the ports of earth, spliced with greenheart from Santarem or teak from Martaban, dwarfing the puny houses of the poor, and holding aloft a rich promise of lands not seen. Westward, the towers and spires that lead out to the blue haze of sheer distance that yet hides more streets, more towns agglomerate, by guidance of the shining ribbon of the river. Far to north and south the long low hills that check the sight on the distant horizon, clothed, could one but see, with the orderliness of suburban homes in their hundreds of thousands beneath the quick shadows of the moving clouds. London, all London, and still London on the unseen farther slopes. There above the foul air, in sunshine when the darkness wraps the city at its feet, the cross lifts its unmoved arms and keeps watch, plain symbol of the far hedgerows from which the men who won the Empire came. . . .

Surely, if ever in your life London has said something to you, however quietly, then in the farthest corners of the earth you shall never again hear from afar the noise of the waves roaring, or of water falling from a great height, or the sound of the wind a mile high above the lonely pines, or on some Pacific beach set the sea-shell to your ear, without a present memory of the long murmuring tide of the Mother of Cities; and some picture—perhaps the last you expected to see—shall be unveiled before your eyes, and the true meaning of the line shall be borne in upon your aching soul once more,

"I would go down to hell if hell led home."

PERCEVAL LONDON.

## ETON UNDER HORNBY: SOME ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

THE announcement that Dr. Warre, after a reign of over twenty years, will shortly retire from the headmastership of Eton, comes as a reminder of the flight of time to those who were familiar with the Eton of Dr. Warre's predecessor. The school historian will soon be gravely dealing with the subject of "Eton under Warre." Surely, then, it is not too early for the more lightly equipped anecdotist to say his say about "Eton under Hornby."

Anecdotes gather round a great public school as naturally as clouds round a mountain-top. The following reminiscences are only such as many old Etonians, familiar with the Eton of a quarter-century back, might be able to supply; but they have at least the merit of being genuine, and none of them (as far as I am aware) have been previously published. There can be no impropriety in printing some of the stories which have been current for so many years, not only because most of the persons referred to are no longer living, but also because the more distinguished masters at a school like Eton are, even in their lifetime, to a large extent public characters.

It was felt to be the beginning of a new epoch, when, in 1868, Dr. Hornby succeeded Dr. Balston in the headmastership; and certainly the contrast between the two men was as striking as that between the two principles which they represented—the old and the new method of education. Dr. Balston was the very ideal of the majestic and unbending Toryism hitherto dominant; inaccessible to new ideas, he had a personality which was felt throughout the school and was himself a model of unswerving devotion to an immemorial routine. It was whispered, indeed, that he *slept* in cap and gown, so rarely did he relax his severities of dress and demeanour; and so great was the awe inspired by his stately appearance that a slight stammer in his speech, which in some headmasters might have detracted from their authority, was in *his* case the means rather of enhancing it. He had a habit, when dismissing a boy from his presence, of telling him, with a rippling quaver on the words, to "run away, run away, run away"—as if he felt that, when released from such an ordeal, the natural gaiety of boyhood might be permitted to reassert itself; and it is said that on one occasion, when he had been speaking to a famous athlete named Tinné, a young man—boy he could hardly be called—of Herculean proportions and of corresponding dignity, he was overheard to give him the same parting injunction, "run

away, run away, run away, Tinné"—as if bidding an infant toddle off to its hoop or marbles.

Dr. Hornby was the very reverse of all this. Appointed as a reformer, he was as inferior to his predecessor in all matters of routine as he was superior to him in initiative; and instead of making himself a familiar figure, as Balston had done, in every part of Eton, he seemed to live almost the life of a recluse, so that to see him even in the most frequented places, except at "absence" chapel, &c., came to be regarded as a phenomenon. An Eton tutor, it is said, was once surprised by the hurried entrance of one of his pupils, who was evidently bursting with eagerness to communicate some news. "Well, Jones," he said, "what is it?" "Oh, please, sir," gasped the boy, "the Headmaster's just gone down Keate's Lane!"

On more than one occasion Dr. Hornby is said to have flogged the wrong boy by mistake. A boy thus victimised was asked why he did not attempt to exculpate himself or offer any explanation. "If you had *not* been complained of," said the tutor, "why did you not say so to the Headmaster?" "Well, sir," he replied, "I thought that if Mr. — had not complained of me, some other master might have done so." The young scapegrace, it will be seen, was so seasoned a campaigner that he was prepared to take a flogging, without asking captious questions, as all in the day's work.

Dr. Hornby was once summed up by a Sixth Form boy in the pregnant phrase of Tacitus, *capax imperii nisi imperasset*; but he had a saving sense of humour, and a knack of saying amusing things in a quiet manner, which enabled him to weather storms to which stronger men might have succumbed. Some of his impromptu utterances linger in the memory of Etonians. Thus on one occasion, at what was called a "Masters' Meeting," there was a rather animated discussion of an incident in which the late J. K. Stephen, then a big Fifth Form boy, was the prominent figure. The future author of *Lapsus Calami* had, it seemed, committed a *lapsus linguæ* by putting out his tongue at a member of the Sixth Form, and had been smartly caned for it. Under pressure from Mr. Justice Stephen, the father of J. K. S., some of the masters took up the matter very warmly and, at the meeting referred to, one of them was urging the Headmaster to reprimand the Sixth Form for an abuse of power. "You, sir," he said, addressing Dr. Hornby somewhat grandiloquently, "would never flog a boy who stands so high in the school." "Well, I don't know," said the Headmaster, quietly. "I am not sure that I shouldn't, if he put out his tongue at me." And the case of J. K. S. was laughed out of court.



When Dr. Hornby became Provost in 1884, his successor, Dr. Warre, introduced the system of personally visiting and inspecting the various classrooms during school-hours. It was reported that Dr. Hornby, on hearing of this innovation, observed, with a sigh of relief, "I am glad they didn't inspect *me*."

It was not, however, with Dr. Hornby himself but with some of his senior assistant-masters, that the story-teller of that period was mostly concerned; and among these veterans there was none who gave rise to more anecdotes and legends than the Lower Master, Durnford, or "Judy," as he was familiarly called. Few Etonians of the 'sixties or 'seventies can have forgotten that strange, laughable, yet almost pathetic figure, with the whimsical puckered visage and generally weather-beaten aspect, like a sort of Ancient Mariner in academic garb, and the queer nasal voice, with its indescribable intonations, which still ring in the memory as when heard. As ruler of the Lower School, he waged a fairly equal contest with the hordes of young imps assembled there, sometimes whipping two or three of them by way of encouraging the others, on which occasions he was fond of interjecting moral reproofs between the strokes of the birch—"You náhty, náhty, boy," &c.—but with the upper boys, to whom he was a source of irresistible and unfailing amusement, he did not seem to know how to deal, and was consequently treated, it is to be feared, with less respect than was due not only to his high position but to his kindly nature and good heart. One evening, for example, he unexpectedly took the Headmaster's duty of reading prayers to the Collegers (*i.e.*, the seventy King's Scholars), among whom the very mention of his name, still more the sound of his voice, was a potent cause of merriment. The scene that ensued was one of the most scandalous on record, for no sooner had "Judy" begun to read the prayers than a perfect tornado of laughter swept the entire room, and his voice was almost drowned in the general volleys of guffaws, above which some particular explosion would rise every now and then into a sort of hysterical shriek. So disgraceful was the behaviour that, when prayers were concluded, the boys themselves rose sobered and ashamed, and if the Lower Master could then have addressed them by any other medium than his extraordinary voice they would silently have accepted the reproof; but when, after sorrowfully eyeing them for a time and giving a series of portentous head-shakes, he ejaculated, in those nasal accents which none could hear and remain grave, the four words, "It's fearful to contemplate" (apparently in allusion to the enormity of their offence), all good intentions melted away, and the room was once more filled with peals of irreverent mirth.

Next to "Judy" Durnford, in the memories of those Eton

days, comes "Johnny" Yonge, who took the "second division," i.e., the one at the top of the Fifth Form and below that of the Headmaster. He was a small, parched, somewhat peevish-looking man, with a defensive glare which seemed to indicate a permanent feud with his class, though, in reality, things went pleasantly enough, the boys making a habit of ironically cheering his *obiter dicta* (his odd pronunciation of certain words, e.g., "sech" for "such," was a daily delight), while he glared at them ferociously, but in effect harmlessly, from his desk. He was supposed to have a special antipathy to boys who had passed, as sometimes happened, direct from the third division to the first, presumably because he thought it a personal slight to himself that anyone should skip Division II.; and it was said that whenever, owing to the Headmaster's occasional absence, he took part of the Sixth Form, as well as his own, he made a point of "calling up" any such delinquent and of tripping him up in the lesson; after which he would viciously remark that "those who rise to the first division from the third ought to take care that their performances justify sech promotion." (Loud cheers: during which "Johnny" Yonge would eye the class with a stare of stony defiance.)

There was some reason, perhaps, in Mr. Yonge's jealousy of this third division, for it was then taken by William Johnson (afterwards William Cory), author of *Ionica* and other volumes, and by far the most brilliant and original, if eccentric, character among the Eton masters of that period; so that to be "up to Billy Johnson" was universally regarded by the boys as an experience worth having, though it was also assumed to be a mere matter of chance whether he would take a fancy to you, in which case he spared no pains to improve your scholarship, or would take a dislike to you, and consequently treat you with the most contemptuous neglect. He certainly had a touch of real genius with not a little of its extravagance. With the cricketers and the "wet bobs," whose main business was athleticism, he was on friendly if somewhat sarcastic terms, and would content himself by occasionally remarking to them, "You've pretty well established *your* insignificance," or "You don't attend more than an alligator," or some such paradoxical chaff, which served to keep them sufficiently in awe of his tongue; but to a clever boy, in whom he detected the signs of future distinction, he would unstintingly give both time and trouble to stimulate his zeal, with the result that some boys learnt more in a single school-time from Johnson than during the rest of their stay at Eton. It was rumoured that he was an opium-eater; and the theory seemed partly borne out by his strange, dreamy manner at times, his rapt look of meditation, and a sense of Oriental passivity and repose

which appeared to enfold him. His short sight led to a prevalent story (apocryphal, I believe, as it was told of other persons also at different times) that he had been seen pursuing a hen down Windsor Hill and making futile grabs at her under the belief that she was his hat ; but it is certain that he was sometimes seen standing stock-still in schoolyard, or some open space, apparently unconscious of all observers or passers-by, and wrapt in some profound day-dream. Eccentric he undoubtedly was, to a degree that was inconvenient to a schoolmaster ; and there were queer anecdotes of certain too generous suppers that he gave to his favourites among the boys, when he began by politely overlooking that they were getting drunk, and ended by unceremoniously kicking them downstairs. But with all reservation for his oddities, it must in justice be said of him that he was one of the best and most gifted teachers that Eton has ever known.

One of the school-books written by William Johnson, and in use at that time among the Lower Boys, was an English-Latin exercise-book called *Nuces*, in which, among many double-edged sentences (for Johnson carried his humour even into that usually dreary class of literature) was the following : " Formerly only wise men used to grow beards. Now other persons do so." This was generally supposed to be a hit at " Stiggins," an extremely unpopular Fifth Form master of the bearded type, and one of the most famous characters among Etonians, past and present, of several generations. (A " generation " at Eton, be it noted, is at most some six or seven years.) A well-known Eton tradesman used to say that he constantly overheard the boys in his shop talking about the masters, and that while the opinions expressed by them varied widely, the same masters usually coming in for praise and abuse from different boys, there was *one* master who was never spoken of but to be abused, and that was the reverend gentleman who was universally known as " Stiggins." Now, in truth, this same " Stiggins " was a most kindly, well-intentioned man, but he somehow managed to set himself wrong with everybody by the sort of innate rudeness which is " not intended," and therefore the more deadly and incorrigible. He had a breezy and mannerless optimism which was at times positively infuriating to those on whom it blew—like that " wild north-easter " which Charles Kingsley affected to welcome and enjoy. If business compelled you to speak to him, he did not turn to you as other persons did, but stood at right angles to you, looking away in front of him, his long red beard streaming down to his waist ; and if he answered at all, it was but a curt word or two, jerked at you (so to speak) round the corner.

Countless anecdotes about " Stiggins " were current among the

boys, and not a few of them related to occasions when he was worsted in some verbal encounter with a finer wit than his own, above all, with the sharp tongue of Russell Day, a quiet, insignificant-looking little man who, of all the Eton masters, was the epigrammatist without peer. Now, Day's schoolroom happened to be adjacent to that of "Stiggins," and both of them were strict disciplinarians, but there was this difference, that Day, when he made a joke, allowed the boys to applaud it, whereas "Stiggins" — well, even if he *had* allowed it, there existed not the boy sycophantic enough to laugh at such wooden jokes as his. One morning, so runs the tale, Mr. Day jested, and the audience clapped hands and stamped feet. As if divining what would happen—for "Stiggins" had a habit of rushing in where it would have been wiser to stand aside—Day placed his finger on his lips, then pointed to the wall that divided his room from "Stiggins's," and said to the boys, in a tone of serio-comic warning, "Hush! There's a gentleman there——!" And the applause broke out, now louder than ever. A minute later the door opened and a boy entered the room with a message from the irrepressible "Stiggins": "Please, sir, Mr. —— wants to know what's the joke *this* time." There was a pause of intense expectation, and then Russell Day, in the low, drawling tones which distinguished his most mordant utterances, replied as follows: "Tell Mr. —— that, this time, *he's* the joke." The messenger withdrew amid vociferous cheering, and it is not recorded that Mr. "Stiggins" ever made any further inquiries of Mr. Russell Day.

On another occasion it is said that a big boy named Coles, who was reputed to be a bit of a "swagger," came, on some errand, into Russell Day's schoolroom and stood magnificently by the door. Little Day looked at him long and hard. "What is thy name?" he said, drawlingly, at last. "Coles, sir," said the confident youth in resonant tones. "Then, Coles, you may scuttle," was the devastating reply, and Coles retired, in ruins. Russell Day was indeed the Tim Healy of the Eton of forty years back, and *noli me tangere* was his motto.

I have said that the masters above referred to were strict disciplinarians. Not so was poor ——, an accomplished scholar and Latin verse-writer, who shall here be spoken of only under his nickname of "Swage." Owing to a certain hesitation in his character, in spite of a most formidable personal appearance (none are so quick to take a master's measure as Eton boys), he had lost all control both of his school division and of his private pupils, and the scenes that were daily enacted in his class-room were of a truly appalling kind. It was a veritable Inferno among schools. From his desk "Swage" thundered in vain at the serried ranks

of his tormentors, or now and then selected one or two of the ringleaders and bade them "stand up" apart from their fellows, in distant corners of the room. But the boys thus isolated of course attracted the whole attention of the class; and sometimes, with a dexterous motion of the feet, akin to a ballet-dancer's, they would glide noiselessly across the floor, as pillars of sand across the desert, now approaching "Swage's" desk and now receding from it, until he was wild with indignation and scattered his "impositions," like rain, indiscriminately, on the just and on the unjust.

It is a fact—and this was recognised as the supreme achievement, the *ne plus ultra*, of such master-baiting—that "Swage" once set a hundred lines to a bird. To whistle and chirp like birds was one of the amusements of his division; and so, when a real bird came and perched by the window and gave a little song, "Swage" rounded blindly on it like a fury and shouted out, "A hundred lines!" It was all over with him after that. Perpendicularly he went down.

There is a story, too, of his once sending to the Headmaster a letter in which he "complained" of one of his private pupils, an inmate of his House, for annoying him by knocking with malice prepense on his study door. The letter set forth how the boy had begun knocking and had persisted in knocking, in spite of warnings and expostulations; and there was appended to it this brief but significant statement: "*P.S.—He is knocking still.*"

Such are but a few of the many anecdotes of certain famous assistant-masters in the days of Eton under Hornby. But it must not be supposed that masters alone were the subject of such stories; for, looking back, one is aware of many treasured reminiscences of boys no less than of tutors—there were eccentricities amongst the young as well as the old—only, in the nature of things, the queer doings of boys, whose sojourn at Eton was comparatively short, were less notorious and traditional than those of masters who were "institutions" there for twenty years or more.

There was Tom ———, for instance, famous among a certain generation of Etonians for his extraordinary escapades, the most genial and lovable of ne'er-do-wells, who must (now one thinks of it) have been just a little crazed, even in his boyhood, to do the outrageous things he did. Even now in thought I can see him, walking out of chapel during the afternoon service on Derby Day, with a handkerchief held to his nose to signify that hemorrhage was the cause of his retirement, though every master and boy in the building could guess whither he was bound. Even at that early age he was a confirmed drinker, and one of the most popular

stories of him was that which told how he was seen striding in hot haste up Windsor Hill, because he had been informed that at a Temperance Meeting, which was being held in the Royal borough, a shilling was to be given to every convert who would take the pledge. After leaving Eton he went out to the Colonies, and the last report (prior to that of his death) which his former school-fellows had of him was that "he had stolen a horse, and was doing well." *Requiescat in pace!* Those who knew him have a tenderer recollection of him than of many of Eton's more successful sons.

Then, again, there was Fred——, no ne'er-do-well like Tom——, but not less genial and popular, and equally the victim, one must conclude, of a certain early twist of the mind. He was famous among his contemporaries for a kind of *malaprop* tendency in his thought and speech, which occasionally caused huge delight. Thus, one winter day, at the "final" football match for the House Cup, when a tremendous tussle was going on between Warre's and Evans's, the leading Houses of that time, our Fred was standing amid an excited crowd of spectators, himself as excited as any of them, while stentorian cries of "Warre's!" "Evans's!" came alternately from the backers of the two rival teams. At last there was a lull in the tempest of shouting, and then there rang out one solitary voice, heard distinctly over the field, and tremulous with intense interest in the fortunes of the game—and what it cried was—"Durnford's!" Poor Fred had characteristically imported into the struggle the name of another House ("Judy" Durnford's, to wit) which did not happen to be concerned.

But, like the epic poets of old, I have no space to commemorate adequately all these heroes of story—the sad case of "Barabbas," for instance, can be but mentioned in passing. In common with not a few other boys at Eton (far more than is supposed) he had been caught stealing, and instead of being quietly removed, the usual and more merciful course, he had been flogged and allowed to stay on—to be known thenceforward as "Barabbas." The boys delighted to torment him with fiendish cruelty, which touched its highest point whenever the words, "Now, Barabbas was a robber," were read in the chapel. Then necks were craned, and heads were turned, from pews near and distant, to catch a glimpse of the unfortunate youth who had transgressed the one moral precept for which these young barbarians had a real or pretended reverence.

The College Chapel, it must be owned, was often the scene of a good deal that could not, even in those days of lax discipline, be regarded as proper behaviour. It was the practice in the early

part of Dr. Hornby's headmastership (wisely abolished by him later) to have a service—a full choral service—on each of the three weekly half-holidays, and the effect of this on the minds of the boys who were, of course, thirsting to be free for the river or cricket field, may readily be imagined. Worship there was literally none: the sole thought was how to get the service over. Against the text of every anthem, in every anthem-book in the chapel, was written in pencil, corrected and tested by generations of impatient listeners, the *time* taken in its performance. The most popular of the Chaplains ("Conducts," they were called at Eton) was one whose fleetness in gabbling through the service at breakneck speed was phenomenal, and had the extra merit of occasionally delighting the boys by an accidental transposition of words, as when he would adjure the congregation to "Rend your garments and not your hearts"—a version of the text much more likely to obtain fulfilment at Eton. The members of the professional choir, too, were well known individually to their unwilling audience, and each of them had his nickname; the bass, for example, whose voice and figure were alike of ample proportions, was universally known as "Thunderguts."

It was on Sundays, of course, that the ceremonial was at the height of its splendour, and then, as there was no cricket or boating in the background, it was regarded with more tolerance. It was a sight to see "Cogger" Goodford, the Provost, conducted, with much pomp and circumstance, up the centre of the chapel by the verger, Holderness—both of them old and feeble men, but Holderness, as the boys did not fail to remark, looking by far the more refined and aristocratic of the two, so that a stranger might well have supposed *him* to be "Mr. Provost," and "the Cogger" to be his henchman. In listening to the Provost's well-nigh interminable sermons, it was agreed on all hands that the right method was not to chafe or become restive under them but to trust to the soporific effect of the sing-song cadence, a peculiar rise and fall of the voice which became as familiar to thousands of Etonians as the chapel bell itself. Some of them could imitate it to perfection; one expert in this art was (if report be true) the present Colonial Secretary. It was the Provost, it should be explained, and not the Headmaster, who had the chief control of the services in the Eton Chapel; but, of course, the pulpit was occupied at times by other preachers—by "Stiggins," for instance, or "Judy" Durnford, or "Johnny" Yonge—and then the boys were all on the *qui vive* with excitement.

I have told how calamitously "Judy" Durnford once read prayers to the Collegers; I will conclude with a similar story, in which, however, a boy, not a master, played the leading part. It

was the custom at a certain "Dame's" House for the head boy to read the evening prayers, but on one occasion it chanced that the "captain," and perhaps the "second captain" also, being unexpectedly absent, the duty devolved suddenly on a very nervous youth, who had never before acted in that capacity, and, as readers of the incident will easily believe, was never invited to act so again. The assembled boys, all agog to hear a new reader, marched into the room—a large hall with a skylight—knelt down, and expected the prayers to begin; but at the critical moment it became evident that the unfortunate *locum tenens* was in difficulty, for no sound was heard but an agitated shuffling of the prayer-book. Instantly the truth flashed on the minds of the congregation—he could not "find the place"! Intently they watched and waited, while he, poor wretch, sweating and "smoking" in his extremity, did but shuffle pages the more. At last, in desperation, presumably, and feeling it necessary at any risk to break the "horrid silence," he drew his bow at a venture, and read. It was the Absolution, the "Remission of Sins," which, as the rubric ordains, may be pronounced by the Priest alone. A lively sense of the inappropriateness of the selection pervaded the amused audience and oppressed the mind of their victim. The Absolution ended, there was a further shuffling of leaves; and then a second time he drew his bow at a venture, and read. It was the Prayer for Rain. Now, as luck would have it, the night was a very wet one, and even as the supplication was being made for "such moderate rain and showers," there was the din of a most immoderate downpour on the skylight overhead. "What will he read next?" was the thought in everybody's mind; and, indeed, after what had preceded, nothing—not even the Marriage Service—need have seemed impossible; but at this point the clerical novice, who possibly considered that, after absolving forty Eton boys of their sins and successfully praying for rain, he had done enough for a first attempt, disappointed further speculation by closing the book and dismissing them.

Here, too, it is time to close these fragmentary reminiscences of Eton under Hornby, which I hope will be taken by my readers—Etonian and non-Etonian—in the spirit in which they are written, as professing to be no more than just a faithful version of the stories as I heard them in the period to which they refer.

ETONENSIS.



## THE PROGRESS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

It is a popular superstition that the advancement of truth depends wholly on the discovery of facts, and that the sciences have an insatiable appetite for facts and consume them raw, like oysters; whereas, really, the actual procedure of the sciences is almost the exact opposite of this. For the facts to be "discovered" there is needed *the eye to see them*, and inasmuch as the most important facts do not at first obtrude themselves, it has usually to be a *trained eye*, and animated by a persevering desire to know. Thus radium, for instance, with the revolution in our whole conception of material nature which it imports, after vainly bombarding an inattentive universe for æons, has only just succeeded in getting itself discovered, and its wonderful activity appreciated and ranked as "fact." Again, the sciences are anything but heaps of crude facts. They are coherent systems of the interpretation of what they have *taken* as "fact," and they, very largely, *make their own facts as they proceed*. Nor are "facts" facts for a science until it has prepared them for assimilation, and can swallow them without unduly straining its structure. In other words, the sciences always select and "cook" their facts. Hence what is fact for one science, and from one point of view, is not so for and from another, and may be irrelevant or a fiction. If, therefore, rival theorists are determined to occupy different points of view, and to stay there without seeking common ground, they can controvert each other's "facts" for ever. For their assertions concern what are really different facts. So there is no way of settling the dispute save by the good old method of letting both continue until harvest-time, and finding which contributes more to human welfare. Facts, in short, are far from being rigid, irresistible, triumphant forces of nature; rather they are artificial products of our selection, of our interests, of our hopes, of our fears. The shape they assume depends on our point of view, their meaning on our purpose, their value on the use we put them to; nay, perhaps their very reality on our willingness to accept them. For if there lurks within them some backbone of rigidity which we cannot hope to alter, it is at least something to which we have not yet penetrated, and which it would be fatal rashly to assume, so long as the facts we face are still such that we *want* to alter them.

Now most of this has long been known to the logicians, though for various reasons they have not yet thought fit to make it clear to the uninitiated public. Nor should I now have dared to divulge

these 'mysteries' of the higher logic were it possible to discuss the history of Psychical Research without reference to the striking way in which it illustrates this, our human, treatment of fact. That history has been a tragedy (or tragi-comedy) with three main actors, Fact, Prejudice or Bias, and Interpretation; and the greatest of these is Prejudice. For it has determined the interpretation, which in turn has selected the facts. And thus the impotence of Fact has been most clearly shown. For of facts bearing on the subject there has always been abundance: mankind has always had experience of ghosts, trances, inspirations, dreams, fancies, illusions, hallucinations, and the like. Some men have always been ill-balanced, as others stolid, some responsive to the unusual, as others indifferent. And divergent prejudices have always been strong to emphasise whatever told in their favour, and to suppress whatever did not. And so "what the facts really were" has manifestly depended on the interpretations put upon them.

Of such interpretations the two extremes have always been conspicuous. The one is often called the superstitious and the other the scientific. The names indeed are bad, and beg the question: for any interpretation has a right to be called scientific if it is coherent and works, while any is superstitious which rests on mere prejudice and can give no coherent account of itself. But still, the interpretation which treats all psychic phenomena as essentially pathological has hitherto been preferred by the more scientific people, and has therefore been worked out and applied more scientifically, while hardly anything has been done to elicit the latent scientific value of its rival.

Since the formation of the Society for Psychical Research, however, this situation has been changed, and its work has begun to tell both on the facts and on their interpretation. Not that as yet much progress has been made in altering the mode in which the facts appear, *i.e.*, in obtaining control of them, in making them experimental, or in eliciting new ones. But the quality of the old facts has been greatly improved; they are beginning to be received with a more discriminating hospitality, to be scrutinised with a more intelligent curiosity, to be recorded with something like precision. And what, in the light of their past history, is probably quite as important—for what is the use of collecting facts which no one understands?—much has been done to render their interpretation more scientific, and it is upon this aspect of the progress of Psychical Research that this article is intended to enlarge.

The better understanding of the traditional phenomena has been greatly advanced by a series of notable books proceeding from the

inner circles of the Society for Psychical Research. First to be mentioned is Professor William James's profound and delightful *Varieties of Religious Experience*, which has so signally shown the psychological significance of much that from the pathological point of view would seem sheer excesses of spiritual morbidity. Secondly, Mr. Podmore's *History of Modern Spiritualism* has shown how the "facts" look to an intelligent, competent, but intensely sceptical, criticism. And, lastly, the late Frederic Myers's *Human Personality* has made a brilliant and suggestive effort to look at the same material with a constructive purpose, and to put upon it a coherent interpretation which will convert the whilom playground of the will-o'-the-wisps of superstition into a stable habitation of science. This enterprise seems interesting and important enough to warrant an attempt to estimate its outcome, now that the first rush of readers and the first clash of critics has rolled by.

Myers's conception of the function of the Society for Psychical Research differs widely from that of Mr. Podmore: it is to him not an organisation for the harrying of spiritual impostors, but a possible training school for the future Columbus of an ultra-terrestrial world. And so he is inspired by the spirit of research, nay, of adventure, which is the prelude to discovery.

Perhaps, however, the first reflection he provokes is one on the waywardness of genius, on its annoying habit of *not* sticking to its last, and *not* allowing quiet folk to drowse on in their old ancestral ways, but of making unexpected incursions into fresh territories and dragging an unwilling humanity in its train. For there can be little doubt that Mr. Myers was a genius, though not at all of the kind that would (antecedently) have been suspected of attempting epoch-making contributions to science and philosophy. His gifts were clearly of a literary and poetic character, such as seemed to promise him a distinguished place and an agreeable career among the English men of letters, but might, in the first instance, well be thought to have unfitted him for the close reasoning and laborious experimenting that are needed by the man of science. But a strong passion of his emotional nature turned his powers in quite a different direction. A wicked fairy (I suppose) afflicted him with a well-nigh unique and unequalled longing to know, before he trod it, the path all souls must travel; and this desire formed the tragedy and glory of his life. It is usual to suppose that a passionate desire is a mere hindrance in the search for truth, but a more observant psychology must acknowledge what strength, what perseverance, and what daring it may bestow upon the searcher. Of this power, Myers's case affords a signal example; for by dint of his desire to know he transformed himself. He turned himself into a man of science, keenly watchful

and thoroughly cognisant of every scientific fact that seemed to bear, however remotely, on his central interest, and though, I think, he never quite secured his footing on the tight-ropes of technical philosophy, he made himself sufficiently acquainted with the abstruser mysteries of metaphysics. And so he actually trained his Pegasus, as it were, to pull the ark of the covenanted immortality out of the slough of naturalism.

And then it appeared to the marvel of most beholders that there is work for the imagination to accomplish in science no less than in poetry. It was the poetry in Myers that enabled him to grasp at great conceptions, whose light could not have dawned on duller souls, and to build up out of the rubbish heaps of uncomprehended and unutilised experience the impressive structure which, if it be not the temple of ultimate truth, yet for the present marks the "furthest north" of scientific striving towards one of the great poles of human interest. And, similarly, it was his desire that gave him driving-power. For twenty years he laboured unremittingly himself, and enlisted by his enthusiasm the co-operation of others. Like other pioneers, those of psychical research will never, probably, obtain the recognition due to their courage, endurance, and faith in an undertaking which not only their social surroundings, but their own misgivings, pronounced futile and absurd. It was mainly due to Myers's tact and enthusiasm that the Society was nerved to persist in the tedious task of observing and collecting the erratic bits of evidence, the perplexing phantasmagoria of experiences, which he has now so brilliantly fitted together into his fascinating picture of the subliminal extent and transcendent destiny of the human spirit. True, the picture is impressionist: in some parts it is sketchy; in others its completion was cut short by death; nowhere perhaps will it bear a pedantically microscopic scrutiny. But it is the picture of a master none the less, and takes the place of a mere smear of meaningless detail and shadowy outline. Wherefore it is an achievement, and its scientific value is incontestable, whether or not we are willing to accept it as a real image of the truth.

Accordingly, it is no wonder that, whereas those who applied strictly technical standards, and looked for what it is vain to expect, and difficult to use, in an inchoate science, viz., a formal precision of spick and span conceptions, have been somewhat disconcerted by the heuristic and tentative plasticity of Myers's terms, the greatest of living psychologists, Professor William James, himself no mean adept in psychical researches, should thus testify to his suggestiveness. "I cannot but think," he says,<sup>1</sup>

(1) *Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 233. Cp. also his fuller appreciation of Myers's work in the *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, Part 42, pp. 13-23.

"that the most important step forward that has occurred in psychology since I have been a student of the science, is the discovery, first made in 1886, that in certain subjects at least there is not only the consciousness of the ordinary field, with its usual centre and margin, but an addition thereto in the shape of a set of memories, thoughts, and feelings, which are extra-marginal and outside of the primary consciousness altogether, but yet must be classed as conscious facts of some sort, able to reveal their presence by unmistakable signs." This then is "the problem of Myers," the great question as to the nature of the subconscious or subliminal extension of what we may, perhaps, still call the self.

To Myers this conception of the *Subliminal Self* is the great clue that guides him through the labyrinth of abnormal and super-normal fact, and holds together phenomena so various as sleep, dream, memory, hypnotism, hysteria, genius, insanity (largely), automatisms, chromatic hearing, hallucinations, ghosts, telepathy and telergy, clairvoyance and the like, and even "ectoplasmy." It is evident therefore that it is essential for an appreciation of *Human Personality* to grasp this great conception of the Subliminal Self, and the considerations which conduct to it.

Psychological experiment has confirmed what the best philosophic speculation had previously suspected, viz., that the world of sense is limited. That is, there exist limits beyond which any particular sense-perception either ceases or is transformed. It is only within a limited range that disturbances in the air are perceived as sounds, and in the "ether" as sights. There are ultra-violet "rays," and infra-red "rays," which are both invisible, and there are "tones" too high and too low to be heard. There are limits of intensity also to sensation. A very slight stimulation is not felt; e.g., a small fly crawling across the hand arouses no sensation. And yet we cannot say that this crawling passes quite unnoticed. For, if there are half-a-dozen such flies, we feel them collectively. But does not this imply that each separately must have contributed something? For six ciphers would add up to nothing. In this way, then, we form the notion of a *limen* or "threshold" over which a "sensation" must pass to enter consciousness. This threshold is not, however, a *fixed* point: it may be shifted up and down, *raised* so as to contract, or *lowered*, so as to enlarge, the range of consciousness, to an unknown extent, according to the variations of attention, mental condition, &c. At present the range of variation in the *limen* is almost unexplored; but it is undeniable that both the hyper-æsthesia which results from a lowering, and the abnormal concentration, or "abstraction," which results from a raising, and still more from a combination of the two (as in some hypnotic states), may easily result

in abnormalities that in any previous age would have been held to be miraculous.

It should be noted, furthermore, that we cannot evade the paradox of unfelt "sensations" by interpreting the *limen* in terms of physiology. At first sight it seems easy enough to assume that there is nothing *mental* out of consciousness, and to explain that the bodily disturbances (due to the crawling flies) have to attain a certain magnitude before the mind reacts upon them. We may suppose, that is, that it is not worthy of the mind to take note of the nervous excitation due to the crawling of a single fly. But this only transfers the difficulty from the sense organs to the central brain: it still remains a fact that a mind which responds to a *sum* of slight disturbances must, in summing them, have apprehended them subliminally in their separation. Nay, in the end must not this weird power of unnoticed noticing be ascribed to "matter" generally? For how could anything ever respond to a sum of stimulations if the constituents of the sum had not been somehow noticed? It would seem, then, that from this notion of the subliminal there is no escape.

But instead of being a nuisance and a paradox, it may be made into a principle of far-reaching explanation. This is what Myers has done. He has extended this scientific notion of subliminal "perception" from the parts to the whole, and instead of recognising it grudgingly and piecemeal, he gladly generalises it into a principle of almost universal application. When this is done, the supraliminal and the subliminal seem to change places in our estimation, and our normal supraliminal consciousness shrinks into a mere selection of the total self, which the necessities of mortal life have stirred us to condense into actual consciousness, while behind it, embracing and sustaining all, there stretches a vast domain of the subliminal, whose unexplored possibilities may be fraught with weal or woe ineffable. Who after this will question the potency of the poetic seer to evolve romance out of the disjointed data of academic science?

And yet, like all great feats, it is like the egg of Columbus, and very simple. At bottom it is only a shifting of standpoint, a throwing of our spirit's centre of gravity over into the subliminal. Let us for a moment cease to regard, as the true centres of our being, the conscious persons of a definite kind, hedged in by social restrictions and psychical and physical incapacities of all sorts, which we appear to be, and whom, in spite of philosophic warnings, we assume ourselves to know so well: let us regard them as mere efficient, though imperfect, concentrations of our being upon the practical purposes of normal life. And then, hey presto! the thing is done! We return transfigured to the surface from our dive into the subli-

minal. We are greater, perhaps more glorious, than our wildest dreams suspected. We have transcended the limits of terrestrial being, and flung aside the menace of materialism. Or, in more technical philosophic language, which it is a pity Myers did not in this instance use, we find ourselves contemplating the correlation of physical and psychical from the point of view of the *transmission*, not of the *production*, theory of the latter.<sup>1</sup> Psychic life, that is, is not engendered by the phantom dance of "atoms," but conversely, its veritable nature pierces in varying degrees the distorting veil of "matter" that seems so solid, and yet, under scientific scrutiny, so soon dissolves into the fantastic fictions of "vortex-rings" or ethereal "voids" and "stresses," or "energy" equations. And the beauty of this change of attitude is that whereas no facts can be discovered which will invalidate this re-interpretation, it is quite possible that new discoveries may make its materialistic rival simply unworkable.

Myers has two great similes for illustrating what he conceives to be the relation of the conscious to the subconscious personality. It is like unto the visible portion of an iceberg of whose total mass eight-ninths float beneath the surface. Or it is like the visible spectrum beyond which there extend at either end infra-red and ultra-violet rays, to say nothing of yet more mysterious modes of radiation, as potent, or more potent, than those our eyes enable us to see. The latter image has indeed this further advantage, that close inspection will reveal dark lines and discontinuities even within the narrow band of visible light. Just so there are abundant breaks of continuity in our conscious life which may be made to spell out messages to the psychologist from the hidden depths of the soul, much as the dark lines in a stellar spectrum reveal to the astronomer the composition of the most distant stars. And he believes that in the supernormal phenomena of which his book supplies a provisional codification, we have something corresponding to the "enhanced" lines of spectroscopy.

Hence it is natural enough that Myers should begin his survey by tracing the subliminal support in the normal operations of our consciousness. Morbid disintegrations of personality prove that at least we are not rounded-off and self-complete souls, which must be in their integrity, or not be at all. And yet not all the features of such cases look like mere decay; they are interspersed with signs of a completer memory and of supernormal faculty, and of connections deep below the surface. The analysis of genius is next attempted, in perhaps the least convincing chapter in the book, which derives genius from "subliminal uprushes." In the fourth chapter sleep is dealt with, and considered as a differentiation of psychic life parallel with waking life, preserving a more

(1) Cp. James's *Human Immortality*.

antique complexion, and showing (in dreams) symptoms of a closer connection with and access to the subliminal. Chapter V. deals with the extension of normal into hypnotic sleep, and the enhanced control of the organism which it often carries with it. In these first chapters the facts to which Mr. Myers so copiously appeals throughout are, on the whole, beyond dispute, though there still is abundant difference of opinion about their interpretation. But in the sixth chapter he approaches a region in which the ordinary man and ordinary science evinces a stubborn unwillingness to admit, and even to ascertain, the facts. Starting with an ingenious suggestion that *synæsthesiæ*, like "coloured hearing," are vestiges of a primitive sensitivity not yet definitely attached to special organs of sense, he proceeds to other forms of sensory automatism, which convey messages from the subliminal to the conscious self. These may take the form of spontaneous hallucinations, or be experimentally induced by "crystal-gazing," and often reveal *telepathic* influence.

Of *telepathy*, Mr. Myers is not long content to retain the provisional description, officially prescribed by the Psychical Society, as "a mode of communication not requiring any of the recognised channels of sense." He soon takes it more positively as a law of the direct intercourse of spirit with spirit, as fundamental as gravitation in the physical world. And so it becomes, not an alternative to the spiritistic interpretation, as with Mr. Podmore, but rather its presupposition, and a way of rendering it feasible and intelligible. Granting, therefore, that spirits as such are in immediate telepathic interaction in a subliminal "metetherial" (i.e., spiritual) world, it becomes arbitrary to deprive them of this power on account of the mere fact of death. Telepathy from the dead becomes credible, and the seventh chapter, on "phantasms of the dead," revels in ghost stories. The eighth chapter on *motor automatism*, expounds and interprets the phenomena of planchette writing, table tilting, &c., and the evidence of discarnate intelligence they often seem to involve, which seems sometimes to amount to a "psychical invasion," or "possession" of the automatist. Hence there is an easy transition in the ninth chapter to the subjects of trance, possession, and ecstasy, in which the organism may be operated entirely by alien "spirits," while the normal owner may be enjoying a subliminal excursion into a spiritual world. As finally the action of spirit on matter is a mystery anyhow, and as the actual limitation of our power to produce movements to bodies directly touched by our organism is wholly empirical, and may result only from the unimaginative habits of the supraliminal self, and as, moreover, discarnate spirits may possess a greater and more conscious power to manipulate the molecular arrangements of matter, there is no *a priori* reason for discrediting even the



stories of *telekinesis* and *ectoplasmy*, which form the so-called "physical phenomena" of spiritism.

Such, in barest outline, and without attempt to reproduce his multitudinous references to cases, and the felicities of his phrasing, is Myers's argument for the extension of human personality beyond its habitual limits. It will be thought by many to pander to the human love of well-told fairy-tales, and to recall within the bounds of scientific possibility every aberration of savage superstition. And certainly Myers has cast his net very wide and deep, and brought into it not only a fine collection of fish, of which some are very rare and queer specimens, but also not a few of the abhorrent monsters of the abyss which common sense can hardly bear to look upon.

Moreover, in a sense criticism is easy; in token whereof I may instance some of its more valid forms. It has been objected then : (1) That Myers deals largely in suggestions which, after all, are merely possibilities; (2) that he never defines the nature of the personality for which he claims survival of death, and never proves that what seems to survive is truly personal; (3) that such of his facts as would be generally admitted are capable of alternative interpretations; while (4) for the disputed phenomena, even the copious evidence adduced is inadequate and dubious; (5) that telepathy among the living is, as yet, assumption enough to explain everything; (6) that his theory is a jumble of physiological materialism with the wildest spiritualism; (7) that he is absurdly optimistic in his anticipations both as to the benefits to be derived from the study of our "metetherial" environment, and also (8) as to the reasonableness of incarnate and discarnate spirits in forwarding his aim.

To these objections it might fairly be replied : as to (1), that Myers himself claims no more, and more cannot fairly be expected of him. As to (2), that while he certainly takes personality for granted, our immediate experience fully entitles us to do so. The people who decline to admit the existence of personality until it has been abstractly defined to their liking, are beyond the pale of ordinary scientific argument. On the other hand, it must be granted that the proof of personality in the subliminal, and of the persistence of a *human* person after death is, as yet, on Myers's own showing, somewhat incomplete. But the indications point that way, and it was a merit in Myers to refrain from the usual philosopher's leap to the absolute world-ground as soon as they are driven off the field of ordinary experience.

(3) It is quite true that for *most* of the admitted facts of secondary personality, hypnotism, automatism, sleep, dream, &c., there exist alternative interpretations. That is, there are *descriptions* of them in technical formulas. But these in no case amount to

real explanations. Moreover, they are various and complicated, and Myers's conception of a single subliminal self would effect a great simplification. Further, it is precisely some of these comparatively normal facts that seem to need his theory most clearly. As this point will bear some further emphasis, it may be pointed out that the orthodox psychological treatment of dreams, *e.g.*, is plainly insufficient. The conscious self is in no proper sense the creator of its dreams. Even if we grant that the stuff that dreams are made of is taken from the experiences of waking life (though dreams of "flying," *e.g.*, show that this is not strictly true), this does not explain the *selection*. Nor does it avail to point to probabilities of peripheral stimulation as the physiological foundation of dreams. The extraordinary transmutation of the stimuli thus supplied needs explanation. Why should a mosquito bite during sleep set up a thrilling tale of battle, murder, and sudden death? Who is the maker of these vivid plots to which the dreamer falls a victim? It is certainly not the conscious self of the dream which may be (more or less) identified with that of waking life. Must we not assume some sort of subliminal self?

Or should we venture further yet, and argue that since dreams (while we dream them) have all the marks of an independent reality, are immersed in a space and a time of their own, and contain personages just as external to us, and as uncontrollable in their actions as those of waking life, these dream-worlds really exist, and are actually visited by us? Philosophically something might be said for this, and still more for the converse of this view, *viz.*, that our waking life is but an incoherent dream, whose full explanation would lie in an awakening yet to come.

This indeed was the view taken by one of Myers's best "spirits," Mrs. Piper's "G. P.," whose communication may be cited in answer to complaints that "spirits" have never yet revealed anything novel or worth knowing.<sup>1</sup> "You to us," he says (ii., 254), "are *sleeping* in the material world; you look shut up as one in prison, and in order for us to get into communication with you, we have to enter into your sphere, as one like yourself, asleep. This is just why we make mistakes, as you call them, or get confused and muddled."

The truth is that psychologists have hitherto accepted the rough criteria of practical life, and disregarded the theoretic study of dreams, because they seemed to yield so little fit to use for the

(1) Cp., too, Dr. Wiltse's dream (ii., 315) for a striking account of what "death" feels like. A genuine experience like this will always bear comparison with literary imitations even by so consummate an artist as Plato, *e.g.*, in his "vision of Er," and will be felt to be, psychologically, more convincing. The best reproduction of the psychological quality of such genuine experiences with which I am acquainted in literature, is to be found, to my thinking, in the "dream" finale of Mr. Dickinson's *Meaning of Good*.

purposes of practice. And yet, what is it but an empirical observation that dream-worlds are worlds of *inferior* reality? Is it not conceivable therefore that we should discover some of *superior* reality and value? At present, therefore, while psychology seems confronted with the choice between the Scylla of the Subliminal and the Charybdis of real dream-worlds, can one wonder that it should try to put off the evil day as long as possible?

(4) It must be admitted that all over the field covered by Mr. Myers very much more evidence is required, and that a critic with the knowledge and temper of, *e.g.*, Mr. Podmore, could pick endless holes in nearly all of it. The possibilities of fraud and error seem inexhaustible, especially if semi-conscious cheating in abnormal mental states be common. It is true also that in default of better material Myers will sometimes use half-baked bricks, just to complete his structure. But he himself was quite aware of this, and when a man knows that he has only months before him to complete his life's work, and feels that if he does not succeed in putting together the scattered material into a synthesis (however provisional) no one else will do so, he may well be pardoned if he makes what use he can of the material that lies handy. It should be recognised also that a synthesis which embraces such a multitude of facts does not rest solely on any one set of them, and in a sense grows independent of them all. That is, the mere coherence of the interpretation becomes a great point in its favour as against a variety of unconnected alternatives. Again, the collection and correction of the evidence is the proper function of the Psychical Society, for which Myers's system provides the aid of a working theory, a provisional classification, and a technical terminology.

(5) It is possible that telepathy (in its original sense) might be stretched over all the facts which it seems too harsh to dismiss. But, then, telepathy is itself a mere description, and in no way an explanation. It has to be interpreted, either in definitely physical or in definitely spiritual terms: it can hardly stand by itself as a fact which transcends the physical order without opening out upon another. Hence the attempt to conceive it as the adit to a spirit-world must be pronounced legitimate.

(6) Myers no doubt might have considerably improved his statement by greater reliance on the contentions of an idealist philosophy; but the charge of confusing the physical and the spiritual seems in the main to fail. For, as we saw (p. 66), Myers has silently adopted the "transmission" view of soul, and this entitles him to the free use of all the facts that are presented on the materialistic side.

(7) *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* may be a generous delusion, but at least it makes a good stimulus to research. Lastly, as to

(8), he is not really unaware that his gospel will impinge on rooted prejudice and meet the bitterest hostility. He knows how "immemorial ignorance has stiffened into an unreasoning incredulity" (i., 157). He tells us (ii., 77) "that the novelties of this book are intended to work upon preconceptions which are ethical quite as much as intellectual."<sup>1</sup>

But still he underrates the resistance which human minds and tempers are sure to offer to his doctrine. Concerning any considerable novelty of thought the prediction may be made that hardly anyone above thirty will be psychologically capable of adopting it, unless he had previously been looking for just such a solution. Myers, therefore, will no more persuade the existing generation of psychologists than Darwin persuaded the biologists of his age. It is vain to expect it. Novelty as such must always make its appeal to the more plastic minds of the young who have not yet aged into great authorities.

Again, it is obvious that Myers's whole trend of thought must be utterly distasteful to the numerous people who do not believe that they have more than an illusory personality now, and (rightly or wrongly) have no desire to have it perpetuated after death. Then, again, there are many whose *a priori* sense of spiritual dignity is outraged by what they think the indecorum in which "ghosts" have been observed to indulge, and who, as Myers observes, are the spiritual descendants of the people who would not listen to a heliocentric astronomy on the ground that it was unworthy of heavenly bodies to move in elliptical, and not in circular, orbits. Many others will not care to look beyond the fact that the new "psychical science" seems superficially to revive old superstitions of savage thought—though why it should *enhance* their confidence in human knowledge to find that immemorial traditions had been wholly wrong, or *destroy* it to find that from the first men had possessed some inkling of the truth, is perhaps a feeling it were hard to refine into a logical lucidity. In short, no one who has learnt from Mr. Balfour that the causes of belief are hardly ever rational, will expect an immediate revolution in habitual modes of thinking from the work of Myers.

"However this may be, do you in point of fact believe that immortality is proved?" If I were point blank asked this question, I should probably reply that most people are still unaware of the nature of proof. They imagine that "proofs" can be provided which appeal to "plain facts," and rest upon indisputable principles. Whereas we saw that really no science deals with plain facts or rests on absolutely certain principles. Its "facts" are always relative to its principles, and the principles always really rest on their ability to provide a coherent interpretation of

(1) Cp. also i. 185 and ii. 2, ii. 79-80.

the facts. All proof, therefore, is a matter of degree and accumulation, and no science is more than a *coherent system of interpretations*, which, when applied, will work. In every science, therefore, there is a finite number of facts which would have to be rejected or reinterpreted, and a small number of principles which would have to be modified or withdrawn, in order to qualify as "false" the system of that science. In a science, however, of a *high* degree of certainty, the principles are well tested and very useful, and the facts are capable of being added to at pleasure. Also, the subject is sufficiently explored to minimise the danger of discovering an anomaly. That a new fact like radium should *prima facie* threaten to derange so fundamental a principle as the Conservation of Energy, and should have to be bought off by giving up the old sense of the Indestructibility of Matter, is an incident which occurs but rarely in a respectable science like Chemistry, and it speaks well for the open-mindedness of chemists and their confidence in the stability of their system that they should have admitted its existence as soon as M. Curie had announced it. But Psychology is not so firmly rooted, and at present shows the inhospitable temper that comes from a secret lack of self-assurance. And so psychologists dare not be as open-minded; they do not credit themselves or others with sanity of soul enough to encounter abnormal facts without loss of mental balance. In Psychical Research all is still quite inchoate, and therefore plastic, and the final interpretation of its data must depend on inquiries yet to make.

One can only say, therefore, that Myers's interpretation has for the first time rendered a future life scientifically *conceivable*, and rendered much more *probable* the other considerations in its favour. *And, above all, it has rendered it definitely provable.* The scientific status of a hypothesis depends chiefly on the facilities for experimental verification it affords. No matter how probable it may seem at first sight (*i.e.*, how concordant with our prejudices), it is naught, if naught can verify it; no matter how wild it seems, it is useful, if it can suggest experiments whereby to test it, and to grapple with the facts. Now it is one of the greatest merits of Myers's book that he throughout conceives his hypothesis in this scientific spirit. His cry is ever for further observation, more thought, and keener experimentation. And his conception is capable at every point of definite investigation, and at many actually appeals to definite experiment. And whoever has a vestige of the scientific spirit must regard this as the atonement for his initial daring.

It may well be that in this way there will gradually grow up a consistent body of interpretations, embodying our most convenient way of regarding the facts, which can be adopted as a whole, even

though no single member of the system taken in isolation will be sufficient to compel assent. And then human immortality will be scientifically "proved." Until then it will remain a matter of belief, however "probable" it grows.

How long the "proof" will be in coming, who can say? If we sit down and wait, we may wait for ever. Much will depend on the activity of the Society for Psychical Research, more on the attitude of the general world. To work out fully all the rich suggestions of Myers's grandiose scheme might well absorb all the psychological energies of hundreds, nay, at the former rate of progress, of thousands of years. But short of this, if we tried to verify only the main ideas, it would be a question of whether, say, half-a-dozen first-rate minds could be induced to take up the subject, not (as now) in the scanty leisure of professional preoccupations, but as their life's work. If they will, comparatively slight discoveries might raise the subject from the observational to the experimental plane, and so indefinitely quicken the pulse of progress. In psychical, as in all other, science we must get staid professionals to consolidate the work of the enthusiastic amateurs who opened out the way.

But it is obvious that to secure them funds are needed, and that on a generous scale. In part, perhaps, these may come from a growth in the numbers of the Society. But a total of at least £8,000 is needed in order to subsidise a young psychologist for special work. And for anything like a thorough investigation money will be needed on a far larger scale. A vigilant literary committee to record and probe the spontaneous evidence, and an expensive laboratory for experimental tests, are obvious necessities, and, instead of one, a dozen specialists. For all this £100,000 will scarcely be enough.<sup>1</sup>

Eventually, no doubt, the money will be raised. For the human reason may surely be trusted finally to realise how monstrous it is that for our last, our longest, and most momentous journey alone we make no preparation, nor seek to know the dangers or the routes, but set out blindly and stolidly like brutes, or at best like children, equipped only with the vaguely-apprehended consolations of a "faith" we have never dared to verify.

F. C. S. SCHILLER.

(1) The Hon. Sec. of the Society assures me that he would undertake to find permanent and profitable employment for the income of half a million.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

THERE is sound sense in one of the rules laid down by the Sacred College that no members of the Catholick Church, however saintly their lives may have been, however venerable their reputation may be at the time of their death, can be canonised till half-a-century at least has come and gone since they joined the majority. I have often wished that a similar unwritten law could be enforced with respect to biographies. Nowadays, and especially in our own country, no man who has made any mark in his day is considered by his friends or relatives to have received due recognition of his services unless a bulky biography is published containing full and appreciative records of his private life and his public career. In the case of men of eminence, such as Mr. Gladstone, who have taken a leading share in politics an exception may fairly be made. After all, they are part and parcel of their country's history, and memoirs written by contemporaries, and published while their memory was still green, may be useful for historians of a future day, whose duty it will be to narrate the true story of our time. I confess, however, that, in my opinion, biographies of men of mark in science, literature, or art had better, with very rare exception, be left unwritten till the judgment of posterity has confirmed the estimate placed on them by their contemporaries. Their works survive them; and by these works they must in the end be judged. Of late years, however, hardly a week passes without the issue of some elaborate biography narrating the sayings and doings of minor politicians, public officials, men of letters, clerics, and artists who doubtless played creditable parts in their respective careers, but who are never likely to be known, even by name, when their own generation has been gathered to its fathers.

In the category of biographies that, as I hold, might have well been left unwritten I should include the memoir of Sir Arthur Sullivan whose author is Mr. Findon. I find no fault with the biography as it stands, except that it contains certain strictures on third parties which might give unnecessary pain should they be regarded as representing the personal opinions of Sir Arthur. I agree—in as far as I am competent to do so—with the views expressed by Mr. Findon as to Sullivan's high musical attainments, and I believe the recital of the meagre incidents of Sullivan's public career is substantially correct. My objection to the memoir is that it fails to make its readers

acquainted with the man as he was known to those who knew him otherwise than by repute. I attribute this failure not so much to any deficiency on the part of Mr. Findon as to the inherent difficulties of the task. When all is said and done, there is little to be written about the life of Arthur Sullivan, as known to the outer world, except in connection with his career as a musician and a composer. No educated man can be more hopelessly ignorant of the art of music than I am myself, but from my literary and journalistic experience I have learnt thus much : that it is the rarest thing in the newspaper world to find a musical critic who can write about musical subjects in such a way as to make his criticisms interesting or even intelligible to the non-musical public. I am not cognisant—though on this, as in all matters connected with music, I speak with the greatest hesitation—of any biography of a celebrated British musician which has enrolled itself amidst the standard classics of British literature. Whether this is due to the fault of the biographers, of the subject matter of the biographies, or of the reading public, is a question I am incompetent to answer. Be the cause what it may, there can, I think, be no doubt as to the fact.

These remarks pretty well exhaust all I have to say on the Life of Sir Arthur Sullivan which has recently been published. What I have to say further applies to Sullivan rather as a man than as a musician. The first time I made his acquaintance was, curiously enough, in connection with musical criticism. Some thirty odd years ago, I had undertaken the editorship of the *Observer* newspaper, which at that period stood in sore need of reorganisation. In those bygone days, I remember my old friend E. L. Blanchard remarking to me "that the one faculty required for dramatic and musical criticism was a copious repertory of complimentary adjectives." Unmindful of this advice, I thought the public might appreciate a more independent tone of musical criticism than was then in vogue. There being a vacancy in the post of musical critic of the *Observer*, I called on Arthur Sullivan, to ascertain whether he was disposed to write the musical criticisms for the *Observer*. He accepted the proposal subject to the understanding that either of us remained at liberty to terminate the engagement if for any reason it should prove unsatisfactory. Shortly afterwards a new opera by an almost unknown but not impecunious composer was brought out in London, and on the following Sunday Sullivan's notice appeared in our columns. I was personally much struck with the article. The style was as clear as the handwriting—and to those who knew Sullivan's writing at this period of his life that is saying a good deal. I have forgotten, or do not trouble myself to recall, the



names of the opera and its composer. All I care to remember is that the criticism was distinctly unfavourable, and formed a marked contrast to the wishy-washy eulogistic notices which appeared in most of our contemporaries, and in consequence it attracted a certain amount of attention. Within a few days of its appearance I received intimations to the effect that this style of criticism was viewed with disfavour in the quarters whence musical advertisements were issued, and that the continuance of such criticisms would involve the withdrawal of the musical advertisements. I had to consider other people's interests as well as my own, and I came at once to the conclusion that—to put the matter plainly—the game was not worth the candle. It was, as I held, no part of my duty as an editor to elevate the tone of musical criticism, and I entertained grave doubts as to whether there was a sufficient public interested in musical notices to increase our circulation to such an extent as would have compensated us for the money loss accruing from the withdrawal of operatic and concert advertisements. I had therefore no option except to discharge the somewhat unpleasant task of informing Sullivan that I had determined to discontinue his notices. Nothing could be more charming than the way in which he received my communication. He assured me that he appreciated fully the reasons of my action, and added that he had already entertained doubts as to whether it was prudent for him, as a musician himself, to criticise in print members of his own profession. We parted on the friendliest terms. The article in question was, to the best of my belief, the one and only musical criticism which Sullivan ever contributed to the Press, and I can say with even greater certainty that it was the one and only attempt ever made by me to improve the status of British music as an art.

This incident—which with another man might easily have led to a permanent estrangement—formed the commencement of a lifelong friendship. I learnt from it how singularly free Sullivan was from the personal vanity which is often said to be inseparable from the artistic nature. I realised how fair-minded and how sensible he was in business matters. I discerned the sweetness of temper, the kindness of heart, and the affectionate disposition which rendered him so charming a companion, so true a friend.

My intimate acquaintance with Sullivan was, however, brought about by our having a common friend in the person of Frederick Clay, the son of James Clay, then M.P. for Hull. Memories are so short-lived in the world in which we both passed many years of our lives that I am afraid to many of my readers the name of Fred Clay will be well-nigh unknown. At the period of which I speak, he was a clerk in the Treasury, and acting as private

secretary to George Glyn, the Whip of Mr. Gladstone's first Administration, who, later on, succeeded his brother as Lord Wolverton. Clay was, I have reason to know, a most efficient secretary, and would in all likelihood have risen very high in the public service if he had not insisted on resigning his clerkship upon his father's death. Fortunately or unfortunately, as one may choose to think, he had—or believed he had—sufficient means to live in comfort without his official salary, and was anxious to devote himself to the study of music, to which he was passionately attached. He had before this published a number of songs, some of which had attracted considerable notice. I have often heard Sullivan express an opinion that Fred Clay had higher musical talent than he himself possessed, and might have been a great musician if he had ever devoted himself seriously to the study of the art. Sullivan was singularly free from any professional jealousies, and was perhaps inclined to over-estimate the talents of his friends. However this may be, Clay applied himself to music too late to make any real progress, and soon involved himself in pursuits fatal to serious study of any kind. The story of a wasted life is one sad to read, sadder still to tell. After many losses and disappointments, borne with imperturbable cheeriness, the tide seemed to have turned for a moment in Fred Clay's favour. He had been commissioned to write the music for a spectacular piece brought out at the Alhambra. The first night's performance was a decided success. On the following evening he dined with me at the Garrick Club, when he was in far better spirits than I had seen him for a long time. On the same evening he was struck down by paralysis, and from that time to the end of his days his life was a living death. The cruellest part of a cruel fate was that his mind remained active while the means of expressing his thoughts by speech or writing or gestures was almost taken from him. In the last communication I ever received from him he asked me to propose as an honorary member of the Garrick Club an American visitor to England who had shown him much hospitality during his own sojourn in the United States. The letter was signed in a sprawling hand utterly unlike his beautiful handwriting of former days, but still recognisable, and was signed, "Poor old Freddy." The words have always seemed to me his fittest epitaph.

Sullivan and Clay were united by a very close intimacy, by a common love for music, and by the attraction they mutually exercised over one another. Clay was then living with his father, and by his invitation I became a frequent visitor to his house in Montagu Square, and there got to know Sullivan more closely than I should have done otherwise. Fred Clay was then a very

well-known personage in all classes of London society, and was liked by everybody, loved by many. No doubt Arthur's high professional reputation would have ultimately got him the entry into any society he wished to frequent. But he was not the kind of man who wears his heart upon his sleeve; he had a certain reluctance to putting himself forward on his own initiative; and I fancy that Fred Clay was the immediate instrument of Arthur's introduction to general society. Whether this introduction was beneficial or otherwise to his professional progress may be open to question. It is certain, however, that the knowledge of the political, fashionable, and financial worlds, for which Sullivan was to a certain extent indebted to Fred Clay, saved him from the narrowness of view which, as a rule, characterises all musicians, actors, and painters who associate exclusively with members of their own profession. This much I can say with certainty, that Sullivan never forgot the friendship that had existed for many years between himself and the Clay family. He never spoke of Fred without affection, and showed his affection, to the best of my belief, in more substantial ways than in mere kindly greetings.

I am not sure that the accident which associated him with the author of the *Bab Ballads* in the production of the Savoy musical plays was an unmixed advantage to Sullivan as a musician. From a pecuniary point of view the association was a brilliant success; but I fancy the great reputation which accrued to Sullivan as the musical partner in the Gilbert-Sullivan-d'Oyly Carte firm militated to some extent against the recognition of his claims to be regarded as one of the past-masters of musical art. The British public is apt to identify any member of the artistic professions with the particular style of art in connection with which his name has become a household word; and I am inclined to think that the reputation which Sullivan earned as the composer of *Pinafore*, *The Mikado*, and *The Yeomen of the Guard* told against the full recognition of his classical works, such as *The Martyr of Antioch* and *The Golden Legend*. If I am not gravely mistaken, this opinion was that of the man most competent to judge—Sullivan himself. Never was there a man less inclined to sing his own praises, to complain of his own grievances, or to speak disparagingly of his own colleagues. During the period when he was half worried out of his life by the dissension between his partners in the Savoy venture, I never heard him say a word concerning his coadjutors, other than friendly and appreciative. I knew, however, that throughout the latter years of his life he was under the impression that British musicians, as a body, had never quite done justice to the eminence he had attained as a composer throughout the civilised world, and that it was owing to the lack of hearty

recognition on their part that he had never obtained the meed of praise to which the higher class of his musical compositions had entitled him so deservedly. His disappointment at the comparatively scanty appreciation bestowed upon *Ivanhoe* was felt keenly by Sullivan, not so much for himself as for the art he loved so well. He attached an importance to the development of musical art in our English land which I, as an utter ignoramus in musical matters, could hardly understand. But I knew him too intimately not to be aware that he believed in music as a necessary concomitant of national greatness, and worshipped his art with the reverence of an ardent believer, if not of a fanatic. The one failure of his professional career, the collapse of the English Opera Company, was a source of bitter disappointment to him, not so much from the personal loss he sustained thereby, as from the frustration of his hopes that an English opera, in which the composers would be English and the artists would be English also, might become a national institution. I have seldom known a man who bore so cheerfully as Arthur Sullivan losses which only affected his pocket. It so happened I was with him on the morning when he received the news that a financial firm conducted by a personal friend of his own, and to whom he had entrusted a very large amount of money, had stopped payment, and that his money, as the event proved, was irretrievably lost. His first impulse was to express his sorrow for the friend who was the cause of his losses; he uttered no futile reproaches or idle complaint. The only comment I recall his making was that it was hard lines he should have learnt the misfortune on the morning of the day when he had to conduct the orchestra at the Savoy on the occasion of his first performance of a new piece; I think it was *Princess Ida*. I myself had been a loser by the bankruptcy, though happily to a comparatively small extent, and the subject was one which we had frequently to discuss at subsequent periods. But to the best of my recollection I never heard him utter an unkindly word on the subject of his losses or concerning those who were responsible for the catastrophe. This is the more remarkable as his organisation was extremely sensitive alike to pain or pleasure.

In the year 1893, if my memory is correct, he was invited by his old friend, the late Sir Frederick Leighton, as President of the Royal Academy, to be the guest of the Academicians at their annual dinner. In addition he was requested to respond to the toast of music, which, for the first time in the annals of the Academy, was to be acknowledged as a sister art with painting and sculpture. Sullivan, to my thinking, attached a somewhat exaggerated importance to the invitation. The Academy dinners are, to speak the truth, neither more nor less

than trade banquets, to which the Academicians invite their patron-customers, and throw in a certain limited number of political and social celebrities, just as careful cooks insert a few plums into a pudding to make it appetising. If I may venture to say so, the Royal Academy had far more cause to be proud of having Sullivan as their guest than the latter had of being the guest of the former. He wrote begging me to come and dine with him, and to bring with me a draft speech. I have had some little experience in my life of drafting strings of appropriate commonplaces for after-dinner orations, and I put together a reply which seemed to me adequate for the occasion. I found, however, that Sullivan was absolutely indifferent to the personal aspect of the question. His one wish was to lay stress upon the fact that the Royal Academy had at last recognised the claim of English music to be represented at their banquets, and had thereby removed a sort of stigma which he had long resented. We sat up till very late at night concocting and revising the speech which he ultimately delivered. To my mind, the views expressed in the revised speech were those of a musical enthusiast; but the dream—if dream it was—of being the founder of a school of British music was one to which Sullivan remained faithful to the end of his life.

I dwell on this phase of Sullivan's character because it seems to me there is a tendency on the part of his contemporary critics to represent him as a musician who had deserted the higher walks of his art for the lower, who had sacrificed his ideal for the sake of money easily earned and of a reputation cheaply purchased. I hold this view of his character to be erroneous, and I trust that whenever his true life can be written the writer will not fail to bring out the steady labour he devoted to his art, the earnestness with which he sought to extend its influence and to advance its interests.

It is undoubtedly true that a portion of Sullivan's daily life was spent in clubs, and often in their card-rooms. But yet—and this is a point on which I am far more competent to form an opinion than on the most elementary musical question—he was never, in my opinion, a true clubman. By nature and disposition he was essentially domestic. His home, his books, his pictures, his dogs and birds, his household, had a sort of personal attraction which they rarely possess for men of the world, worldly. As a rule, he preferred dining at home to dining at the various clubs to which he belonged, in all of which he was a welcome visitor. His dinners to his intimate friends, about which he took any amount of personal trouble, were held, with rare exceptions, in his own flat in Victoria Street, not at restaurants or clubs. It

was often a marvel to me why, being what he was, he never married; but somehow or other he remained single to the end of his life, though I have grounds to believe that he more than once seriously contemplated matrimony. All that I or any of his friends can state on this subject is a conviction that if he had ever married he would have proved the most affectionate of husbands, the kindest of parents. He was greatly sought after in society, and it is a complete illusion to imagine, as I have seen hinted in comments on his career, that he wasted in amusement the time he might have employed to greater advantage in the study of his art. As long as his health lasted, he worked hard throughout the day, and it was only in the evenings he was seen much abroad, and when dinner was over he was not unfrequently to be found in club card-rooms. The art of musical composition, if carried out with the earnestness and energy Sullivan devoted to it, involves, in as far as my observation goes, high mathematical ability; and anyone who watched Sullivan's play, as I have often had the opportunity of doing, could not but perceive that he played his cards thoughtfully and intelligently. He was, I think, a bad card-holder, and, in common with most men whose minds throughout the day are occupied with graver subjects, he was a careless player. Moreover, though he liked winning, as all card-players do, he was singularly indifferent to losing. I fancy, also, that his innate tenderness of nature rendered him instinctively averse to continue playing when the run of luck happened to be in his favour, or when he thought he was winning more than his adversaries could afford to lose. For all these reasons, in spite of his clear brain and his keen memory and his remarkable power of calculating chances, he was an indifferent card-player from a pecuniary point of view. The plain truth, as I take it, is that he played mainly because he found that play rested his mind after the day's labours, not because he was greedy of gain. If this was so, it is intelligible enough that he should not have held his own against men of relatively inferior mental ability who played to win. Still, I do not believe that his losses in the London clubs he belonged to were ever serious, as compared with his income; and this much I can truly say, that, whatever he may have lost or won, he secured the personal affection of all his fellow-players to an extent rare amidst seasoned men of the world, though not—as my own experience has shown me—so rare amidst card-players as amidst the followers of other and perhaps more elevated pursuits.

No man I have ever known—if I may paraphrase John Morley's saying about Mr. Chamberlain—had "so perfect a genius for kindness." He had no great belief, if I am not mistaken, in promis-

cuous charity, or in public subscriptions to benevolent institutions. His view was that the world would be a far better place than it is now if every individual ceased to concern himself about futile attempts to redress wholesale evils, such as poverty and sickness, by private benevolence, and devoted his attention to assisting, relieving, and showing kindness to his own people, to his personal friends, to his fellow-workers, to his household, and to all the persons who, in the scriptural sense of the word "neighbour," were by the accidents of life more of neighbours to him than anyone else. Many of us—I myself amidst the number—hold this view, but I fear very few of us strive to act up to it as fully as did Sullivan. I recollect some years ago, when *The Mikado* was at the height of its success, overhearing a conversation between some chorus girls who were returning from the Savoy by the District Railway, and were discussing the merits and demerits of the actors and managers of the theatre. One of them concluded with the remark: "Well, whatever you may say about the others, there is one person we are all fond of, and that is Arthur Sullivan. He never passes one of us girls without saying a kind word; and he never hears of any one of us being ill or in trouble without doing something to help us." I repeated this saying afterwards to Sullivan, and his remark was, "I am glad you told me. This is how I should like all who come into relations with me to feel towards me."

It may be said that this sort of open-handed liberality comes easy to any man of kindly, careless disposition, who gives freely to all who ask him. The qualities which make a man a spendthrift make him also liberal and even lavish in his dealings with others. But with Sullivan this was not so. No man was so fond of making presents, but at the same time no man bestowed so much thought beforehand on the presents he made and the persons he assisted. The perusal of his diaries will convince anyone who had previously entertained a contrary opinion, that—in the usual sense of the term—there was nothing Bohemian about the life of Arthur Sullivan. His accounts were kept most carefully; well-nigh every incident of his daily life for some thirty years is recorded in his diaries; every important letter he wrote and every application he received are mentioned therein. Even here in these private annals the names of his correspondents are alluded to by initials. Altogether, if you were to judge of Sullivan solely by his diaries, without any extraneous knowledge, you would come inevitably to the conclusion that he was a singularly careful, level-headed man of business.

I had the great advantage of spending some months in daily companionship with Arthur Sullivan. My experience of life has impressed upon me the conviction that a few weeks of fellow-travel

abroad give two persons a fuller knowledge of each other than they would acquire under ordinary circumstances by as many years of close intimacy at home. Even in a journey conducted with every possible comfort and convenience, the first condition of the journey proving a success is that of the two travellers proving congenial to one another. Given such congenialship, any of the little *contretemps* which must occur in the best regulated of journeys creates nothing beyond a passing annoyance. Without such congenialship any untoward incident becomes a source of permanent irritation. If I were called upon to express an opinion—as Mr. George Meredith seems to have considered it is his duty to do—on the “great marriage question,” I should suggest that in an ideal commonwealth no man and woman should be allowed to embark on matrimony till they had acquired previous experience of each other’s characters by a period of fellow-travelling. I confess my inability to work out the idea thus suggested; but I am convinced it is more practical and less Utopian than Mr. Meredith’s proposal, that all marriages should be terminable after a decennial period of connubial life.

Be this as it may, the conviction I have already expressed—that if the incidents of his career had been other than they were Arthur Sullivan would have proved eminently qualified to enjoy and impart domestic happiness as the master of a household and the father of a family—was confirmed by the three months we spent together in Cairo in 1882. He was so reasonable, so considerate of others in small matters as well as in great, so anxious to give pleasure, so happy when he succeeded in so doing, that a man must have been a churl indeed who, having had the privilege of being his fellow-traveller for any length of time, could fail to entertain towards him a sentiment of lifelong regard and affection.

The time we spent together in Egypt was one of singular interest. It was the last year of the Dual Control under which the Khedivial administration was virtually controlled by the then Mr. Auckland Colvin and M. de Blignières, as the respective representatives of England and France. Arabi had exchanged the position of an unknown and obscure Fellah for that of Minister of War, and, in the hands of native and European advisers of far higher ability than himself, had come forward as the champion of Egyptian independence. In those days Cairo still retained the cosmopolitan character which rendered its society so attractive to a visitor. Socially, the French element was still supreme and French was the language of ordinary conversation in Cairene society. The Arabi movement, though it received no direct countenance from the French officials, was warmly supported by the French colony, who imagined that his crusade in favour of “Egypt



for the Egyptians" would undermine British influence in the valley of the Nile and restore the old supremacy of France. Sheppard's Hotel was still the headquarters of the English visitors, and the ordinary tranquillity of that somewhat somnolent hostelry was disturbed by the agitation on behalf of Arabi conducted by two English gentlemen—my friend the late Sir William Gregory and Mr. Wilfred Blunt. There was a general feeling of thunder in the air, and the outbreak of the military mutiny which culminated in the bombardment of Alexandria and the victory of Tel-el-Kebir was preceded by a series of hostile demonstrations, disturbances in the streets, popular outcries against all foreigners in general and all English foreigners in particular. There were any number of acrimonious controversies, personal disputes, challenges and threats of duels. Altogether the situation was one in which a visitor strange to the country might easily have got himself into trouble without any wish to give offence. I was surprised at the keen interest displayed by Sullivan in the *imbroglio* then agitating Cairo, and I had some fear that his staunch loyalty to England might get him into trouble. I have neither the space nor the inclination to enter upon certain social complications which formed the main topic of interest at Cairo during the period of Sullivan's visit. That, in Rudyard Kipling's phrase, "is another story," and I see no good in recalling the memory of a well-nigh forgotten scandal, in which the part played by some fellow-countrymen of our own showed a lack certainly of self-respect and possibly of courage. Anyhow, that conduct did not commend itself to the approval of the foreigners resident in Egypt, and the comments made by them gave just umbrage to British feeling. In Sullivan's diary I find this passage with reference to some imputations he had overheard upon our British standard of honour: "When I hear such things said it makes my blood boil." But my observation of the tact, good sense, and temper which characterised his persistent endeavours to promote an amicable settlement of an unfortunate and ill-advised dispute did credit to his head as well as to his heart, and led me for the first time to fully realise the sound, shrewd judgment which formed the basis of his character.

The Cairo of 1882 was, in social respects, entirely different from the Cairo of to-day. Nowadays, during the season there are balls every night, polo matches, golf contests, races, and gymkhanas well-nigh every weekday. Indeed, the life led by the English visitors to Egypt is—making allowance for difference of climate—almost identical with that led by the denizens of Mayfair and Belgravia during the London season. A score of years ago there were only, as a rule, one or two balls throughout the season, and a

few official dinners followed by formal receptions. Most of the Consuls-General and of the leading European officials in the Khedivial service had a night on which their friends might call without any special invitation. "Bezique" and "Nap" were the games then in vogue; the stakes were very low, and the card-parties broke up early so that everybody might be in bed by midnight. Indeed, if my memory is correct, the street lamps in those days were extinguished by eleven.

No man ever entered more heartily into the life of cosmopolitan Cairo than Arthur Sullivan. His name alone was a passport to every house in Cairo, whether British, French, German, Greek, or Levantine. I told him before we started that it was useless to ask for introductions, as everybody in Cairo and Alexandria would be glad to welcome him as their guest. My anticipation proved correct, as within a few days of his arrival he knew everybody in the political and commercial capitals of Egypt worth knowing. No doubt a similar welcome would in those days have been extended to every artist of European reputation who came as a visitor to the land of the Pharaohs. But in a short time the charm of Sullivan's individual personality weighed more in his favour than his fame as a musician. He was so ready to be pleased, so eager to please others. Unlike most artists I have known, he never bored anybody with talking about his art, but if he found that music interested the persons with whom he happened to be talking he was ready to satisfy their curiosity to their hearts' content. He was then, as indeed always, not in robust health, and was easily fatigued. On one or two occasions I remonstrated with him about his readiness to go on playing at the piano, and his answer was invariably that as long as people liked to hear him it was always an enjoyment to him to play. I shared the same sitting-room with him for three months. With rare and brief intervals I saw him morning, noon, and evening, and yet I can recall but one single occasion when we talked together about music or musical subjects. I have often fancied since that one of the circumstances which led to my intimate friendship with Sullivan was that I never worried him by talking about music—a subject on which I was, and am, grossly ignorant, and concerning which he knew my utter ignorance.

I found on our arrival that he had a strong wish to learn something about Arab music, and arranged with my old friend, Tigrane Bey, who died a few months ago, to engage some of the most celebrated musicians in Cairo to give a private concert in Nubar Pasha's house, which his future son-in-law was then occupying. Of this entertainment I find the following record in the diary of 1882 :—

January 14th, 1882.—I dined at the club. After dinner went to Tigrane Bey's house, with Osman Pasha (a cousin of the then Khedive), Dicey, and Sartoris, to hear the Arab music. Six musicians were in waiting for us, and Osman said they were the best in Cairo, that there were none so good anywhere. One only, the chief singer, was in Arab dress. They all sat cross-legged on a divan. Four played and two sang, occasionally they all joined in the chorus. The instruments were the *qut*, a kind of large mandoline with six bichord strings, tuned and played with a quill; the *kanoun*, a kind of trichord zither, with a scale of three octaves, quills on both hands; and the *ney*, or *ni*, a perpendicular flute, from which I could not elicit *one single sound*. I can't understand how it is blown, although I watched and tried frequently. There was also a tambourine, which was only tapped very gently to help the rhythm. The music is impossible to describe and impossible to note down. The different kinds of pieces they played and sang were called *Peschereff*, *Sabbach*, and *Taesin*. The chief, who played the *out* (pronounced *oot*), was a very fine player with really remarkable execution; the kanounist was scarcely inferior. We had three hours and a half. Refreshments and smoking went on all the time. I came away dead beat, having listened with all my ears and all my intelligence.

I confess that most of this criticism is Hebrew to me. All my personal recollection about the affair is that the performance was mortal long, and that I slumbered— I hope peacefully—most of the time. I recall also that while walking home Sullivan told me he had had an idea of introducing some Oriental tunes into his forthcoming piece (I think it was *The Mikado*), but that after this night's experience he had abandoned the idea on the ground, if I rightly understood, that Arab music was based on a system of musical harmonies and discords utterly different from, and incompatible with, that of Europe.

On almost every page of the diary I come across the entry, "Wrote to mother." Whatever else he may have been, he was the best and most affectionate of sons. He not only provided liberally for his mother's wants and comforts—many sons would do the like—but (what very few sons I have known would do) he would give up his own invitations and amusements to render her life happier. Sunday after Sunday, in the height of the London season, he would drive down to Fulham to play cribbage with his old mother. She had, I fancy, known much trouble and sorrow; but she was so bright and cheery, so fond of her boy, so kindly to his friends, that we all felt it a personal loss when she passed away. It was the custom of many of Arthur Sullivan's friends to come and breakfast with him on the morning of the Derby, and at these breakfasts his mother always presided. When we were about to start, she would beg her son and his friends to leave their watches with her, as she was sure they would be robbed in the crowd. The standing joke on these occasions was to pretend that she intended to pawn them in order to provide the funds to back

her fancy in the great race, and we all were expected to beg for the name of the horse by which she hoped to enrich herself at our cost. The joke was not much in itself, but the gusto with which Mrs. Sullivan requested the loan of our watches, and the way in which "her boy," as she called him, played up to her by denouncing the dire consequences of gambling on borrowed capital, never failed to make a hit in that small and select party, of which so few now remain alive.

The same thoughtful kindness extended to his servants. To serve him was with them, in very truth, a labour of love. During the last few years of his life, when he was in constant pain and suffering, they did everything in their power to cheer and relieve him. The bitter grief entertained by them for his death was due to no selfish motive, as he had provided by his will so as to enable them to live in comfort without the necessity of continuing in service. It was Sullivan's delight on Christmas and New Year's Day, and his own birthday, to have his relatives and friends as his guests in his chambers. The evening always ended with a distribution of presents. Not one was overlooked, and none could fail to realise that their host had taken great trouble to consider what present would be most acceptable. As one of the codicils of his will concerning myself has been published in the papers, I have no hesitation about reproducing it here as evidence of his constant thoughtfulness. It was, I fancy, added in the days of his last illness, and runs as follows :—"As dear old Ned was always fond of an easy-chair, I wish him to select from my belongings the armchair which suits him best." I availed myself of the bequest, and chose a chair in which he himself, during his temporary relief from racking pains, was in the habit of sitting. As I write these lines, I see it before me now—empty.

EDWARD DICEY.

## WHAT IRELAND HAS GOT.

### THE LAND ACTS, 1903—4.

IN the November number of this REVIEW an article is headed *What Ireland Really Wants*. Mr. Arnold White says that "the air and the monthly reviews are full of Ireland," and then he makes a bold effort to deal with Irish land, Irish taxation, Devolution and the University question in one interesting paper.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor in his brilliant article in the previous month took the two points of view of an optimist and a pessimist in Irish affairs. I am disposed to rank myself with the optimists, and the main apparent difficulties are, First : that lack of "mutual toleration and respect" (a strong recommendation for which formed part of the King's leave-taking, after, as monarch, he first visited Ireland and which Mr. Arnold White himself quotes but which so few leaders of Irish opinion seem able to adopt). Secondly : the plethora of politicians from which Ireland and America equally suffer ; and thirdly : the absence among Englishmen of an accurate knowledge of Irish affairs.

A furious onslaught has been made upon the Attorney-General for Ireland for suggesting that the new devolution scheme was intentionally kept back until Great Britain was involved in the enormous guarantee (£112,000,000) under the Land Act, but Mr. Arnold White seems to admit this was so, for in his article he says :—"What can the old man do?" and again—"What would England do if a future Parnell persuaded the farmers to refuse to pay the interest on the land debt?" No words could better show the generosity and the Imperial feeling which has animated Parliament in passing the great land measure.

He also says :—"I have conversed with many northern farmers who have already stinted themselves for a life-time as the price of tranquil and undivided ownership." As this statement of fact appears in the middle of comments upon the Land Act of 1903, most readers would assume that the "stinting" arose from bargains under the Land Act. I unhesitatingly nail that rap to the counter. The wildest bid by a statutory tenant to secure the freehold he occupies from the most avaricious landlord has not added a shilling to his rent—already twice reduced by Statute—a rent which he need not pay at all unless he likes and for the tenant right of which he can get a considerable sum from a neighbour only too glad to have the privilege of payment, and

at the worst his bargain under the Land Act makes the rent payable for a fixed term only instead of for ever. There is no case in which, unless from some very exceptional cause, a tenant who has agreed to buy under the Land Act has not got substantial and immediate reduction in rent in addition to the terminable nature of his future payments.

The Saxon has this time been so generous as to make that reduction a certainty, but to comprehend the position the tale must be told although it may be dull and technical, for this paper is written for Englishmen and not for the well-informed Irishman to whom the Act itself is now a well-read book. Let us, for the moment, restrict ourselves to the consideration of what Ireland has already got from the Imperial Parliament in the last eighteen months, and trace, in brief language, the salient features of an Act designed and destined to do very great and very good things, and let me also tell, in simple phrase, something of the strange history of Irish land in recent years, a subject from which, if treated technically, every English reader instinctively recoils.

In some parts of Ireland they call the Act of 1903 "The King's Act." Of course they are not wrong in this, for all Acts of Parliament are the Acts of the Sovereign, but there is a special reason for so terming this Act because it is wholly a remedial measure designed to put right some of the injustices of the Irish Land Acts from 1870 downwards and yet to make tenants independent freeholders. It is a remarkable thing in this new Act that it deprives no one of anything, it takes away no rights, it fetters no man's judgment. Looking back on the recent past it is not, perhaps, surprising that the Act was not received with that cordial shout of approval which it really deserved. It was unquestionably treated, both by landlord and tenant, with considerable suspicion, suspicion which was the well-nurtured child of previous disappointments.

So for the first six months after the Act came into operation landlords and tenants were both shy of accepting its benefits and inclined their ears to the pessimist rather than their eyes to an impartial perusal of the Act itself. This is not to be wondered at, for the landlords have had very bitter experience of past land legislation and the tenants had many advisers, more keen on creating or continuing dis-union than on preaching contentment. A few hundred thousands represented the first six months, but in the last six months agreements representing about fifteen millions have been brought in. The amending Act of this year assisted in this result.

The first active State intervention between landlord and tenant in Ireland was in 1870 when the tenants received, by Act of

Parliament, the benefit of State loans for buying their holdings. The credit of this enactment is given to Mr. John Bright and it was limited to two-thirds of the value. The difficulty of providing the other third made it unworkable, so in 1881 the loans were increased to three-fourths of the value, but the Land Law (Ireland) Act of that year did much better things for the tenants.

They got "fixity of tenure" for ever.

They got their rents reduced to what was called a "fair rent," fixed by the Land Commission for fifteen years and they got the absolute right of "free sale" of their holdings and the right of redemption, or of sale, within six months after completion of an eviction.

It seems difficult to imagine what more a tenant could want. Although he was only holding from year to year, he could not, after 1881, be ever turned out by the landlord so long as he paid his rent. The landlord, no matter how much he might want a particular holding, could never get rid of the tenant nor could he raise his rent arbitrarily; but every fifteen years there was to be a revision by Royal Commissioners called Land Commissioners, one to be a lawyer, two to be land valuers, and they were to settle and decide what the rent for the next fifteen years should be, if they were asked to do so either by the landlord or by the tenant. Furthermore, there was to be no general restriction upon the tenant selling; so, however objectionable a person might be to the landlord, he would (except for very grave cause) have to receive him with open arms, and could thus have no real control over the occupation of his own estate.

In addition to this, even when the landlord had succeeded in getting a final order for ejecting a tenant, the tenant had a further six months in which to pay up his arrears and costs, or during that time he could find someone else to take over the tenancy from him, and the landlord would have to take this new statutory tenant in place of the evicted tenant or pay himself whatever this new tenant would have paid. So by this one enactment of 1881 the Irish tenants gained similar rights to those which the villeins gained over the Lords in England by a long series of immemorial encroachments culminating in the judicial decision that they held not only "at the Will of the Lord," but also "according to the custom of the Manor," and they not only gained all the rights of copyholders, but the additional valuable right of having the fairness of their rents adjudicated upon periodically, and the right of free sale, which was for long denied a copyholder.

This Act of 1881, although a splendid Act for the tenants, most certainly deprived landlords of considerable rights and, in fact.

converted agricultural land in Ireland from being the property of landlords into being the property of the tenants themselves upon extremely favourable terms, and reduced the landlords to the position of mere rent-chargers, having no practical control over any of their estates excepting their residences and the demesnes within the walls.

Much was hoped from this enactment, but, besides being a very startling interference with the law of contract, it cannot be called altogether a "remedial" Act, for the landlords were naturally indignant and full of their grievances. Strangely enough, however, the administration has been so much more injurious to the landlords than the Act itself that their indignation at such administration has almost blotted out the recollection of their grievances under its statutory provisions. One has only to glance at the pages of the "Fry" Commission, shelved, indeed boycotted, by the Government that created it, to read how the provisions for the fixing of a fair rent have been negated by the way the Act has been worked. The men selected to fix this rent have been tied down by most extraordinary decisions and rules and have been often selected from obvious partisans and, if litigation ceased, their occupation would be gone, and if rents were not continually reduced there would be no call for their services, for the landlords knew too well that, as was disclosed in the "Fry" Commission, no archangel's voice would prevail against the dictum of a "court valuer."

When the tenants came to get new rents fixed the valuers got employment, and if the Court had not reduced the rents to meet the views of the tenants there would have been no work for it to do; so instead of a fixing of "fair rent" in Ireland the process became known as a "statutory *reduction*" of rent, and whilst for the first term under the Act of 1881 rents were reduced all round to an average of about 20 per cent., on a second revision reductions were made varying from 15 to 30 per cent., notwithstanding which the tenants themselves were selling their holdings and their rights to the "statutory reduction" at prices absolutely in excess of the value of the landlords' freehold. It would be inappropriate in this paper to give tables showing that this is so. It is a fact undisputed and indisputable.

So much for the Act of 1881, which was followed in 1882 by another Act called "The Arrears Act," which was a drastic measure wiping off no less than £1,180,000 of arrears of rent which the landlords were never thereafter to recover. It was done in a skilful way, by applying a large portion of the money obtained from the disestablishment of the Irish Church to pay a year's rent out of this money to the landlords who, if they got



another year's rent at the same time from the tenant, were compelled to give him a quittance for all past rent.

This Act was followed by the Land Law Amendment Act of 1887. The tenants by the Act of 1881 had the right to have their rents revised for fifteen years, and between 1881 and 1885 the Land Commission had fixed numerous rents for the first fifteen years, but the prices of produce fell somewhat suddenly, so the Act of 1887 gave the tenants another chance, and rents fixed by the Land Commission from 1881 to 1885 were temporarily abated for three years in accordance with the lower prices between 1887 and 1889.

Meanwhile, in 1885, a very useful Act known as the Ashbourne Act was passed, and between 1886 and 1891 Parliament voted no less than forty million pounds to assist tenants to buy their freeholds. Under this "Ashbourne Act" all the purchase money was provided by the State, and repayable with interest by instalments spread over forty-nine years. Originally five million pounds was to be applied for land purchase, but in 1887 a second sum of similar amount was voted. This was almost exhausted when a large vote of thirty million pounds was made by the Act of 1891. This last Act really undid most of the benefits of the Ashbourne Act, because it imported an element of uncertainty as to the actual amount of the annuity the tenant would have to pay, and thus very effectually stopped the progress which was being made under the Act of 1885. It was also part of the arrangement that the landlord should receive no money, but that his purchase money should be paid to him in Government stock, which, of course, fluctuated.

An Act passed in 1896 somewhat remedied the objectionable provisions of the Act of 1891, but still the landlords were paid in stock, and whereas such stock was then well above par there has since 1899 been a steady depreciation which naturally materially affected the willingness of the landlords to exchange their land for stock then and now considerably under par. Many tenants for life also, especially in the North of Ireland, objected to the sale on any terms which lessened their income and the tenants themselves were indisposed to buy if the purchase left the rent where it was or thereabouts, although it was only payable for a limited number of years instead of for ever.

The tenant for life did not see any pecuniary gain from the sale, nor, in fact, was it possible for him to get any; all the purchase money had to be invested by trustees and although he might get a more secure investment and free from the uncertainty of future legislation which were some inducements, he must face an immediate reduction of interest, so he preferred to go on from

half year to half year or from year to year, leaving posterity to take its chance as to what further spoliation might be in store for it. The tenant also did not get any great present relief—sometimes none—but merely bound himself to pay for all his life, and probably the greater part of the life of his successor to the holding, a sum about equal to his present rent, and he would lose the prospect of further reductions held out by agitators and others and was not particularly keen about assisting some unknown grandchild.

In designing, therefore, an amended, and, it is to be hoped, a final scheme for land purchase, its authors had to consider :—

(1) How the vendors could be paid in cash instead of in stock.

(2) How tenants for life and owners generally could have a distinct pecuniary inducement held out to them to sell without making the land too dear for the tenant; and

(3) How the tenant could get some immediate relief as well as have a limited number of instalments to pay and get the freehold secured to him.

Now at the beginning of the twentieth century the situation was as follows :—There were, roughly speaking, four sorts of agricultural tenants :—

(1) Tenants who were in occupation prior to 1881, and who had had their rents fixed for the first term, but had not thought it necessary to come again for revision or reduction, or having their first term's rent fixed less than fifteen years ago, were not yet entitled to the second term revision.

(2) Tenants who were in occupation before 1881 but had in 1896 completed the first fifteen years, and again came before the Commission, and got their rents further reduced.

(3) Leaseholders holding either in perpetuity, or with the perpetual right of renewal, so long as they could find a person to take the place of one of the three lives on which the leasehold was held, or leaseholders for fixed terms or for lives without the right of renewal, and,

(4) "Future tenants," being tenants who had come in as tenants from year to year after 1881, and therefore had no benefits from that Act.

In many parts of Ireland there had been a clamour for compulsory purchase of the freehold. Ulster itself was particularly noisy, but in most cases the grievance was more sentimental than real, although it is evidence of the fact that the peculiar distrust of Parliament still existed among the tenantry for whom so much had been done, and as long as the landlord had any rights at all they flinched from improving their holdings, or from erecting good buildings upon them. From one point of view this

was natural, because if a tenant was going every fifteen years to get his rent reduced he might think—quite ignorantly—that it was better for him to show the Commissioners a water logged farm with rushes and reeds growing than a prosperous and profitable holding, and there was also the latent danger of times altering or that strong Land Commissioners might go back to the very words of the Act of 1881 itself, and by way of a change impose for a few terms of fifteen years each what was really and truly a “fair rent.”

There has always been more demand for proprietorship of land in Ireland than in any other part of the King's domain and the various Land Acts had clearly not satisfied this. On the other hand the Act of 1881 had frightened the Imperial Parliament by its gross violation of contract principles, and the idea of compelling a landlord to sell his diminished rights was abhorrent to leading statesmen on both sides. Then came the King's Accession, and psychologically with it some important conferences between the leading statesmen of both parties, and there was a strong desire everywhere that a final and further effort should be made to put an end once for all to the black spot of the Empire, and so it came about that this wonderful Act was passed in the early autumn of 1903.

In the House of Commons the second reading was carried by 443 votes to twenty-six. The Bill soon came up to the House of Lords, and was received there with somewhat cold approval. Its friends there described it as “in the nature of a treaty,” and as “the fruit of negotiation,” and again as “the first real attempt to grapple with the whole evil set up by the Act of 1881,” also, “the greatest step towards finality which has yet been witnessed,” and finally “as the only available outlet from an intolerable situation,” but it passed, and so in August, 1903, his Majesty, in his Speech from the Throne, was able to announce that:—“A measure to expedite the conversion of agricultural tenancies into occupation ownership throughout Ireland has been passed in a form which offers inducements towards the continued residence of landowners among their countrymen, and provides facilities for improving the condition of life in the poorer districts of the West. This reform by removing ancient causes of social dissension will, I heartily trust, conduce to the common benefit of all my Irish subjects.”

The Act as at present worked fully carries out this expectation. It is indeed a remedial measure. It has not taken anything from either landlord or tenant. Whether it is going to prove a burden and incumbrance to the State is another matter, but there is good reason to believe that even on financial grounds, and finance is

by no means the only question to be considered in such a matter, it will not ultimately prove a burden.

What does the Act do?

It does not compel a landlord to sell, but it makes it well worth his while to sell if the tenantry want to be freeholders. In such cases the landlord will get a reasonable compensation for what miserable remnant of ownership remains to him since the Act of 1881, and in addition he will, whether as owner in fee or tenant for life, receive a handsome bonus from the State, which does not come out of the tenant's pocket at all, which does not go into settlement as part of the property with which the landlord parts, but which is absolutely a free gift to the owner of the land who signs a voluntary agreement for selling to his tenantry. The tenant gets an immediate reduction in rent, and at that reduced rent only has to pay for a term of sixty-six years and then he is the unencumbered freeholder.

Take a very simple instance, and an average instance as things are going generally. The tenant who has had his rent fixed for the second term is paying, say, £100 a year. He can never be turned out, but may still get it further reduced at the third term or the landlord may get it increased. There is a little uncertainty as to this, but the probability is, perhaps, on the tenant's side. Well : he and his neighbours on the same estate all agree together that they will form a combination, and offer to buy from the landlord, and, to their honour be it said, it is very rare to find a few tenants standing aloof from the large majority when such a bargain is on the *tapis*. If three-fourths of the tenants on an area fixed by the Commissioners as "an estate" agree to make an offer and the landlord decides to negotiate, a bargain is pretty soon struck, and we may take for the purpose of this article 24½ years' purchase as the fair price for a second term rent.

What does that mean?

It means that as soon as the landlord has made his originating application and it has been accepted by the Commission, the agreements signed by himself and the tenants are carried in and, as soon as the title is approved, the purchase money is paid by the Commissioners, part towards satisfying such estate burdens as there are and the balance either to the landlord, if he owns it in fee, or to the trustees of the settlement if he is only tenant for life. Then, but not till then, the owner of the land who signed the landlord's bargain receives a bonus.

Now to keep to our illustration of the £100 a year tenant the following is the result. The agreement is signed for 24½ years' purchase—the landlord or his trustees will receive £2,450, and the owner of the land that signed gets a bonus of £294 for

himself, free from all settlement trusts, or otherwise. If he likes to invest the bonus with the purchase money he has, after allowing £100 as a fair average for all expenses, including negotiations, mapping, law, and re-investment, £2,640 to invest. If he invests at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum he gets £92 10s. If he invests at  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. per annum, he gets £86, instead of a rent of £100 which was probably not all paid in one sum, for most of the rents are far smaller than this, and he saves an estate office and other expenses, he saves the trouble and annoyance incidental to the collection, and he saves *the risk of future legislation*. All the expense falls on him—none on the tenant; but everything possible has been done to minimise the expenses.

Now, on the other hand, what does the tenant or a group of tenants get, whose rent or rents make up £100? It is simpler to consider this group as one man. He gets, on the terms above quoted, an immediate reduction of 20 per cent. on his rent, which, in future, will be £80 instead of £100, and at the end of 66 years he has paid off all principal and interest due on his holding. A "first term" tenant gets even better terms, for the fact that he has not yet gone to the Land Court to get his "statutory reduction" for second term is discounted for him by a lower price—usually  $21\frac{1}{2}$  years being agreed to instead of  $24\frac{1}{2}$ —and his first term rent is immediately reduced from £100 to £70.

As to "future tenancies" and "perpetuity leases," if the landlord and tenant choose to agree as to terms about these the Commissioners are empowered to treat them as though they were statutory holdings and the same benefits are given all round. There is no right of any sort or kind, either of landlord or tenant, reduced or compulsorily interfered with by this Act. Everything is based on mutual agreement, but everything is done to make such agreement very easy and to let both parties benefit by sweet reasonableness. The landlords are not driven but led, and they are gradually waking up to feel that it is a distinct remedy for past statutory injustice. There are statutory provisions concerning the landlords' own houses and demesnes, by virtue of which they can sell these also to the Commissioners, and buy them back on the very favourable terms given to ordinary tenants; but these need not be specially referred to in this brief *résumé*, and there are also wise extensions in the powers of trustees to invest the proceeds of sale.

There is no doubt about the beneficial results to tenantry who buy under the Act. It will be no longer advisable or desirable that they should be in a position to humbug Land Commissions on future visits; they will have absolute security for their holdings; they will be the absolute freeholders; they will, in short,

have heart put into them, and will have secured what they have wanted for so long.

The framers of the Act have evidently been determined to make it a success if they can. The simplicity of the administration is admirable. There are no heavy legal expenses to be borne, either on one side or on the other. The tenants need not pay any. The landlords certainly no more than in a private sale. There are no stamp duties whatever payable on the transfer of one proprietorship to the other. It seems a pity that the amount at the disposal of the Commissioners is so limited. At present it is five millions a year. That must shortly be increased, for it will be a sad thing now that both landlords and tenants are awake to the advantages of the Act of 1903, as amended by the Act of 1904 (which was only passed last August), if want of money interferes with the effective working of such a good Act.

The delicate duty of negotiating might, in many cases, be successfully dealt with by the landlord himself, especially in those parts of Ireland where the tenants are well educated and good men of business. The sound, practical, well-to-do agriculturist may be safely trusted to beat, in the long run, the grasping, and usually impecunious agricultural agitator, especially when both have an opportunity of making a little money and an excellent bargain out of the credit of the brutal Saxon.

The country solicitors of Ireland have necessarily been ranged in one of two camps—the landlords' or the tenants'. It has been my lot lately to meet those who have been advising tenants and fighting against landlords. Keen to take every point in the interests of their clients, they do not shut their eyes to the benefits of the Act nor have I heard one word of unreasonableness; whilst I have to remember many wholesome and conciliatory speeches. The priests are active and most diligent to serve the interests of those who put such complete and pathetic trust in them, but they, too, quite admit that the Act is most generous to the tenants. The political element is excluded by wise men of both, or, I should say, all parties.

An amusing criticism, and which I found it difficult to answer, came to me in the north of Ireland. I said to the driver of an outside car, who was also a farmer: "Are you going in next week to sign your agreement under the Act?" "I am," said he. I said, "It's a grand Act, is it not?" and he answered, "I am not quite sure. I do as my neighbours do, but what I want to know is this: We sign, and then we are landlords ourselves, and we have to pay instalments to the Government. Now, suppose we've paid for twenty years, and *then the Government puts a heavy tax on land*, where are we?" Mr. Wyndham, whose

devotion to this work of conciliation has earned for himself a high place among statesmen, will perhaps answer. Another favourite conundrum from pessimists is, "Suppose there was a real genuine famine in Ireland, and the tenants couldn't pay their instalment and refused to pay it all over the country, who would collect it?" The answer to this may safely be left to a "passive resister." Mr. Arnold White puts it in a different way. I think Parliament may trust the Irish tenant to pay up in full.

My experience over Irish land has extended over a good many years. My astonishment at the scanty knowledge Englishmen, otherwise well-educated, have, not only of Irish land laws, but of Irish history generally, is profound. Canadians, Americans, Swedes, and Germans know far more. The readers of this article will only learn little from it, for, to avoid technicalities, much is left out, but enough has been written to encourage a more intimate knowledge and certainly enough to show that the King's Government have not been unmindful either of the mistakes of the Act of 1881 or of that passionate longing of Irish tenants for "A hold on the soil" which has so often resulted in a patriotism equally keen to fight for their "own little corner" when there is no other fighting to be done, or so valiantly and successfully for the Empire when the strange foe touches the Sacred Ark and Ireland thrills with determination to stand shoulder to shoulder with Scotland, with the Colonies and with even the Saxon usurpers. They are a great people and a very dear people. As a Southern Englishman myself, I think they have been done very well by, and that the Government might now cast an eye on English agriculture and at least give some trifle to help the young English agriculturist to earn a livelihood on our less fertile soil. Locally managed Agricultural Land Banks would possibly do the needful, and the risk of financial loss would certainly be no greater than the risk we are running in this brave and, it is to be hoped, final measure for the benefit of the agriculturist of Ireland—a measure which Ireland has really and truly got and for which the King and his Government deserve most grateful thanks.

CHARLES BOXALL.

## PSYCHOLOGICAL v. ARM-CHAIR HISTORIANS.

A FEW months ago I ventured to publish a little book on the *Success among Nations*, in which I tried to give a brief and preliminary sketch of some important issues of history treated from the psychological standpoint. The book has been extensively reviewed, both in America and in England, and like many a book, in the most contradictory manners. While the venerable Press organ of the Anglican Church with characteristic independence denied it all originality of thought, and gravely pointed out the heaviness of the book, other reviewers reproached the author with too great a fondness for original views, stating at the same time that the work read with the charm of a good novel.

In all this there is nothing surprising. *Habent sua fata libelli*. Considering that the chief principles of numerous book-reviewers are : (1) Not to read the book to be reviewed, (2) to understand its main drift precisely in the way its author does not want it to be taken, I can, on the whole, only express thankfulness for the reviews received.

Unfortunately, there is one point of capital importance on which several serious reviewers have expressed themselves dissentingly and even with violent reprobation. To my astonishment I have read but too often, that the term "*psychological history*" was "meaningless," "meant for sound only," "redundant," &c. In fact, it is fairly clear that the generality of students and readers of history are not prepared to see in the term, "*psychological history*," anything conveying to them an idea either novel or good.

This seems to strike at the very roof of that conception of history which, I venture to submit, will shortly be the only one generally accepted by at least the progressive section of historians. It may therefore be worth while discussing it anew.

There are two things that have rendered serious students of history dissatisfied with the methods and attitude of most modern historians. First, that the very facts one would most like to know are rarely brought forward; and secondly, that what is being offered as an explanation of facts given is, as a rule, in no sense of the word a satisfactory explanation. The lack of facts seems to be a curious reproach to men who virtually pride themselves in "*sticking to facts only*," in "*presenting nothing but facts*," &c. Yet this is the case. A few examples will suffice.



Nothing can be more evident than the vast influence of women on French history in general, and on French mediæval history in particular. In fact, in strict truth, it may be said that, as English history is one of men; and German history one largely of measures; French history is one of men, measures, and women. Yet in the "*scientifique*" works of Luchaire, Langlois, Molinier, &c., on the French Middle Ages, we do not learn of some of the most needed facts bearing on the female influence in mediæval France. It is the same thing with the vast influence exercised by the Dutch, between 1567 and 1600, on English ideas political, economic, and religious. This influence, the main cause of the rise of English Puritanism, which again was for generations the greatest force in English history; this Dutch influence, the single features of which abound in a variety of real "sources" of that time, has never been fully stated, organised, and rendered available.

It is needless to multiply examples. Writing history by collecting promiscuous facts only, is tantamount to stamp-collecting. The stamp-collector is no geographer; he seldom cares for geography; and when you ask him for a penny stamp to send an urgent letter to Liverpool, he shows you with childish pride an obsolete triangular stamp from South Africa. In vain do the historians of that type, with raised brows, speak of their "*histoire documentée*"; of their strict attachment to what is in the "original" documents; of their basing their statements on documents, and documents only. That alone condemns most of their statements to the sterility of half-truths. Documents, more especially State documents, seldom, if ever, reveal the real facts, that "*Wie es denn eigentlich geschehen ist*," which Ranke harped upon so much. Of public documents, indeed, it may be said by a reversion of the old legal adage: "*Quod est in mundo, non est in actis*." Compare the "facts" of the final conquest of Canada after Wolfe's death as given officially, with the real facts, pointed out by one of the most remarkable students of history in France, M. René de Kerallain, of Quimper. The final and definitive absorption of Canada, M. de Kerallain proves, was due to the all-powerful influence of the French Catholic Church in Canada, the leading members of which found their interests better served by loyalty to England.

When we now turn to the second grievance of the serious student of history, to the explanations given in current works of the "scientific" and "documentary" kind, it is really difficult to contain one's self. At a recent meeting of sociologists I have heard, *de mes oreilles entendu*, that the French Revolution may very well be explained on a *physiological* basis. The same gentle-

man said, in retort to some previous remarks of mine, that the creative synthesis (as Wundt rightly calls the fact that in organic things  $a + b$  are not equal to  $a + b$ , but to  $a + b + x$ ), that this creative synthesis which I restricted to the organic world, to the institutions and events of history, is also to be found in—chemistry. For, he added to my utter amazement,  $H_2O$  constitute water, although neither  $H_2$  nor  $O$  is water. Is it really possible to confound the absolutely invariable results of  $H_2$  and  $O$ , with the constantly varying result of  $a + b$  in things historical?  $H_2O$  always and everywhere combine into water, and nothing but water; whereas  $a + b$ , in the twelfth century, or in Hungary, make one thing, while in the sixteenth century, and in France, they make quite another. It is easy to see how such a fundamental error entails a wrong application of the concept of “law,” as used in natural philosophy, to the facts of history. Creative synthesis proper, that is, the fact that the results of two factors constantly vary from each of the single factors, does not occur outside the organic world. In fact, it is impossible fairly to compare “factors” in inorganic things with factors in organic ones. In the latter we can never so completely isolate them as we can in the inorganic world. Factors in the inorganic world form, to use terms of the mathematician, a definite equation; factors in the inorganic world constitute invariably an indefinite equation. He who does not see that, will, of course, readily believe in historical laws, not one of which has ever been, nor will ever be discovered, unless it be after a pattern totally different from that of laws in natural philosophy.

But it may be perhaps of greater interest to discuss the “explanations” of history as given by the historians who, both from their academic positions and from the apparently methodic and systematic way of handling their subject, have long won the authority which the public is so ready to lend to all organised power.

It does not need much argumentation to prove that explanations, unless specific, are not real explanations. Take the great problem of the ancient city-state, of the Polis. All Græco-Roman politics and culture were grafted on a State which was formed by the territory of one single city. Surely this is not a fact so simple, so natural, so fully in harmony with what we moderns expect to be the rule, as to require no further explanation. It is, on the contrary, the most unexpected, the least comprehensible, although the broadest fact of classical antiquity. If, now, we turn to the explanation of this fundamental fact, we find nothing but vague generalities. Professor Eduard Meyer, of Berlin, whose bulky *History of Antiquity* is fast threatening to become a “standard work,” dismisses the whole weighty problem in two lines. For him, the most *schulgerecht*,

most strictly methodic of historians, the vast problem of the rise of the Greek Polis is simply the result of "increasing civilisation." So is the greater frequency in the use of soap; so is also the variety of skirts and robes of the more charming sex. What, then, shall such an explanation be meant for? Does it explain why Greek city-states arose about the tenth century B.C., and why they did not arise in the fifteenth century? Or, why they arose first on the coasts of Asia Minor, and not in Greece proper? Or, why increasing civilisation since the Renaissance has given rise to no modern city-states? Or, why the culture of the Egyptians never led up to the foundation of a Polis?

He who calls his work a *Geschichte des Alterthums* ("History of Antiquity") ought to give us something substantial about the most important fact of antiquity. To dismiss such a problem in two lines containing mere generalities is nothing short of rank dilettantism. Why not be honest, and call the work *Geschichten aus dem Alterthum*, or *Stories from Antiquity*? It is in vain that the guileless reader is treated in laborious notes to quotations, every one of which has undergone innumerable sieges of assaulting scholars, and is now, bereft of ramparts and towers, easily accessible to the mere tyro. What one wants is not the old, old stock of quotations made into a new resurrection-pie, but some guidance towards a sound comprehension of broad facts. Is it not characteristic of such arm-chair historians, that whereas hundreds of volumes have been written by them on the "origin" of the Lombard city-states, not a single elaborate book or treatise has been vouchsafed us on the origin of the Hellenic city-state? The Lombard city-states, it is true, have left countless charters, documents, and other *paperasse*, from which one can comfortably draw a plenitude of footnotes. But has the problem of the origin of the Lombard city-states been specifically explained by all these numerous erudite *ragoûts* made of Lombard documents? Not in the least. We are now, as heretofore, at a loss to understand why city-states were established: (1) In the cities in Lombardy, and not in Apulia; (2) why in the first half of the twelfth century A.D., and not a hundred or two hundred years before that; (3) why equipped with constitutions so peculiar and contradictory?

It is well known that the three greatest movements of modern times, viz., the intellectual Renaissance, the religious Reformation, and the political and social Revolutions (more especially those of the Dutch in the sixteenth century, of the English in the seventeenth, and particularly of the French in the eighteenth century); it is well known that these vast movements are to us as enigmatic to-day as they were three generations ago. We are unable to give

specific explanation of each of them, explanations accounting for time, space, and personality.

The reason of this bankruptcy of history is, we take it, quite simple. Facts, chosen without any choice, without any guiding principle, cannot possibly help us. Facts are like valets: they cannot talk unless first addressed by their master—the idea. As De Morgan has shown it with regard to mathematical, physical, or philosophical thinking; as Goethe has repeatedly pointed it out; and as all honest men of research have invariably found it to be the case, an idea must precede all accumulation of facts, if hesitatingly and modestly and ever ready for modification. From a mere collocation of facts no insight proper can be gained. Newton is credited, falsely, we hope, with the remark, “*hypotheses non fingo*.” The fact is, that nobody made more hypotheses than Sir Isaac; only having finally hit upon the right one, he, unlike Kepler, did not choose to communicate his wrong hypotheses.

We are thus led to the central question. If history, like any other branch of scientific study, must be studied in the light of ideas, controlling and controlled by facts, in what way may one hope to increase one's power of ideation, of creating ideas? In the same way, we should say, as one increases the power of ideation in general—by the elaboration of a great number of varied sense-impressions. Whatever the process may be by which sense-impressions are transformed into ideas, it is pretty certain that he whose gates are down, whose drawbridge has been pulled up, so that no visitor from Reality can enter any more, cannot possibly hope to have an abundance of new and fertile ideas. To anyone acquainted with the electrifying effect of real conflicts there can be little doubt that even lonely Spinoza's depth and vigour of thought were influenced very much more by the formidable scene of his excommunication, or by the ghastly assassination of his friend, the great statesman De Witt, than by the reading of Cartesius, or Chasdai Kreskas. The more varied, the more intense the sense-impressions, the more likely will there be a goodly crop of ideas.

But does not this very principle seem to render the study of history a mere impossibility? If sense-impressions be the *conditio sine qua non*, how can anyone hope to have correct ideas about historical facts? Of past events there can be no sense-impressions any longer. In strict logic there can, therefore, be no real science of history. Yet a further consideration will show us that we need not altogether despair. The history of a great nation has clearly two elements; one constant, or very nearly so, which we all call institutions; the other variable, called events. Of the latter, the events of the past, we can indeed have no sense-impression any

longer. It is not quite so with the institutions. No one who has extensively travelled can have failed to notice the startling similarity between institutions of nations. Surely nothing can be more grotesque and absurd than the *couvade* of the Basques. Yet it is now well-known that this strangest of grotesque customs is to be found in corners of the world separated from one another by whole continents. The folklorist has long learned to use these instructive coincidences. More remains to be done for history proper. We can no longer walk in the *forum* in the time of the Roman republic. But may not one or another modern nation have developed institutions the working of which resembles, or is even identical with, some of the legal or political institutions of the Republican *forum*? Suppose this is the case. Is it not at once evident that a study of that modern institution on the spot is likely to suggest points of view, ideas, *aperçus*, that may facilitate our task of comprehending the old Roman Prætor, the Censor, or the *comitia*?

In an article written a few months ago on Mommsen, and very much more extensively in my essay on *General History* (2 vols.) now in the press, I have tried to show that by learning from modern *analogæ*, and not from books on these *analogæ*, we are most likely to increase our power of ideation to an extent helping us to formulate better solutions of historical problems. One may, no doubt, be mistaken in the choice of these *analogæ*. However, the risk of error is not always inglorious. How much needless labour might have been saved by a comparative study even of dead documents, such as the remains of the Norman Domesday-Book, in Sicily, for the elucidation of the English Domesday; let alone of living institutions.

For, to put it in short, in studying living institutions in all their palpitating reality, we may finally arrive at a psychological comprehension thereof. Once this psychological comprehension is fully verified, we stand a very good chance of being able to reconstruct satisfactorily similar institutions in the past, too.

By "psychological" we do not mean anything else than the comprehension of the ultimate motives of men and women in submitting to an institution, in enacting an event; in general, in behaving themselves historically. What were the real motives that induced the early Hellenes to lay such extraordinary stress upon intellectual pursuits, or to put such a very great premium upon the intensest organisation of their politics? What motives induced the Romans to cultivate the science of private law with such extraordinary fervour, and never to rest until they sledgehammered, chiselled, or whittled it into a lasting system of law unalloyed by irrelevant elements? What induced people to accept

Christianity in preference to Mithraism? What were the real motives of the Crusades? What were the ultimate motives of the English custom of Primogeniture?

Surely men and women are always prompted by motives. They may not consciously know them; in fact, very frequently they do not. But unless we understand those motives, unless we have reduced the actions of history to human motives, as constant as are the love of one's near family, love of money, ambition, love of amusement, and such like; and unless we have shown why these human constants were bound to come into play on a large scale just then, and just there, how shall we say that we have comprehended the result of these motives, the historical phenomenon?

Of the very numerous examples let us here consider a few.

The best friend or the greatest admirer of the Spanish people cannot close his eye to the fact that the Spaniards have for many a century proved themselves to be uncompromising adherents of the Catholic Church. Bigotry has been one of the chief features of the Spanish, as also the principal obstacle to any considerable intellectual progress in Spain. And yet, no one who knows Spain and the Spanish from personal contact with them can hesitate to admit that the Spaniards are profusely gifted with the powers of irony, humour, doubt, analysis, and criticism. A small percentage of the intellectual aggressiveness, scepticism, and power of mental fence on nearly every page of Quevedo or Cervantes might have sufficed, one would assume, to render the religious attitude of the Spanish less obsequious, less bigoted.

If now, in order to comprehend this bigotry, so incongruous with the other aspects of the Spanish intellect, we start our historical investigation with the initial and unfailing assumption that the Spaniards must have had a very strong motive for their unconditional submissiveness to the Catholic dogma, if not also for invariable obedience to the See of Rome, is the search for such motives not a psychological one? If not psychological, what then shall we call it? We want to know motives. Is not the investigation of motives in man what the investigation of stimuli or irritating causes is in plants? And, calling as we do stimuli in plants a matter of physiology, is it really so "redundant," so "affected," to call the study of motives in man a matter of psychology? One wonders what else it might be called.

But to return to our Spaniards. Their bigotry previous to Charles I. (Emperor Charles V.) need not occupy us here. This they shared with the rest of Europe. It is when we reach the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries that Spanish bigotry becomes a puzzle. For, during these centuries, most Christian nations of Europe started new avenues of thought and religious

views, and Spain alone remained stationary. What distinctive circumstance, event, or fact, induced these sagacious Spaniards to repel all European thought, or progress, all religious doubt?

In studying Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries comparatively, that is, in noticing at the same time the outstanding historical events of the rest of Europe, we cannot but observe that while France, for over thirty years, Germany more or less chronically, Holland for eighty years, and England, at first spasmodically, and then in form of a terrible civil war, were all agitated, ravaged, nearly ruined by intestine troubles of the gravest kind, Spain alone remained internally calm, or, at any rate, not seriously disturbed. We need not insist that all the convulsions of France, Holland, Germany, and even England, were arising directly, or indirectly, out of a European fight against the Catholic dogma and Church. These tremendous fights absorbed the most vital powers of the countries outside Spain, and accordingly not one was in a position to avail herself of the unprecedented opportunity for building up an immense extra-European empire, then created by the discoveries of Columbus, Vasco di Gama, and others, and the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro. It will be noted that nearly all the great *conquistadores* were in Spanish service. In a few years Spain saw herself possessed of an immense and apparently priceless empire. The veriest scribe in an office of the Santa Hermandad could not but feel that if Spain, in imitation of the other European countries, should introduce or tolerate grave home troubles by allowing Dissenters and Protestants to take hold of the time, resources, and interests of the people, then the most glorious empire, clearly destined for Spain, would for ever be lost for the Spanish. This no one seriously desired. Accordingly, the Spanish, by common, if latent, consent, agreed to avoid all serious home troubles in order to set themselves all the more energetically to the great work of empire-building. For such avoidance of home troubles the chief condition evidently was peace with the Catholic Church. This the Spanish now willingly took upon themselves. They paid the premium of bigotry for their Imperialism. So has done, in a smaller degree, each Imperial nation. And since the Spanish have now no longer an empire of their own; the American Admirals Schley and Dewey have, it may be said, both deprived Spain of her last Imperial possessions, and de-bigotised her. For now Spain need not pay any more premiums for her Imperialism. Now she will rapidly fall in line with the other nations of Europe.

In thus accounting for Spanish bigotry, can it be seriously contended that he who points out the relation between Spanish Imperialism and the premiums paid for it does not move within

the ordinary sphere of psychological reflections? And, in extending this fruitful remark of the connection between Imperialism, and the premiums paid for it, are we not now in a position to see more of the psychology of British as well as of Russian Imperialism? Whatever selfish, temporary, or flippant motives may have induced Henry VIII. of England to bring about a breach with the Pope, is it not evident that the Reformation might have in the end proved abortive in England too, as it did, late enough (1685, Revocation of the Edict of Nantes), in France, had it not served the great end of the rising British Imperialism? The Imperial destiny of the British, like that of the Spanish, determined by her geographical position, depended mainly upon steadiness at home. This equilibrium at home could not be obtained except by the shelving of the excessive power of the Crown; of that of the classes; of the interference of Scotland and Ireland; and as a mere corollary of these, the shelving of the Catholic Church. Accordingly, the Reformation was persistently supported, and so in the end shelved the Catholic Church; the Civil War and the Revolution of 1688 shelved the Crown; the conquests of Cromwell shelved Ireland, and the negotiations under Anne shelved Scotland. After 1707, then, Great Britain might, and did, very well start on her Imperial career. The Puritans were singing, preaching, and lamenting for the Realm of The Lord. There was deep psychology in all that. It was not precisely the empire of The Lord; it was the British Empire they preached and lamented for. But for their resolute sweeping away of obstacles—Catholic, regal, Irish, and Scotch—England could never have secured that astounding equilibrium at home which in the eighteenth century enabled her to build up, by rapid strokes, a huge Empire outside Europe. The premium, then, for British Imperialism was largely paid in the social gloom, hypocrisy, and somewhat lamentable stodginess of British Puritanism. Spanish bigotry and British Puritanism are psychologically one and the same historical phenomenon.

It is now scarcely necessary to show in detail how Russian Imperialism, dating as it does from the sixteenth century, from the times of Tsar Ivan the Terrible, was necessarily leading to an ever greater absolutism in Russia proper. The rapid extension outside Russia imperatively claimed absolute levelling down at home. Should the Japanese in the present war signally defeat the Russians, Russian absolutism will inevitably come out stronger than ever before. The Russians, too, are willing to pay premiums for their Imperialism. It is not merely Russian illiteracy and crass ignorance that have caused the Russians to submit to absolutism.



In reading large clusters of facts in this, the true light of psychological history, we are enabled to understand not only brute results, but that immense floating mass of incipient, intended, half-lived facts; those mute yet powerful tendencies of failing men and measures, which now are carelessly, if not contemptuously, pushed aside by the historian. We are also in an incomparably better position to administer real historical justice, and to appreciate aright characters otherwise unsympathetic to us. In spite of Carlyle, we are still naturally inclined to sneer with the Cavaliers, and to speak condescendingly of the Roundheads. Yet British Imperialism owes more to the dulness of the middle-class Puritan than to the dash and brightness of the Royalist noble.

Psychology is indeed to history what dynamics are to astronomy. The theories of motion are the same whether applied to a small stone or to immense stars. Before Galileo, Descartes, Huyghens, and others had fixed the equations expressing laws of motion in general, no Newton could have raised the fabric of cosmic dynamics, *i.e.*, of astronomy. It is precisely the same thing with history. Unless events and institutions are brought back to common psychology, that is, to the specific motives that, at a given time and place, were necessarily directing the actions of men, history must for ever remain a mere chaos of undigested statements. Even the *Roemisches Staatsrecht* of Mommsen is thoroughly vitiated by the wrong conception of the psychological forces at work in Republican Rome. Imperial Rome indeed was a bureaucratic State, a *Beamtenstaat*; and Mommsen's formulation of the Imperial offices is both instructive and admirable. For the formulation of a bureaucratic State Mommsen, as a Prussian, was well equipped with the requisite sense-impressions. The Republican Romans, on the other hand, were a State of men, and not of bureaucratic measures. It is un-Roman to try to give neat bureaucratic, or so-called *staatsrechtliche* definitions of the office of a Republican *Consul*, *Censor*, or *Prætor*. There is no such formula. The gist of the constitution of Republican Rome was its utter difference from a *Beamtenstaat*; its being focussed in a restricted number of all-powerful official personalities. It was not centred in the *Comitia*, like the constitutions of mediæval Italian city-states. Mommsen totally misread the psychology of Republican Rome. Germans almost invariably do. For Republican Rome a German has no organ; he thinks in un-Roman fashion. Rome could not conquer Germania; nor can the Germans grasp Rome. They deny existence to what was *per eminentiam* existent, like Moses, Homer, Lycurgus, or Romulus. They believe in powers that may make syntactic rules, but have never made history. Of all the modern arm-chair historians the

Germans are the worst. They have no sense of historical psychology. It is they whose arid erudition is still the model in more than one English university. To doubt the grandeur of Ranke, to depreciate Mommsen, not to bow to the wisdom of Wilamowitz, all this is considered sacrilege. Yet the historical works of these men will soon be in the Elysian fields of oblivion. Of course, the honest among British students of history have long felt the utter lack of all real life in German histories. They have long entertained doubt about the scientific value of those famous long German words, which seem to be held in so great esteem at Oxford and Manchester.

"*Geschichtserkenntnisstheoretische und quellenkritische Untersuchungsgesichtspunkte*" is imposing indeed, but only to the arriviste, to the *Streber*, who wants to get his post by behaving "very correctly." There is nothing in such words. In history, as in all other branches of study, we beg to repeat, everything depends upon a felicitous *aperçu*. Without such psychological *aperçus* there is no great history writing.

When German historical scholars, and their but too numerous imitators and followers in England, want to write an historical work, they manifest no partiality in the choice of their subject. They will select Pericles of Athens, Henry LXXXIII. of Reuss-Greiz, or Napoleon, just as they happen to fancy it. Napoleon! If a waiter in a *café* should dare to hold forth on the meaning of the moves in a Murphy's chess-playing, he could not make himself more ridiculous than do men like Fournier, of the German University of Prague, and their *confrères* in England, in trying to write up Napoleon.

Would not Edward the Confessor do? To write a fairly adequate life of Napoleon, to be somewhat in a position to guess the meaning of the diplomatic, political, and strategic moves of the greatest of modern players on the chess-board of history, one must at least have a first-hand knowledge of France and her people; of Germany and her people; of Austria, Italy, and her peoples; in addition to a firm grasp of the history of Europe since the Reformation. To construct Napoleon from the reading of a few books and documents is like trying to make a royal feast out of a score or so of old *menu*-cards.

The worst of it all is, that the public accepts the *menu*-cards for the feast; that the public *will* accept as "standard works" books written without the shadow of psychological insight, without a trace of the power of correlating historical facts. In reading the works of these specialists and authorities in history, one is very forcibly reminded of the drastic words of J. H. Burton, in *The Bookhunter*, on the making of a new "authority" among

law-books. Says Burton : " Having selected a department to be expounded, the first point is to set down all that Coke said about it . . . and all that Blackstone said about it . . . with passages in due subordination from inferior authorities. To these are added the rubrics of some later cases, and a title-page and index, and so a new " authority " is added to the array on the shelves of the practitioner." Professor Röhricht, after having spent a lifetime in the most correct and *quellenmässige* study of the Crusades, was asked to publish a *résumé* (*Umriss*) of his lucubrations. Unfortunately he did so, and now none but the blindest can fail to see how utterly inane is all the ponderous erudition of this specialist. Not the least glimmer of light on the Crusades can be derived from Röhricht's *Umriss*. In fact, no surer way of testing a " specialist " can be found, than to ask him to give the results of his studies in outline. Then the bankruptcy of modern excessive specialisation in history becomes at once evident. To be specialistic is not human. All animals are specialists. A cat wants only one or two things all life long ; so does a camel. It is the power and glory of man to be more than a specialist. Specialists priding themselves in their attachment to " facts " do, in reality, neglect and ignore *the* most important facts—psychological facts. History without psychology is blind, as psychology without due consideration of historical limits in time and space is vague rhetoric.

E. REICH.

## ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

BORN NOVEMBER, 1830. DIED NOVEMBER, 1894.

### I.

ONE of the most significant features in the growth and expansion of music during the last 100 years or so is the fact that the art reveals itself more and more clearly in the light of a complex psychological study. Thus the closer we investigate the psychology of any eminent musician the more it comes home to us that there exists in his character a certain motive-power which determines not merely the measure of his success or failure, as the case may be, but also the very nature and quality of his productiveness. The character of Anton Rubinstein is a striking example of this. It was no doubt his character, with its infinitude of possibilities for good or evil, its strange, often contradictory, mingling of prominent virtues and glaring failings, which formulated the outward circumstances of his life, informed his compositions, and made of him at once a colossal failure and a gigantic success. Nature was prodigal in endowing him with extraordinary mental and physical vigour; a singularly magnetic and emotional temperament; splendid generosity; a well-nigh miraculous facility both as a creative and a reproductive artist; and a keen and saving sense of humour. And yet, with all these endowments, we cannot but account Rubinstein's career a failure. For, world-wide as became his notoriety, the quality of his fame undoubtedly remained far below the standard attained by other musicians with only a tithe of his originality and individual genius and who had not besides the advantage of his comparatively long life span of sixty-four years. On the side of his defects, Rubinstein was hampered with a wayward, perverse disposition, which he took no trouble to conquer. His autocratic spirit would brook no opposition. He invariably followed not his interests but his inclinations. Money, which, when at the zenith of his career, he might frequently have employed as an effective instrument of self-aggrandisement, he habitually squandered, gambling it away at the card-table or else bestowing it lavishly upon charitable institutions without any inquiry as to its actual destination. No respecter of persons, he was all his life a past-master in the *ungentle* art of making enemies. Unlike the suave and diplomatic Liszt, who contrived in himself to be both king and courtier, Rubinstein

could be king only. Quick to discover hypocrisy and mediocrity, he spared them not, lashing them both with his bitter sarcasm and ridicule. He was full of unbridled, passionate instincts, which he gratified apparently without a struggle. "I am continually falling into error," he would say, "and unfortunately my misdoings crowd upon each other in such rapid succession that I have no time to regret them." Moreover, he happened to be born in Russia, of a race signally despised in that country. With this second picture in view, we can, after all, but marvel at the magnitude of Rubinstein's successes, especially as his most enduring hostages to fame were secured in Russia itself. It was essentially by the force and not by the patience of his genius that he conquered, and in dealing with him either as man or artist one feels instinctively that a broad, effective medium of expression is necessary. Neutral tints and mild adjectives are out of place here. His portrait must be delineated with a sweeping, bold touch. Its colours must be vivid and its shadows as deep as its lights are intense. One must write his biography in characters as clear and distinct as were the dashes and curves of his own very typical caligraphy. He was in many respects a direct product of heredity, and this in a curiously inverted fashion. What one might reasonably term the feminine side of his nature, his extreme sensibility, his vein of idealism, and a conspicuous want of concentration, were bequeathed him by his father. From his mother he acquired the masculine attributes of indomitable energy, fearless initiative, and his honest, outspoken manner of criticising life and his fellow men. From his mother, too, he appears to have inherited his healthy, robust physique and the germs of his musical susceptibility. With time, the asperities and violence of his individuality as a man have been gradually softened and smoothed away with the perspective of distance, whilst in his own country, at least, the very tangible results and the merits of his genius and patriotic work as an organiser redound more and more to his credit. Amongst Russians, his star, like that of Glinka, is steadily in the ascendant.

## II.

By his playing more than by any other branch of his versatility, Rubinstein made a name to conjure with all the world over. His pianistic prowess penetrated into the most unmusical circles. Sooner or later, his caricature appeared in one or other of the leading comic journals of every nation; the best possible testimony this of a widespread, if not always a flattering, notoriety. In England, a tradition obtains amongst the generality of our piano

teachers, descending from them to their pupils, that Rubinstein was a sensational, if not a very "accurate," player. His own little joke, that in England he was always considered to play more wrong notes than right ones, is here gravely perpetuated as a truism. His mother gave him his first musical training, perching him on a stool before an old-fashioned square piano and often coercing him to obedience with raps on the knuckles and other energetic admonitions. Exactly as he happened to be swayed by his impulses, the child was idle, inattentive, or diligent, but always brilliantly clever and soon altogether beyond the maternal powers of tuition. Being an eminently practical and shrewd Jewess, Madame Rubinstein was speedily convinced that the boy's uncommon musical gifts might easily be made an excellent source of livelihood not only for himself but for the entire family, which was not a small one and at that time in very precarious and needy circumstances. She placed Anton, therefore, with Villoing, a French teacher of the piano accredited to be the best master then living in Moscow. But Villoing would probably never have been heard of outside Russia, had it not been for his famous connection with Rubinstein, whom he exploited at the age of ten through Europe as a prodigy. He was the only professional piano teacher the boy ever had, and even his instructions came to an end after their three years' tour through the principal cities of Europe. Villoing never accepted any payment for teaching Rubinstein, but the money earned during the prodigy period served to support both pupil and professor. Another little harvest was reaped in the numerous valuable trinkets and jewels presented to the child by various Royal personages, Queen Victoria amongst them. These precious gifts, on Rubinstein's return to Moscow, were immediately sold or pawned by his enterprising mother to meet the daily needs of their household. From his prodigy days onwards, till shortly before his death, Rubinstein, the pianist, was constantly before the public. Like Chopin and Liszt, he represents in himself an era and a school of pianoforte playing. Both the last-named musicians were greatly interested in his prodigy feats in Paris, and for some years Liszt was avowedly Rubinstein's musical idol and model. Rubinstein's matured playing, though, was to a great extent the outcome of the purely pianistic qualities of Chopin's compositions—the Alpha and Omega of music written solely for the pianoforte medium. Not until Chopin's compositions had been carefully studied by pianists, both from a technical and an æsthetic point of view, could any really new and individual schools of interpretation arise. Rubinstein was one of these students, and a whole world of expression and thought separated him from the old "fingerfertigkeit" school which con-

tinued to flourish as late even as the 'sixties, emanating from such players as Hummel, Czerny, Kalkbrenner, Thalberg; even the great Liszt himself was but the supreme culmination and apotheosis of this school. If we define Chopin as the lyrist of the piano, then Rubinstein brought out all its dramatic capacity. He was a perfect actor upon the instrument, and he had what the generality of professional pianists lack, namely, an inexhaustible fund of spontaneity. You might have heard him play the same piece a dozen times, yet never twice alike. It was this feature in his playing which so puzzled and perplexed his critics, causing them to solemnly shake their heads over his "inaccuracies." His readings of Beethoven were amongst his finest interpretations. Each of the great sonatas revealed itself to him as a tragedy or a comedy, Shakespearian in grandeur or subtlety. Schumann, then scarcely known to the average amateur musician, was also especially appreciated by Rubinstein. He caught all this composer's grotesque, fantastic humour, his alternate melancholy, tenderness, or playfulness. His giant grasp was perhaps almost too rough and rude for Chopin's most delicate, ethereal moods. And yet, no sooner has one made this statement than one wishes to contradict it. For there comes back to one a remembrance of Rubinstein's entrancing rendering of the Chopin *berceuse*, op. 57, of which he made a veritable lullaby for Titania's fairy slumbers. And what dramatic and fascinating tone-poems he could create out of the oft-maligned Liszt transcriptions. When, for instance, he played the Schubert-Liszt *Erlikönig* fantasia every shade of meaning in Goethe's ballad seemed to vibrate through the listener—the dense, dark forest, the tempestuous wind howling through the trees, the ghostly, supernatural atmosphere evoked by the *Erlikönig* and his seductions, the fearsome state of agony of the child, the soothing calm evinced by the father—compared to Rubinstein's wonderful conception of this composition its rendition by other pianists is little more than a clever study in octaves. Rubinstein was decidedly influenced by Chopin in placing the piano higher even than the human voice or the orchestra as a medium of musical expression. "It alone of all musical instruments," he remarked, "is a musical entirety; all the others are but musical fractions." He made an intimate study of the whole range of its possibilities, particularly of the uses of the pedals, which he was wont to graphically describe as the "soul of the piano." There exists a *brochure* of some pages in which he pointed out the hundred-and-one different effects obtainable by a skilful use of the pedals. He was also the first musician to take a comprehensive view of the whole course of pianoforte literature, the earliest evolution of which he traced back to Elizabethan England. His seven

historical recitals, repeated in different countries, were a monumental record of his intimate knowledge of his subject, so was the great series of thirty-two lecture-recitals upon the development of pianoforte music and virtuosity, first given at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire in the years 1888-1889. Before Rubinstein died, the present-day *commis voyageur* pianists, travelling hurriedly from place to place with a stereotyped programme to be repeated hundreds of times, were already active in their labours. He once undertook the "business" himself in America, and afterwards pronounced his experience to have been positively one of the most humiliating and irksome of his whole life. Nothing would induce him to repeat the experiment, not even a genuine offer of £25,000 for one tour. He used a common Russian simile when he remarked that he could never bring himself to regard art as "Merely the cow that supplies the milk." Innumerable anecdotes and reminiscences of his playing remain, some ludicrous, others pathetic. None is pleasanter or more truly typical of the great artist than the following story, related by a Russian biographer. Rubinstein was already sixty-two, and a dream of his life remained unfulfilled, a keen desire, namely, to visit the Caucasus, the pearl of Russia's possessions, with its wild scenery of mountain and sea; truly a land of poetry and romance. At last, during the summer of 1892, the pianist had an opportunity of making a prolonged visit to some friends who possessed an estate in the mountains near Tiflis. A piano was placed in an isolated pavilion in a little wood some way from the house, and here Rubinstein retired early each morning to study. He was delighted with the delicious peace and quietness of his surroundings. But one morning, so goes the tale, a stranger from Tiflis happened to walk through the wood and heard, issuing from the pavilion, strains of piano-playing such as he had never heard before. He returned the next day with a friend, and again heard the magic sounds. The wonder was noised abroad, and in a few days people began to assemble in hundreds as early as 5.30 a.m., in order to secure places near the windows. Rubinstein naturally could not long remain in ignorance of this concourse of listeners and at first was disposed to be extremely annoyed at having his much-prized privacy invaded. But, finally, his good nature and his amused appreciation of the unique situation prevailed and he actually gave a course of nine gratis concerts at 8 o'clock each morning. The windows of the pavilion were all thrown wide open, but he made no recognition of his *alfresco* audiences and only a few could from time to time catch a glimpse of his profile. There was very little, by the way, to betoken his Jewish blood in Rubinstein's physiognomy. On the contrary, with years it became more and



more Russian, with its square-cut outline, its prominent cheek bones, short fleshy nose, and heavy brows.

### III.

It is far more difficult to justly appraise Rubinstein's merits and limitations as a creative musician than to sum up his genius as a pianist. He was one of the most prolific of composers of every branch of composition, from a simple lyric to a grand opera; and he is, we believe, the one modern musician of the nineteenth century who did not leave a single posthumous work. To deal exhaustively with each group of his music would require a large volume. Dashed down at the fever heat of inspiration, without pause for revision or pruning, his style is a true index to the inequalities of his nature. The force of his conception so possessed him, so carried him away, that he was in mortal suffering until he transferred the idea to paper, but there he seemed to quit it once and for all. Had he, in addition to his splendid abilities, had the patience of a Beethoven or of a Tchaïkovski, there is little doubt that he might well have taken his place amongst the half dozen composers universally conceded to be the greatest masters of their art. His heart and brain seemed to throb and overflow with beautiful melody; his subjects were never commonplace; his ideas were cast in a grand, often a majestic, mould. He had at his command a fund of fine romantic feeling and a powerful imagination. And yet what a lamentable waste of good material there is in this music—absolutely, typical of the man who could earn and dissipate a fortune in a day. How frequently he spoils an expressive melody, rich in undulating curves and rhythms, with slipshod, trite harmonies; or else his themes are crowded together with no regard for contrast or for proper development. Or after a tremendous working up of the listener's interest, he makes pause, and there is no proportionate climax. Just that quality of spontaneity, which was so peculiarly fascinating in his playing, in his compositions can degenerate into unfinished uncohesive improvisation. In this Rubinstein resembled Liszt, but though his musical thought soared to a far higher plane than Liszt ever reached, and though he had a ring of passionate sincerity, which Liszt lacked even in his best moments, he was without the latter's acute sense of orchestral colour, nor had he Liszt's technical facility for effective instrumentation. Theoretically, Rubinstein was a staunch conservative in music. He repeatedly averred that the art is in its decadence; yet practically, albeit possibly quite unconsciously, he was a red hot revolu-

tionary. We have seen that he was anything but conservative in his methods of approaching pianoforte literature, and in spite of the sarcasm which he often poured forth against modern "meaning," and "programmes" in music, he left many conspicuous examples of both; the "Ocean," "The Dramatic," and the "Russian" symphonies, for instance, or the orchestral character studies, "Antony and Cleopatra," "Ivan, the Terrible," and "Don Quixote." Outside Russia, Rubinstein has often been despised and reviled because he neither appreciated nor imitated Wagner. It may yet come to be considered by foreigners as much as by his own countrymen that in reality one of his most distinctive qualities was his entire "aloofness" from Wagnerian dictates. His fifteen operas were written in such a manner that Wagner need not necessarily have ever lived. One passing strange paradox in Rubinstein's opinions was his attitude towards national mood and spirit in music. He declared that the employment of national themes and national colour only indicated poverty of invention and an exhaustion of the main-springs of musical inspiration. Nevertheless, he did not hesitate to include Glinka, the founder of the Russian school of music, amongst the "Immortals"; and as we have already noticed, his enthusiasm for Chopin was well-nigh unbounded. During his lifetime, unfortunately for his advancement as a Russian composer, his compatriots took him at his own valuation and believed his assertions that it were vain to search for national traits in any work from his pen. Only of late years with closer study have Russians awakened to the fact that there is much that is Slav, or, to be strictly accurate, that is essentially Oriental, in Rubinstein's musical utterances. His fine opera, *The Demon*, founded upon Lermontov's celebrated version of a Caucasian legend, is now one of the most frequently performed works in the repertory of the Imperial Lyric Stage, and another purely Russian opera, *The Merchant Kalashnikov*, is revived as often as the Censor will permit. Whilst touching upon that very remarkable creation, *The Demon*, one would like to suggest that Rubinstein here had a subject perfectly akin to his own violently emotional individuality. In many points the principal personage of this opera is the exact counterpart of the composer's own nature, with its gusts of passion, its alluring seductiveness, its masterful strength, and also its dire weakness. If we count a revelation of character in art as a higher asset than style and polish, then, in spite of all its defects, Rubinstein's music remains an extraordinarily interesting study. Some three or four of his songs and a few only of his shorter piano pieces are frequently heard in England, but there are at least forty-five settings of

Russian words by Koltsòv, Lèrmontov, and other poets, which are probably completely unknown here.

Delightful, as illustrative of the composer's keen sense of humour, is the song-cycle upon a number of fables by the famous fabulist, Kriulov, op. 64. The vocal duets and choruses are also most of them extremely effective and eminently grateful to the voice. Out of a quantity of chamber music one would wish to secure a foremost place on concert programmes for the two 'cello sonatas; for the octett, op. 9, for pianoforte and chamber orchestra; for the greater number of the trios for pianoforte and strings; for the quintette for pianoforte and wood wind; or for the brilliant "Bal Costumé" pianoforte duet. The "Ocean" symphony, in spite of a certain heaviness and want of contrast in its orchestration, is nevertheless undoubtedly a very remarkable piece of nature-painting in music. For, heard as an entirety, it can offer to the imagination a very subtle presentment of the sea which, with all its action and restlessness, can yet remain a symbol of eternal rest. Of his operas again there is one, which, if adequately staged and performed here, could not fail to attract and hold an English audience. This is *Feramors*, founded upon Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. The libretto of this opera is beautifully put together and the music is full of sparkling lyricism. It has much, too, of that Oriental suavity peculiar to Rubinstein in his best vein and also quite in keeping with his subject.<sup>1</sup>

One musical form with which Rubinstein, curiously enough, expected to specially succeed in this country, was staged oratorio, otherwise known as sacred opera. He found something singularly incongruous, or rather irreverent, not to say ludicrous, in the ordinary rendering of oratorio, in which the principal parts are consigned to fashionably attired singers standing stiffly on a platform. And England being the country in which this branch of music has chiefly found a home, he finally hoped to propagate his views here and delight the British public by presenting it with its beloved oratorio against a background of realistic Biblical scenery, with the vocal parts acted as well as sung. Needless to say, England is the very last country in which such an idea could flourish, and as far as English listeners are concerned, Rubinstein was doomed to disappointment; or else he had to fall back upon what he set out to mainly avoid, namely, a mutilated concert programme. One of these sacred operas, it is interesting to notice, is taken from Milton's *Paradise Regained*.

(1) This work has, we believe, been once put upon the London stage.

## IV.

A remarkable phase in the activities of several of the greatest modern musicians has been their literary faculty. Berlioz, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, were all voluminous writers. Rubinstein was also a writer, though certainly not voluminous in his literary output. There only exist some three or four booklets from his pen. But brief as they are, from beginning to end they form exceedingly good reading and are very original in their point of view. They consist mostly of haphazard reflections upon life and art, jotted down apparently exactly as they occurred to him; and scattered through them one lights repeatedly upon allusions to women and love. Were it possible to obtain the necessary data an interesting book could doubtless be written upon Rubinstein's love affairs. If hearsay is to be believed, these were very numerous. Here are a few of his random thoughts upon the opposite sex, selected here and there, both from the Russian and German originals:—

God created woman. She remains the most beautiful of His creations, but full of faults. He did not remove them, being convinced that they would but enhance her charms.

The increase in the number of women interested in the art of music, in instrumental execution, as well as in composition (I exclude the art of singing, a field in which woman has always accomplished much work of pre-eminent quality), dates from the second half of our century. I consider this growing excess as one of the signs of the decay of our art. Women are wanting in two principal requisites, for executive as well as creative art—subjectivity and initiative. They are wanting in conviction and cannot raise themselves as executants above objectivity (imitation). For musical creation they lack depth, concentration, power of thought, breadth of feeling, freedom of stroke. That this should be so is a constant enigma. Why should music, the most beautiful, the most refined, soulful, and heart-felt of the creations of man, be so unattainable by woman, who is a combination of all these qualities? In all other arts, even in the sciences, she has achieved much! But the true feelings most natural to her—love for her husband and tenderness to her child—have never been portrayed by her in music. I know no great love-duet composed by woman, or cradle song. I do not say that there are none in existence, but I maintain that not one composed by woman has had sufficient artistic merit to become a standard of style.

It is a fallacy to maintain that man and woman should know each other well before they marry; people engaged for years will only really know each other after the honeymoon.

I notice that with blue-eyed women, their physical life is governed by their spiritual instincts—they have feeling; with brown-eyed women, on the contrary, the spiritual is governed by the physical—they have temperament. Thus it is much more difficult to deceive a brown-eyed than a blue-eyed woman.

Women are not fond of tobacco smoke; therefore they banish men to smoking-rooms and smoking compartments. But it never seems to occur to them to ask whether men object to the patchouli and the other so-called perfumes which so many of them affect. Oh! *les femmes!* After all is said and done, how good-natured we men are!

When we perceive that European women bore holes in their ears and insert rings in them, we may well ask if civilisation separates our women from the savages of other lands only in so far that the former wear rings in their ears and not in their noses?

Weakness is in need of support, therefore woman is more in need of a religion than man.

I once determined to compose a work, and call it "Love with Variations." I had to abandon the idea. When I was young, I found my theme, but had no material for variations. And now that I am older the variations come to me in plenty, but, alas! my theme fails me!

The female nude delights me in painting or sculpture much more than it does in real life; in art it excites my imagination, in reality it tends to kill it.

Men rarely eat raw fruit, or, if they do, they are usually of the milksop type; women, on the contrary, love it, particularly raw apples.

If a man wants a wife entirely after his own mind, he should marry a girl between sixteen and seventeen; after twenty, women acquire wills of their own, and two wills in a household means discord.

It is not the woman who plays the comedy of life best who usually succeeds well as an actress; she would find the stage too impersonal.

I like a wood better than a flower garden; but yet, I prefer the society of women to that of men.

It often happens that an old man loves a young girl; it is her inexperience which attracts him. It is also possible for a young girl to fall deeply in love with an old man. In her case she is attracted by his experience.

I have the greatest pity for a governess; hers is a hard and thankless existence. If she wins the love of her pupils, she immediately arouses their mother's jealousy; if she be young and pretty, the wife becomes suspicious; or, if there be an elder son in the house, the parents at once suspect her of designs upon the youth. If she wish to steer clear of cliffs, she will change her position often, but at the best she will only meet with fresh rocks.

Man's relation to woman is much the same as woman's treatment of a flower—she admires it; she smells it; she plucks it, and wears it in her bosom, and when it is faded, she plucks another.

Paint, powder, the pencilling of their eyebrows, the smearing of their lips, the wearing of bracelets, necklaces, earrings, by women, is a token that the East was the cradle of mankind. That such frivolities are tenable in Europe in the present day is an index to woman's innate, boundless vanity. That these artifices, however, are not only suffered but even encouraged and admired by man, proves him to be, in spite of all his vaunted civilisation, at heart a savage, with no conception whatever of the beauties of nature. He would have woman more beautiful than her Creator deemed necessary. What an adorer!

We name the favourite of a king his "mistress," but it is very significant of the relations of the sexes that we never dream of calling the favourite of a queen her "master."

Woman is neither a snake, a cat, nor a cow, but she possesses something of the functions of each. She can be as slippery and as poisonous as a snake; as soft, as caressing, and as feline as a cat; as patient, as useful, as resigned as a cow. But for all that she remains the most dramatic element of creation, the very poetry of life.

## V.

In Russian dictionaries of music Rubinstein is described as the founder of "musical education and civilisation in Russia." Nothing could express better than these terms exactly what he accomplished for the music of his country. Glinka was the founder of a great national school of composers. Rubinstein founded a no less national school of performers, and also of listeners. Thanks to the healthy inception of the two schools, and to the beneficial influence of the one reacting upon the other, Russia, in less than a century, could take a foremost place amongst musical nations. When Rubinstein began his career there were practically no capable native teachers of music in Russia, and if there were a few good native performers these had all been trained abroad. Moreover, innately musical as has been the Russian peasantry from time immemorial, the musical taste of the cultivated classes was of a very low standard. Only the most frivolous of light Italian operas were heard with pleasure. As early as 1796 there had been a Conservatoire under royal patronage at St. Petersburg, but it remained entirely in the hands of foreigners, and these apparently devoid of energy and enterprise, since, according to a Russian contemporary, the Conservatoire existed upon paper rather than in reality. Not until 1862 was there a regular and active school of music in St. Petersburg. Rubinstein was its originator, promoter, and for many years its chief director. One of the first pupils to issue from its doors was Tshaïkovski, who, in his turn, also became one of the native teachers whom Rubinstein especially aimed at producing. But the establishment of adequate Conservatoire training was only the second step in a vast scheme of national musical culture which had suggested itself to the pianist-composer whilst still in his boyhood. The first move in his plan was the formation of what is now known as the Imperial Russian Musical Society, the first branch of which was opened at St. Petersburg in 1859 and which quickly increased its sphere of influence till, in 1902, it had no less than twenty-nine affiliated branches in the principal cities of the Russian Empire. It may

not be without interest to append the list in its consecutive order. St. Petersburg (1859), Moscow (1860), Kazan (1864), Kiev (1864), Harkov (1871), Pskov (1873), Saratov (1873), Nijni Novgorod (1873), Omsk (1876), Tobolsk (1878), Tomsk (1879), Penza (1881), Tambov (1881), Tiflis (1883), Odessa (1884), Astrakhan (1891), Nikolaev (1892), Voronezh (1895), Rostov (1896), Ekaterinoslav (1898), Vilna (1898), Kishinev (1899), Poltava (1899), Riga (1899), Omsk (1900), Baku (1901), Ekaterinodar (1901), Irkutsk (1901), Stavropol (1902). From this list of places it will be seen that the society has spread to pretty well every part of Russia, including a number of towns in Siberia. In the event of any special performance requiring extra numbers of musicians, one branch can be reinforced by another, or if need be several may be amalgamated. How Berlioz or Wagner would have rejoiced at having such an association at their disposal. Rubinstein's idea was to have a school of music in connection with each branch of the society, and that these should work together upon a vast co-operative system emanating from the main arteries of St. Petersburg and Moscow. The pupils who studied in the schools would in due course become either composers, performers, or teachers, and the results of their productiveness would be heard at the concerts given by the society all over Russia. It is easy to realise the effects of such a stupendous organisation, if once successfully inaugurated and managed. Rubinstein only lived to see its commencement, but he gave it an impetus and a direction which is still appreciable; the whole organisation has been developed and worked strictly upon the lines which he indicated. At the time he had to endure much obloquy and abuse from those who in the end reaped the most lasting benefits from his labours. From the outset he insisted upon the exclusion of mediocrity of every kind. In order to cultivate a native school of performers, equipped with an adequate technique, the services of first-rate foreign teachers must be secured and retained until a plentiful stock of native professors was ready to take their place, and good foreign instrumentalists of all categories must also be induced to settle in Russia. Those who failed to grasp Rubinstein's ulterior motives and far-seeing policy, declared that he merely wished to crush all native inspiration and to Germanise Russian musical thought. He replied that though Glinka had been followed by other Russian composers, his work and theirs received but little encouragement. It was rarely performed, or if given, was rendered so badly that no one cared to hear it. Finally, and fortunately for the advancement of Russian music, Rubinstein, as we have seen, triumphed over every obstacle and

gained the day. His habitual carelessness about money has been mentioned in connection with his gambling propensities. It is but just to add that enormous sums of his earnings were devoted to the financing both of the Russian Musical Society and of the Conservatoires. The proceeds of his thirty-two pianoforte lectures, amounting to thousands of pounds, were all handed over at once to the support of the music schools. He laboured, besides, untiringly to obtain the august patronage and the national funds absolutely necessary, if the scheme were to be worked upon the grand scale proposed. One of his earliest and most enthusiastic supporters was the Grand Duchess Helena Pavlovna, and his gifted brother, Nicholas Rubinstein, was also a most capable aider and abettor of the undertaking. For some years Nicholas Rubinstein was at the head of the Moscow branches. "No one but Rubinstein," writes an anonymous American author, "could well have conceived this gigantic task, of which he only lived to see the scaffolding, as it were, erected. His whole life and work indeed suggest one of those torsos vouchsafed by times that are convulsed by the enormous power of the sculptor. We see such fire and flux in some mediæval creations. All is incomplete, truncated; all is wreathed in passionate expression, in desperate yearnings; the throes of life, its sorrows, its joys, are there, but the repose, the deep peace, that passeth all understanding, is not to be found. With enormous potentialities and posthumous realisations Rubinstein must ever stand as the type of an artist who dared not wisely but too well." Yes, when all is said and done, he was an artist through and through, every inch of him, and he only estimated himself justly when he boldly parodied a great French epigram: —

Dieu ne puis,  
Roi ne daigne,  
Artiste je suis !

A. E. KEYTON.



## DEDICATED TO THE ALPINE CLUB.

ONE of the most vivid recollections of my boyhood was that of a visit to the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's in Baker Street, and although the pictures of Turkish tortures and the effigy of Marat in his bath were sufficient to cause a youthful shudder, nothing impressed itself on the mind so much as the prisoner in his cell with the mechanical mice running over his bread. The gloom, the silence, the motionless figure sitting bent at the table, heedless of the recurrent stream of mice, were things not easily forgotten. One pictured to oneself the endless solitude which should make these animals so tame, and the long familiarity which would breed this contempt of man. But it does not always require the solitude of a dungeon to make a mouse lay aside his fear and put on the cloak of courage, for he will sometimes behave himself with complete disregard of circumstances and run tilts at danger with an abandoned bravery which ought to command our respect at any rate, if not our admiration. I was once fortunate enough to be a witness of a display of boldness so unusual on the part of a mouse that perhaps it is not unworthy of record here.

One day, as I was walking into my room at the office, I thought I perceived through the open door something like a dark ball dart across the floor. The American story of the mongoose, almost as threadbare as my carpet, flashed through my mind as I thought "Where did I dine last night?" I had come in from the brilliant sunshine into the gloom of a den where the sun has never penetrated, summer nor winter, save in a reflected glory from some windows opposite, so that one can easily be mistaken in the half light. Rumours of mice had reached me before, and I had had pointed out to me on previous occasions what were alleged to have been their inroads on the backs of books, but I had attributed it rather to the rotten stuff used by the modern binder than to any animal agency.

Moreover, a scraggy black cat had recently been a constant frequenter of the place; she could be seen sitting for hours in contemplation of corners where rubbish abounded, and where holes were suspected, but she grew no stouter in spite of liberal meals supplied by the bounty of the office. This morning, however, it was clearly a case for investigation. I sat down and scanned the floor with care, and although a lively imagination clearly indicated several times the flight of mice across the floor, I knew better than to believe it. Clearly this sedentary life was telling on my health,

and I needed a holiday. I would consult my doctor on the point, and see what could be done. It is dreadful to begin seeing things which do not exist. I applied myself to work at my desk, and my mind readily followed the task before me, but, engrossing as it was, something made me look up periodically and scan the corner of the room where I had seen the dark thing move. Then I became angry with myself for this mental obsession and swore I would not look again. At last a soft pat aroused me. One must look up if there is a noise. On the floor by the bookcase was a round ball of brown fur which was certainly in motion. The mouselet, for my friend was very small and tender of years, was endeavouring to climb the backs of the books on a tour of Alpine inspection. He managed to get a grip on the rough surfaces of the precipice with his claws in a manner which would make a mountaineer green with envy, and he carried into his operations a spirit of recklessness which would shock even a hardened rock climber, for when tired of ascending the frowning battlements of books, he simply let go and flopped upon the floor. But he had the true spirit of the climber, for he courted difficulty and danger for the sheer pleasure of the thing. The books soon became too easy for his adventurous spirit, and he looked about for something really brilliant to achieve. Would Sir Martin Conway or Mr. Dent had been there to see! Having tried the green shiny surface of the wainscot in several places he was obliged to give it up in despair. It was like scaling an icefall in slippers, without an ice-axe. At last he came to the solid oak door. He looked up at it, and cocked his ear. It was perpendicular, it was high, and it beetled in places where the panels were sunk; just the place to make a record ascent. With indomitable resolution he attacked this frowning wall, reaching the first panel in one piece of work. Here he paused on the ledge to take breath and consider the next stage. Peering round into the next panel he saw that he might get assistance from the door-handle above, but the division between the two panels was an awkward place to pass.

A mouse has several natural advantages over a man. His feet, as well as his hands, are prehensile, and he has a tail. By pressing the latter against a perpendicular surface he assists his toe-cling by forming a sort of tripod for a support. This he found most useful. Deliberately stretching out a paw, and finding some infinitesimal crevice for his nails, he swung slowly across with a series of struggles and wriggles till he gained the ledge of the next panel without a mishap, though at one moment his fall seemed certain. Another short pause before the next piece, during which his quick eye had discerned the advantages of the corner made by the sunk panel. It could hardly be called a chimney, and yet it

was better than a flat surface ; moreover, there was a chink where the wood had shrunk which afforded a "handhold " all the way up. Perceiving these points, he threw himself into the ascent with the vigour and resolution of one determined to conquer. Up he went, inserting his claws into every little hole the surface afforded, till he came to the top corner which jutted out over the yawning space below him. Now came the tug-of-war to scale this projection, for it looked absolutely impossible, and every moment wasted meant lost strength. He seemed to realise this, for, pressing his tail against the steep wall below him, he made a gigantic effort, kicked, scratched, and struggled, till, to my amazement, he got his body over the projection, pulled himself painfully upward till one of his fore-feet—I should call them hands—found a grip in the keyhole, and in two seconds he was sitting contentedly on the door handle and peering down at the awful place he had come up. One would have thought that he would have been satisfied with this wonderful exhibition of agility, but he was not. He waved his tail as he balanced himself on the slippery knob and began again. There was no daunting his courage. He was soon gaily scaling the next panel in the same manner as before, till he came to the place where the brow of the panel beetled over his head. Then came the same struggle as before, only with the keyhole as a beacon of hope. It was terribly exciting, and I was half inclined to cheer the little beast for his pluck, but I feared to frighten him at such a dizzy height. On the human scale he could not have been less than 200 feet from the ground. He clung and pulled like grim death, but could not get his body over the corner. His feet scrabbled and obtained only an indifferent hold, and I could see his overtaxed muscles beginning to tire. He was very young and not fully developed, but his heart was brave and he hung on. The seconds seemed hours, and I wondered how long he would hold out. At last a bright idea struck me. I would try and intercept his fall with anything handy. But I had scarcely begun to move when down he came with a horrid thud upon the floor. I hastened across the room expecting to see him a lifeless lump, but, to my astonishment, he arose and scuttled off as fast as his legs could carry him to the sombre recess under a wardrobe. Then I began to realise what a benefit it would be to Alpine climbers to be light, to have elastic bones, and to be protected by a hide of thick fur.

Whether it was the shock of his fall, or that of my hasty approach, which made him desire to sit still a bit and think, I do not know, but it was some time before he ventured out of his hiding place. At length two gentleman came in to transact business, took their seats opposite to me, and we were soon all

three immersed in the occupation. We had not been long at work before I perceived, amid the solemnities of discussion, that the attention of neither of my visitors was so strictly confined to the matter in hand as I could have wished, for they were both gazing with smiling interest at something behind and above me. I looked sharply round and was amazed to see my ambitious friend scaling the tube of the pneumatic bell which communicates with another room. With a triumphant wave of his tail he reached the nail on which the tube was hung, and which was at least six feet from the ground. Heedless of risk, he stretched out his neck in contemplation of a perilous leap from thence on to the mantel-piece some eighteen inches down, and one foot off. This frightful jump was far beyond the powers of a mouse of tender years. It would have been risky in an adult. Such acrobatic performances ought to be forbidden, thought I, without the security of a net below. I got the next best thing. Seizing the waste-paper basket, I held it below him. It was fortunate that I did so, for he sprang short, hit the edge of the mantel-piece, and tumbled headlong into the basket. Stunned? Not he. Only disgusted at being unable to distinguish himself by a heroic failure. He scampered round among the papers, rage and disappointment gleaming in his eyes as much as to say, "You spoilt my beautiful fall with your stupid basket, but if I want to jump I am going to jump. So here goes!" And he plunged through the open-work and hurled himself some three feet on to the floor. Instead of remaining still to recover from the shock, he darted with incredible speed to the friendly cover of a neighbouring piece of furniture. We all three then resumed our business with the gravity of Augurs.

The reader may very likely think that I am quite wrong in attributing these antics of the mouse to youthful pride and courage, and that in reality they proceeded from fear, and fear alone. I am sure it was nothing of the kind. When he started on his dizzy ascent he was within plain view and hearing of three men speaking emphatically in heated discussion and handing about large crackling documents, creating much pother and commotion. If timorous, why did he start on so perilous a journey when the sky flashed with waving white papers and the air reverberated with strange sounds? And his conduct afterwards confirms my view.

When the magic hour of luncheon approached, quiet was once more established. Having reliance on his innate boldness, I thought I would tempt him out of his hiding place, so I placed a succulent crumb in a light spot on the floor within a foot of my chair. I was not deceived. A moving ball of fur in the deep shadow told me he was still hale and hearty after his recent tumbles. Soon he ventured forth into the broad daylight, spied

the tempting crumb, stuck his head on one side so as to gather its quality, and seizing it in both paws, sat down in a bunch to discuss it at his leisure. I moved my hand, but he heeded not. At last I dropped a large crumb from the zenith which fell within a few inches of him. Did he run away in terror? No more than the Israelites from the Manna. He simply took it and ate it in peace. At last a heavy footstep approached and someone entered, and that is the last that I saw of my little friend.

I have no doubt that his courage led him to display his agility in the presence of the black cat whose feline instincts must have been too much for her. She sat so contentedly about the place next day and was so leisurely in her movements that there was only one conclusion to be drawn, for he was never to be seen again. We are wont to say, when seeking for a simile for courageousness, "As bold as a lion," but in reality this is a mere copy-book phrase. Hunters assure us that he is not so bold as he looks, and that a tiger, or even a wild pig, can give him points in personal bravery. I am confident that the true form of the phrase should be "as bold as a mouse," and that when people say that a man "has not the courage of a mouse" they are not injuring the man's reputation for at least normal bravery. Our elders of a past generation must have had good ground for their feelings when the male part seized the poker for defence and the female part gathered up their skirts, mounted on chairs, or swooned at the sight of a mouse.

What is this strange antipathy which lingers even to-day in the nature of some people, and whence does it come? Is it due to inherited instinct, imagination, or the example of ignorant nursemaids? Once there, it is ineradicable and altogether contrary to reason. Fur will cause a repulsion in one, six legs will induce it in another, and no one seems to know why. A common theory is that these attractions and antipathies between man and the lower animals are due to some subtle form of animal magnetism—a comprehensive term applicable to phenomena which one cannot explain in any other way. The careful study of physical repulsions should repay any *savant* who is looking out for an attractive by-path of science.

Whether or no it be true, according to the ancient rhyme, that a mouse actually once ran up a clock, a friend of mine was certainly so impressed with the necessity of protecting his legs from a like outrage that he invariably in the presence of a mouse tucked his trousers inside his socks! He, at any rate, estimated our little friend at his proper value. I may add that he was six feet high and a fine figure of a man. It must not be forgotten that, when merits are in the balance, things do not always go by size.

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

## SAINTE-BEUVE.

"THE critics are those who have failed in literature and art" is the most tempting, if not the absolutely inevitable, text for observations about Sainte-Beuve. Though cynically uttered, the epigram may be defended as a truth, and perhaps even as a truism. Unless the critic experiments as a creative artist, he will not acquire the knowledge which he needs, and if his experiments are successful, he will not become a critic. Failure in the arts, therefore, is, in his case, the indispensable apprenticeship. So, at all events, it might plausibly be argued; and the case of Sainte-Beuve, who seems to be accepted by general consent as the greatest of the literary critics, might be cited in support of the contention. He was more than middle-aged before he came to the conclusion that criticism was the only rôle for which his talents fitted him; and his private secretary, to whom he made the admission, reports that he visibly found peace of mind in this perception of his limitations. But he only perceived them after a long and arduous struggle to override them. His apprenticeship to criticism was probably the most thorough that any critic ever served.

It was, however, not merely a literary, but also a moral apprenticeship. Sainte-Beuve not only aspired to be, but was, a critic of life as well as a critic of books; and, as he learned to criticise books by trying to write them, so he learned to criticise life by pursuing certain ambitions and fumbling after certain ideals which he never succeeded in realising. By profession, indeed, he was a critic at the first as at the last. As a young man lately from the country, he was taken from his medical studies at the hospital, put into a newspaper office, and given books to review. He reviewed them uncommonly well for his age; but it was not for long that the subordinate condition of a reviewer contented him. "I care very little about literary opinions," he wrote, in 1830, to his friend, the Abbé Barbe. "Literary opinions hold but a small place in my life and my reflections. The thing which seriously occupies me is life itself." And "life itself" meant rather more to Sainte-Beuve than he gave the Abbé Barbe to understand. It meant, in fact, at least three things: an intrigue with his neighbour's wife; a religion to be sentimental about while divagating from its precepts; and a literary renown which would entitle him to pose after the striking style of Chateaubriand and Victor Hugo. Not until his reluctant recognition of failure in each of these de-

partments of endeavour was the chapter of his apprenticeship closed.

The conception of the desires apparently dates from the day on which the young reviewer made Victor Hugo's acquaintance. He was at that time nobody in particular, and was living in a circle of dull doctrinaires. Hugo called to thank him for a friendly notice of one of his works in the *Globe*. The doors of the Cénacle were opened to him, and he breathed a strange and intoxicating air. He found himself among poets : aggressive poets, engaged in breaking down old traditions and setting up new ones in their place ; earnest poets, for whom poetry was the most important as well as the most beautiful thing in the world ; religious poets, who found in Catholicism, if not a practical direction for their lives, at least a certain æsthetic satisfaction. They were gracious to Sainte-Beuve because they wanted a critic to chant their praises and justify their methods. They flattered him, partly for the same reason, and partly because mutual admiration was the "note" of that fraternal group.

A young man from the country, even if not particularly impressionable, was sure to be influenced by that sort of thing ; and Sainte-Beuve, at that early period, was very impressionable indeed. He was to be disillusioned many times before he became proof against all illusion. At first, it would seem, he was merely dazzled by his new surroundings ; but, then, as he grew accustomed to them, jealousy crept in—the journalist's jealousy of the man of letters. His new companions, Sainte-Beuve felt, were no cleverer than he was ; but they were making far more noise in the world. They were interesting. They struck attitudes, and imposed their personalities. Naturally, Sainte-Beuve, being vain, began to feel that here was an injustice that ought to be redressed. He wearied of blowing the trumpet for others, though he continued to blow it because that was how he earned his living. He aspired to take the centre of the stage himself. Why should he not do so ? Taking, as he thought, the measure of his new companions, he laid his hand upon his heart—or at least one may figure him so doing—and exclaimed, not merely "I also am a poet," but "I also have only to strike an attitude in order to be an interesting figure."

So Sainte-Beuve proceeded to strike attitudes in his leisure hours. That statement really summarises the history of his literary development for a period of ten years or more. All the time, of course, he was going on with the admirable criticisms on which his title to fame was ultimately to rest. But he certainly had, as yet, no suspicion that he was to achieve immortality by these parerga, as he esteemed them. He criticised, because to do

so was to follow the line of least resistance in the quest of daily bread. His real hopes and expectations were to arouse the attention of the world by the revelation of his inner life—by the presentation of himself as the Man of Sentiment, or as the sensual sinner struggling towards the light. The fame of which he was really ambitious was that of Chateaubriand and Benjamin Constant. In his later years he turned and rent them both; but in the years of his apprenticeship they were his models. He aspired, above all things, to figure as a René or an Adolphe; and he made the attempt over and over again, alike in prose and verse—in *Joseph Delorme*, in *Volupté*, in *Livre d'Amour*, and other works—once or twice attaining the faint and false illusion of success, but, on the whole, failing lamentably.

The reason of the failure of the poetry is obvious enough. Sainte-Beuve was not a poet, or anything remotely like a poet. He wrote as Crabbe might have written if he had had no humour, falling continually into the bottomless pit of bathos. It is not even worth while to fish up examples of his verses in order to ridicule them. They were sufficiently ridiculed, once for all, by his contemporaries; and that branch of the subject, therefore, may be left, while the reason of the hardly less signal failure of the prose is sought.

It certainly did not fail because it was bad prose. Sainte-Beuve's prose was never bad. On the contrary, it was always very good. But the success of such work as he was attempting depends less upon the quality of the style than upon the quality of the man. The man whose "confessions" are to attract sympathetic attention need not be good, or heroic, or consistent. The case of Rousseau would seem to prove that he need not even have the instincts and habits of a gentleman. But he must at least be interesting. That is where Sainte-Beuve was at a disadvantage as compared with Benjamin Constant and Chateaubriand. If they were indiscreet about their amours, it was at least notorious that they had amours to be indiscreet about, and they were the sort of men by whose commanding personalities tremendous emotions were naturally suggested. The case of Sainte-Beuve was very different. In spite of the ardour of his temperament, he was ugly. In spite of his intellectual acumen, he was insignificant. In the abstract, no doubt, his right to his emotions was recognised; but the concrete expression of them seemed a presumption and an impertinence. No one felt the least curiosity about his sentimental life. There was, if not a tendency to scepticism, at least a disposition to pass by on the other side, saying contemptuously: "It is only Sainte-Beuve." Trying to pose, in short, he only succeeded in making himself ridiculous; and De



Goncourt accurately summed up the general opinion of this phase of his career when he wrote that "Sainte-Beuve spent his life in gnashing his teeth in his disgust that he was not a handsome young subaltern of hussars."

Concurrently, however, with this attempt—or this series of attempts—to pose as a Man of Sentiment, Sainte-Beuve was engaged in his more or less serious search for a religion; and his desire for a religion is a mystery which puzzles the cynic, though it is possibly explicable by the pathologist. Already at this stage the manner of his private life was such that one would have expected him to find religion embarrassing. His biographers, in fact, attribute the ultimate failure of all endeavours to convert him to his devotion to "the god Priapus"; and it is hardly to be supposed that he regarded his immoralities as provisional, and meant to abandon them as soon as he could see his way to the adoption of a creed supplying a sanction to the Seventh Commandment. We know, however, that erotic mania and religious mania are in some strange fashion allied, alike in Protestant and Catholic communities; and it seems not unreasonable to suppose that, in the case of Sainte-Beuve, we have an example of this conjunction, if not of manias, at least of tendencies. His writings, at any rate, suggest the explanation; for the odour of sin alternates in them with the odour of sanctity in a fashion that can scarcely be less distressing to the orthodox than it is to all those who possess a sense of humour. Each odour makes the other offensive, and it would be hard to say which is the more obnoxious of the two.

The fact remains, however, whatever the explanation of it may be, that Sainte-Beuve did clutch at the skirts of many forms of religion while consistently breaking a Commandment which is common to them all. We may regard him, if we like, as the pupil, in this regard, of his great exemplar, Chateaubriand, who openly pursued his amours with Madame de Beaumont simultaneously with the composition of "*Le génie du Christianisme*"; but it will be more profitable to consider his religious experiments as a part of his education as a critic. According to M. d'Haussonville, he "was born to be a disciple," though he was also born with a critical temperament which prevented him from remaining the disciple of any one master for any great length of time. The July Revolution broke up the Romantic group to which he had attached himself, and severed a link which had already begun to gall. He found himself cast adrift, and looked about him for fresh moorings.

First it was Saint-Simonism that attracted him. He spoke of it as a "new revelation," and exhorted his readers to "throw

themselves with tears into Saint Simon's arms"; though, when he looked back upon the phase from the standpoint of indifferentism attained in later life, he denied that his association with the doctrine has been intimate. "If anyone says," he wrote, "that I attended the services of the Rue Taitbout, and sat on the platform in a sky-blue coat, that is ridiculous nonsense. I went there as one goes to see any interesting spectacle when one is young, and that is all. I may have approached the bait, but I was not caught in the trap." And he adds: "My relations with the Saint-Simonists, which I have never disavowed, were always free, and I was committed to no engagement towards them." His critical temper, in truth, prevented him from ever committing himself to any durable engagement to anyone or anything, so that that statement is credible enough. The Saint-Simonists made themselves ridiculous, and Sainte-Beuve retained his sanity. That is the truth—and probably the whole truth—concerning his relations with them. This religious experiment was a failure, and he proceeded to try another, becoming, for a time, the disciple of Lamennais.

"Liberal Catholicism" was the doctrine of which Lamennais was the champion; and the inevitable end of Liberal Catholicism is to be dashed in pieces against the Rock of Saint Peter. It can only go on until it attracts the attention of the Bishop of Rome. Sooner or later the Papal thunderbolt is launched, and then its adherents have to choose whether they will be Catholics or Liberals, seeing that it is forbidden to them to be both at once. So it was in the case of Lamennais. Lamennais preferred to be a Liberal, and took to exchanging thunderbolts with the Holy Father. Sainte-Beuve had his reasons for preferring to remain a Catholic. How far reasons of conscience influenced his choice it is not very easy to determine, but the other reasons are tolerably clear. There were social reasons; for he had become a frequenter of Catholic *salons* from which he did not wish to be excluded. And there were also, doubtless, reasons which sanity and a logical temper assigned. Lamennais was going either too far or not far enough. He had "provoked souls to ardent faith, and then suddenly left them in the lurch." That was how Sainte-Beuve expressed it in his article on the "Affaires de Rome"; and in conversation he was more bitterly epigrammatic. "Lamennais," he said, "drove the carriage into the ditch, and left us all stranded, first taking care to blow out the lantern and walk away."

That was the end of the second experiment. The third was conducted at Lausanne, whither Sainte-Beuve went to deliver a course of lectures on Port Royal and the Jansenists.

The purposes of that expedition seem to have been various.

Sainte-Beuve wanted rest from the excitements of the life of Paris, where his vanity had been hurt and his affections wounded by the termination of an intrigue with a neighbour's wife. He also wanted leisure for the composition of a *magnum opus* which should give him such a definite rank in French literature as Victor Hugo, and Balzac, and George Sand, and others of his contemporaries had attained. And he further proposed, it would appear, to find a religion at last by the sympathetic study of the history of a sect for which Christianity was not so much a system of theological jurisprudence, defined and imposed by authority, as a spiritual revelation to the individual soul. Lecturing on Jansenism in an atmosphere of Revivalism, and in the intimacy of Vinet, the most cultivated and sympathetic of the Swiss Revivalists, there did seem a prospect that he might at last find a faith which would afford secure and permanent anchorage for the storm-tossed soul. It was the final experiment, and, in a sense, the most disastrous, since he emerged from it decided to experiment no further, but to accept a gross materialism, and live his life without the hope of any other satisfactions than those of the intellect and the senses.

The Lausanne experiment, in fact, was a failure from almost every point of view. Lausanne is proud of Sainte-Beuve now, but it was by no means particularly proud of him then. He arrived there, in a sense, a discredited man, having just published a volume of bad verse—the *Pensées d'Août*—which Paris had received with inextinguishable laughter. The echoes of the laughter reached Lake Lemman, and the Press welcomed him only as a second-rate *littérateur*. "We are not carried away by our enthusiasm for M. Sainte-Beuve," wrote the *Nouvelliste*. "We do not place him on the same level with Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, de Lamartine, and Béranger, any more than we place La Harpe and Marmontel on the same level with Voltaire and Rousseau." This was not an encouraging reception for a vain man, and Sainte-Beuve was then, as always, incapable of commanding by his personality the respect which he had failed to inspire by his writings. He was no orator, and had to read his lectures in a country in which at least the appearance of improvisation was looked for from a lecturer. The students, consequently, were no more enthusiastic than the journalists. They mocked the lecturer's provincial accent, mimicked his gesticulations, and publicly parodied his lessons in the *cafés* in the evenings.

And, if the lectures failed, the book that was based upon them was hardly less a failure. It failed for two reasons. In the first place, it was the work of a journalist rather than a historian—a collection of brilliant essays rather than a great organic whole.

In the second place, it was the work of a journalist who changed his allegiance at the time when his work was in progress. Sainte-Beuve began with a disposition to take the Port Royalists for his spiritual guides. Presently they bored him, and he ended by finding them ridiculous. It may be disputed whether it was sanity or a carping spirit that asserted itself with this result. It must be agreed that the result was, from an artistic point of view, regrettable. A history of a great religious movement begun by a believer and finished by a sceptic may have its vivid pages, but it must necessarily lack that unity of design which we look for in a work of art. From this point of view also, therefore, the Lausanne trip was a failure, though, as *Port Royal* was only published in instalments extending over a long term of years, the failure was not immediately apparent. The thing that was immediately apparent was what one of his biographers has called the "moral and religious bankruptcy" of Sainte-Beuve himself.

Not only had he come to Lausanne, as has been said, with some idea of finding a religion. He lived there in the midst of excellent people who were anxious to furnish him with one. There were those among them who expected to see him pass, under the guidance of Vinet, through Jansenism to Protestantism, which Jansenism, as he presented it in his lecture, somewhat, though superficially, resembled. When he was not making love to his friend Olivier's wife, he seemed to be sitting at Vinet's feet. The pious, anxious for his salvation, used to come and ask Vinet whether he was "converted." "To tell you the truth," Vinet used to reply, "I believe him to be convinced, but not converted." That is to say that Vinet believed that the stumbling-block in Sainte-Beuve's case was moral and not intellectual, and that he only refused to profess himself a Christian because he shrank from the obligation to mend his ways.

But Vinet was wrong. With the great example of Chateaubriand before him, Sainte-Beuve would hardly have regarded illicit love as incompatible with the Christian faith—whether of the Protestant or the Catholic variety. It would only have been something to confess, or something to repent of, as the case might be. The truth was that, having come to close quarters with his subject, and approaching it at last as a critic instead of a sentimentalist, he discovered that he had ceased to believe, or perhaps that he never really had believed at all. The evidence was inadequate, and he had received no illumination from within.

There is, in truth, something rather pathetic—yet not entirely without its grotesque and comic aspects—in this picture that presents itself of Sainte-Beuve waiting for illumination from within. He was not in the least like a saint, and still less like an *illuminé*!

His nature was grossly sensual ; and though he felt almost a weak woman's need for spiritual guidance, his critical acumen was always piercing the joints in the armour of his spiritual guides. His reason refused to abdicate in obedience to the voice of authority, and his last hope of attaining to faith lay in Mysticism. If others, like Vinet, received special revelations in the way of conviction of sin and assurance of salvation, why should not he receive it also? He sat down gravely and waited for it, and it did not come. Theologians may speculate as to the reason, ascribing his failure, if they think good, to the notorious irregularities of his life. It suffices here to note the fact and draw the picture.

It is a picture which somehow suggests the man who waits for the last post, by which he expects to receive an important letter. Such a man, we know, gets gradually more and more impatient. He listens for the rat-tats, and hears them, first louder and louder, and then fainter and fainter, as the postman recedes into the distance. In the end he concludes that the postman has gone by, and that there is no letter for him after all ; and, after an energetic expression of his disappointment, he ceases to wait, and turns to other occupations. Similarly with Sainte-Beuve. "I have the sentiment of these things, though I have not the things themselves," he wrote to the Abbé Barbe, expecting, no doubt, that the illumination might come at any time. It disappointed him, and his disappointment made itself heard. His soul, he said, was like the barren shores of the Mediterranean, near Aigues-Mortes, left dry and desolate by the retiring sea of faith. But he accepted the inevitable, and resigned himself to make the best of things, and to become frankly and definitely a materialist, a cynic, and a man of pleasure. The new attitude is advertised in the *Essay* on La Rochefoucauld.

There has been much moralising, chiefly by Catholic controversialists, concerning this spiritual crisis and its outcome. The necessity of their infallible church as an anchorage for the human soul has been held to be demonstrated thereby ; but the flaw in the argument is obvious. Sainte-Beuve did sincerely try to cast anchor, and the anchorage failed ; so that the conclusion might just as legitimately be drawn that the real bankruptcy was that of the church itself. That, again, however, is a question which it may be left to theologians to discuss. The true tragedy is not that Sainte-Beuve was unable to accept the articles of the Christian faith, but that, like his opponents, he identified religion with Christianity, and searched his heart, while waiting for the revelation which he did not receive, not for that moral certitude which is superior to all creeds, and by which, whether we know it or not, we judge our creeds, and pronounce that one creed teaches

a "higher" morality than another, but for the assurance that a particular definition of the indefinable was exact, and that a particular organisation is commissioned to direct the spiritual destinies of mankind. That is the real reason why doubt for him meant darkness, and why the expression "moral and religious bankruptcy" fairly describes his spiritual state after his rejection of the teachings of the Church of Rome.

He had no confidence in the truth of Christianity, but he held the pessimistic Christian view of human nature. Man, according to him, certainly needed redemption; but he saw no reason to believe that man would ever be redeemed. And he did not only hold these opinions as theorist. His life reflected them more and more as he grew older, so that his age presented at once a sorry and an eccentric spectacle. In the days of the "*Causeries du Lundi*," he was equally famous as a *littérateur*, and notorious as a libertine. Dividing his life systematically into two parts, he lived as a hermit by day and refreshed himself at night with debauchery that was the talk of Paris at the time, and was decorously chronicled in encyclopædias and biographical dictionaries after his death. His opportunities of indulging in romantic intrigues, never considerable, gradually dwindled, but he found means of filling the gap which the loss of them left in his life. "*Je suis du peuple ainsi que mes amours*" became his motto. He hummed the refrain at his work, and acted up to it in his leisure time. Anecdotes bearing on this branch of the subject abound in the memoirs of the period, and two of them may be quoted, not because one can be sure that they are true, but for the sake of the light which they throw upon the magnitude of the scandal.

The heroine of one of the stories is a certain Jenny Delval, with whom Sainte-Beuve had had certain relations, and who came, after his death, to his executors to inquire whether he had not bequeathed her a legacy. "I attended his funeral," was the reason which she gave for the expectations which she entertained. "If his obsequies had been attended," was the reply, "by all the young women with whom he was equally intimate, they would have formed a line, four abreast, extending all the way from his house to his sepulchre."

The heroine of the other story is a Princess of the House of Bonaparte, though not, it should perhaps be stated, the Princess Mathilde. Dabbling in literature, the lady sought Sainte-Beuve's advice, and called upon him in his apartment, bringing, and leaving for his inspection, a portfolio containing her compositions. Unfortunately, the portfolio held other things besides manuscripts, and when Sainte-Beuve opened it the first thing which his eyes

lighted upon was a caricature of himself. The caricature was bad enough, but the real sting was in the "undercut," which ran as follows: "In spite of his age he lives a disgusting life, and keeps three mistresses in the house at once." One cannot wonder that he replied by offering "the definitive homage of a respect which will find no further opportunity of expressing itself."

Such was Sainte-Beuve—a man who failed in everything but criticism. Religion was not for him, nor true love, whether pure or otherwise. He could not pose as a Man of Sentiment or create an original work of art. But, just because he aspired to do these things, and tried to do them, and was a long time in discovering that they were beyond him, he was, in the end, better equipped for criticism than any of his competitors.

His critical method has often been analysed, and its distinctive features have often been enumerated. He delighted, we read, not merely to review a book, but to present the author of it much as a novelist presents his characters, and to present him not as an isolated individual, but as the product of his heredity in relation to his environment. All this is true. It is even an important part of the truth. But it is not the whole of it. Other critics besides Sainte-Beuve have realised that the man is often more than the book—that the book is often chiefly interesting for the light which it throws upon the man—and have developed their reviews into what, in the current jargon, are called "character sketches." The distinction of Sainte-Beuve is that he did this not as a journalist, but as an artist, and with a fuller knowledge than the mere journalist possesses not merely of literature, but of life—and of life not merely as a sequence of events, but as an emotional evolution.

Fundamentally, he was a student, avid of knowledge, devoured by curiosity, sane in his judgments, incapable, in literary matters, of bad taste. Though he failed as a professor, first at Lausanne and afterwards at Paris, where the students not only shouted him down, but so intimidated him that, for a period, he never walked abroad without carrying a dagger hidden in his sleeve for his protection against an assault that no one contemplated, he had all the professorial endowment except a ready tongue, a resonant voice, and an authoritative presence. It was natural to him to co-ordinate, to classify, to see the particular as a manifestation of the general, to refer to first principles, to discover that the new flowers of literature had their roots in the past. By the exercise of these gifts he found a *raison d'être* for the romanticism of Hugo, and performed a similar service for many other movements in which he interested himself from time to time. But he had also served his apprenticeship to creative art and to life, trying to

assert his personality as something more interesting than a professor, and to stand as the equal of Chateaubriand and Victor Hugo. He failed as we know. His failure appears even more signal to us than to his contemporaries. But by the failures of the man and the artist the professor profited. It made him a "live" professor, and enabled him to achieve immortality by what he believed to be his parerga.

That his failure made him jealous of those who conspicuously succeeded is also unfortunately true. Buloz, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, spoke of him as "suffocating with jealousy, but without the strength to avenge himself." Yet his taste was so sound and his intelligence so keen that, even when envy was the obvious motive of his iconoclasm, he very often anticipated the judgment of posterity.

Notably he did so in the famous attack upon Chateaubriand, delivered in a series of lectures at Liège. There can be no question of the rancour there displayed, and very little question of the reason for the rancour. Chateaubriand had successfully adopted the sentimental religious pose which Sainte-Beuve had made himself ridiculous in trying to adopt. Chateaubriand had also overshadowed Sainte-Beuve in the *salon* of Madame Récamier. So Sainte-Beuve deliberately set to work to pull the idol to pieces. But he was very dexterous, careful to give praise where praise was due, and to push the assault only at points where the defence was weak, admitting many beauties, and insisting chiefly that Chateaubriand, professing to be an apologist, was in truth only a sentimentalist, who admired Christianity in the same spirit in which he would have admired a work of art, who recommended the Christian dogmas not as true, but as beautiful, and whose sincerity was consequently open to suspicion. And that is exactly the modern view of Chateaubriand, as an anecdote may show.

A certain London journalist was lately asked to write an article on Chateaubriand. He had never read a line of Chateaubriand's writings, and the conditions of his commission were such that he had no time to study them. The best that he could do, in the circumstances, was slavishly to paraphrase the criticisms of Sainte-Beuve. He did this, and his essay duly appeared in one of the most important of our critical organs. His fear of being found out was considerable, but was soon proved to be groundless. In the course of a post or two his editor received a letter from an enthusiastic reader—a well-known authority on French literature—who congratulated him on having printed the most accurate exposition of the religious influence of the author of *Le génie du Christianisme* that had ever appeared in the English language.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.



## A QUESTION OF GOOD FAITH AND NATIONAL EXPEDIENCY.

WHAT shall it profit a nation if it gain the whole world and lose its own integrity? This is a question which is a very pertinent one to all citizens of the British Empire at the present moment. On January 30th, 1902, the Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance was signed in London, and was the result, to quote Lord Lansdowne's words, of the discovery that the Far Eastern policy of the two nations "was identical." The British Foreign Minister also referred to the treaty as "an international contract of binding validity." Since January, 1902, how has this alliance, entered into as "of mutual advantage to the two countries," been observed by the contracting parties? Up to the outbreak of the war with Russia there was little test of the sincerity of the two Powers, and, although Great Britain seemed content to view with comparative indifference Russian aggression in Manchuria and Korea, the alliance may be said to have been adequately maintained. To Japan the gain by the alliance was largely a sentimental one, since it demonstrated to all the world the fact that Japan had made so great a progress that an alliance with a great European Power was possible. Beyond this the alliance partook rather of the nature of a shadowy assurance against attack by two Powers. For Great Britain the gains, even before the Russian war, were much more substantial. British diplomacy assumed a new importance at Peking when backed by Japan, and, amongst other results, the Tibetan expedition was rendered possible. Since the beginning of the Russo-Japanese war and the consequent revelation of Japan's power, the advantages to British diplomacy in Europe have been very considerable. If the advantages accruing to one and the other be compared, there can be no doubt that Great Britain got the best of the bargain. Should anyone feel inclined to dispute this let him travel around Europe, especially in the small Balkan States, and their attitude towards Great Britain alone and Japan and Britain allied will speedily afford him sufficient proof. Great Britain is envied her good fortune in having seen clearly enough to ally herself to the coming Power before the world knew Japan's worth. The opinion of the Continent on this subject is very much that of a mining camp towards a miner who has staked out his claim in an immensely rich diamond field before anyone else knew diamonds were there. This Continental envy is a convincing proof of the value of our

alliance with Japan, were such proof needed. But, after all, it is not a question of relative advantage or disadvantage; it is simply a question of fact. The treaty was made and stands; how has it been kept? The record of British policy during the war is such as to cause any thinking Englishman seriously to question the moral adequacy of our foreign policy. Do we make treaties to keep them, or is it permissible to break both the spirit and the letter of a treaty when urged to do so by a senseless fear? And there is reason for such a query, except, alas! that it must be added that business has proved as potent a charm as has fear. Great Britain has not even been neutral—certainly not benevolently neutral—towards her ally. Without going into details, there are several flagrant examples of Great Britain's lack of good faith towards Japan. The trade with the Russian Government and the Russian Baltic Fleet in Welsh coal could probably only have been prevented by an individual sense of rectitude too great to be hoped for in any nation where civilisation has been developed along individual rather than along national lines. But the Government might well have assisted the national conscience by making the path of money-earning more difficult. As it was, the traffic was carried on openly and shamelessly, without any real attempt by the Government or by public opinion to prevent it. The case of the destroyer *Caroline*, which sailed down the Thames past the Houses of Parliament, *en route* to Libau, under the charge of British subjects, is more serious from the point of principle than of actual and material damage. But since the builders of the *Caroline* have publicly stated that they warned the Admiralty that the ship had been sold, it seems difficult to exonerate the Government from at least tacit connivance at this open assistance of the opponent of our ally. British ships have taken coal to the Baltic Fleet, and thus deliberately assisted the passage of a hostile fleet towards Japan—our ally. A very flagrant case was that of the *Roddam*, which openly conveyed coal to Suda Bay for the Baltic Fleet, without calling down any of the punishments legally enforceable against her owners or her crew, of whom at least a certain proportion are British, presumably. The enthusiastic welcome of the Baltic Fleet by the authorities in Egypt contrasts very curiously with the reception accorded to the Spanish Fleet under Admiral Cervera in 1898, when it was attempting to pass through the Canal to reach the Philippines. In the words of Cervera's own despatch, "after waiting four days for the decision of the Egyptian Government as to trans-shipping coal to the *Pelayo*, this trans-shipment has been forbidden, and we have been ordered at once to leave all Egyptian ports." This treatment was at the time ascribed to British benevolent neutrality to the United

States during her war with Spain. All the more remarkable appears, then, the permission given to the Baltic Fleet to take in coal at Port Said. Is there one kind of benevolent neutrality when it only calls for action against a smaller Power, and quite another when a first-class Power is in question? The idea is hardly very creditable to us, and yet the United States was not allied to us, while Japan is. Not content with allowing the ships to coal, special arrangements were made to secure the safety of the Baltic Fleet, while passing through the Canal. Great Britain did not only break neutrality, but she also broke the convention with Japan, in which it is decreed that :—

If either Great Britain or Japan, in the defence of their respective interests as above described, should become involved in war with another Power, the other high contracting party will maintain a strict neutrality and use its efforts to prevent other Powers from joining in hostilities against its ally.

To grant such valuable assistance to Russia as against Japan by enabling the Russian Fleet to proceed towards that country, is as clear an infraction of the treaty as can be imagined. And what must not be forgotten is that the Continent looks at all these incidents in a way derogatory to British prestige, and as signs of British fear of Russia. Along this line was the announcement of the Russian Admiral that the British Fleet had "protected" the Baltic Fleet during part of its journey, and the presentation of a cup by the Tsar to a British naval officer. The latter is a disgrace to Great Britain, and it must have come as a surprise to many that the traditions of the British Navy could happily submit to such a studied insult. The British action in connection with the North Sea incident is perhaps the worst of all the crimes against our ally. The North Sea Convention, as it finally emerged from the St. Petersburg mould, bears every sign of being a treaty to try Japan—our ally—for an offence with which nobody, not even those Russians who affirm it, believe Japan had anything to do. Apart from the unnecessary truckling to Russia implied by the change in the wording of the convention, the whole arrangement is a distinct breach of the fourth article of the treaty of alliance with Japan. This states that, "The High Contracting Parties agree that neither of them will, without consulting the other, enter into separate arrangements with another Power to the prejudice of the interests described in the foregoing articles."

How ever British diplomats could have allowed themselves to be enticed into this Russian trap passes comprehension. Quite apart from the breach of good faith with Japan in connection with the North Sea incident, it is interesting to note the effect which was

produced by the devious course of British diplomacy on the smaller European States and on the Asiatic peoples. These saw in the incident an opportunity for Great Britain to raise her prestige without running any risk of a war with Russia. Although these countries close their eyes too easily perhaps to moral arguments, it is well for us not to ignore what was the effect of the fatal half-strong, half-weak policy adopted by the British Government. The first few days the prestige of Great Britain went up, but by the time the convention was announced it had fallen so low as to be quite invisible. A case in point is to be found in Persia. The Russian reverses had strengthened the hands of Sir Arthur Hardinge in Teheran, but the British retreat before Russia, as it appeared to the Persians, led the Shah at once to send a special mission of friendship to St. Petersburg. So little trouble does Great Britain take to maintain her prestige, that at the present moment it is not too much to say that British prestige is upheld by Japan. Especially is this the case with Asiatic countries. An Englishman from the Far East recently wrote an excellent article on this subject in the *St. James's Gazette*. He said :—

It is Japan alone that has saved us and the British Empire from a reduction to impotence in the China Seas. . . . Instead of the Alliance producing a feeling of satisfaction that we possess the friendship and support of a nation which has shown itself superior in organisation to all the rest of the world, an utterly illogical apprehension tends to drive them into the opposite extreme. Such people cannot see that our international position minus the Alliance would be hazardous in the extreme, and that if there is one factor which has furthered our European policy more than another, it has been the alliance with Japan. The backing of Japan, especially in Asian political questions, has strengthened our diplomacy immensely, and increasingly so over since the world was forced to recognise the brilliant efficiency of the Mikado's naval and military power.

Japanese statesmen have not by any means overlooked the British laxity in neutrality, as is evidenced by the following statement made by Baron Suyematsu :—

It is strongly felt that the nations of Europe are assisting Russia in a way never contemplated by us. I do not suggest that England is not fulfilling her duty as an ally, but even in this country much indirect assistance is being rendered to Russia by individuals.

But for the assistance of the subjects of neutral States, the Baltic Fleet could never have put to sea, and it could not have gone far without English coal. Probably this sale is not effected directly, but Russia is receiving very material assistance.

When contraband trade is carried on in the present wholesale and open fashion, the Government of the country in question should take steps to prevent the continuance of action prejudicial to another nation, especially when that nation happens to be an ally.

There might easily arise a case in connection with the Baltic

Fleet's journey to the Far East which would force the nations having ports in the south of Asia to come to a definite decision upon the possibility of allowing facilities to one belligerent and not to the other. Suppose, as is quite possible, that Admiral Togo decided to go and meet the Baltic Fleet in the Malayan Archipelago, and in the pursuance of this policy were to put into Saigon or Singapore to repair and coal. Would the French and British authorities be prepared to grant to the Japanese ships the same facilities as were granted to the Baltic Fleet in French harbours and in Egypt?

The net result of the attitude of the European Powers during this war has been to call up very considerable doubts as to the existence of any international morality amongst them. Of course it is well known that international law is very backward, and consists of a few great conventions, such as the Geneva and Hague conventions, and local treaties affecting only parts of the community. But there is, besides these international laws, an international morality, just as in private life there are many things governed by sentiments or public opinion and not by law. Gradually the system of international morality was to develop into a system of international law, binding upon all the world—such was the desire of all progressive people. All nations are unanimous in declaring themselves desirous for peace, and as abhorring war. Therefore they might have been expected, if not actually to work for peace, not to work against it. And yet, what is the case to-day? Instead of working for peace, the European nations are urging on the war. Two men are fighting in the street in a private quarrel, and instead of attempting to dissuade them from their fisticuffs, the spectators are handing now one a sword, now the other a pistol. This is the attitude of the European Powers during a war at the present day. And there is no secret made of it, and no shame expressed. That assistance by individuals of other countries should be given to the belligerents is perhaps inevitable, but just as many things in private life, which are not expressly forbidden by law, can only be practised *sub rosa*, and against the trend of public opinion, so we might expect that in national affairs any assistance should be given clandestinely. But this is far from being the case, as may be judged from the recent statements of Monsieur Bompard, French Ambassador to Russia, given to a reporter. This eminent French diplomat had no hesitation in discussing openly and rejoicing over the fact that Russia was preparing to spend a certain proportion of her money in the purchase of war material in France. The most dreadful part of the matter is, that nobody seemed to be astonished that he should do so. And yet, what would one say of a spectator

who handed one of two fighting men a knife? Reluctantly we are forced to the conclusion that the European nations do not really know what international morality is, their vision is obscured by their desire to profit by every opportunity. The remarkable letter of Professor Holland to *The Times*, in which he stated in effect that contraband selling was legitimate so long as the vessel was not captured, threw an unpleasant light upon the condition of affairs in the international field. What would be said of anyone who advanced the theory that we could commit murders and not be doing wrong unless we were found out? And yet that is the argument solemnly advanced by one whose name, as an international law expert, is world-wide. The question of contraband becomes exceptionally acute in a case where the ships are running the blockade to provision a besieged fortress. Here they are undoubtedly and directly assisting one belligerent, and equally certainly being the cause of the loss of many more lives to the attacking force. As the law now stands, those who run the blockade do so without any personal risk. If caught, their cargo and their ships are confiscated, but they themselves go scot free. And since few blockade-runners start without sufficient money down to cover this risk, this punishment is not such as to deter the contrabandiers from running the blockade. And neutral territory is openly used to prepare these blockade-running expeditions. In Shanghai so little secrecy was there about the matter, that a case was tried in the public court in which the sailors of a British steamer had refused to sail because she was going to run the blockade to Vladivostok. Here we have a British vessel in a harbour where British influence is paramount, calmly preparing to convey goods to Russia to enable her to fight longer against the British ally—Japan. Nothing is done to prevent the ship sailing, and the only feeling, should she arrive safely, would be one of satisfaction at the cleverness of the British sailing-master, and the profits of the owners. In the future the laws must place the blockade-runners on the same footing as belligerents, and make them liable to being shot if captured. If a soldier is found passing through the line in civilian clothes he is shot as a spy. What are the blockade-runners but belligerents in civilian clothes? All these proofs of the lack of an international morality are very saddening, evidences as they are of national decadence and a lack of progress.

The international morals of Japan are much higher than those of Europe, and this has often resulted in her being deceived and taken in by overmuch confidence in her neighbours. But it is a quality which makes nations truly great, and an immoral nation can never be for long a great nation. Although there are no

moral companions for Japan in Europe, there is one in the United States of America. The United States feels intense sympathy with Japan, and does so because she can understand the motives which actuate Japanese policy. These motives are too high to be comprehensible to us. In the past, the United States have shown outward and visible signs of international morality. After the bombardment of the Straits of Shimonoseki by the allied fleets to force the Japanese hand, the Americans returned the indemnity to Japan. But this was the only nation to do so. Great Britain, whose Fleet acted without orders from London, accepted the *fait accompli*, and kept the indemnity. It was the case of a parent who, having told his little boy not to steal his neighbour's apples, on finding that he has gone and stolen a basketful, forgives him and says, "Give me the apples." The United States also acted very rightly in regard to the Boxer outbreak. The message of President Roosevelt, after his re-election this year, is one of the finest expositions of the American idea of international morality that can be found anywhere.

The steady aim of this nation (wrote President Roosevelt), as of all enlightened nations, should be to strive to bring ever nearer the day when there shall prevail throughout the world the peace of justice. There are kinds of peace which are highly undesirable, which are in the long run as destructive as any war. . . . The peace of tyrannous terror, the peace of craven weakness, the peace of unrighteousness, these should be shunned as we shun unrighteous war. The goal set before us as a nation, the goal which should be set before all mankind, is the attainment of the peace of justice, of the peace which comes when each nation is not merely safeguarded in its own rights, but scrupulously recognises and performs its duty towards others. Generally peace tells for righteousness; but if there is conflict between the two, then our fealty is due first to the cause of righteousness. Unrighteous wars are common and unrighteous peace is rare; but both should be shunned. . . . It is our duty to remember that a nation has no more right to do injustice to another nation, strong or weak, than an individual has to do injustice to another individual; that the same moral law applies in one case as in the other. . . . Within the nation the individual has now delegated this right to the State—that is, to the representative of all the individuals—and it is a maxim of the law that for every wrong there is a remedy. But in international law we have not advanced by any means as far as we have advanced in municipal law. There is as yet no judicial way of enforcing a right in international law. When one nation wrongs another or wrongs many others, there is no tribunal before which the wrongdoer can be brought. Either it is necessary supinely to acquiesce in the wrong, and thus put a premium upon brutality and aggression, or else it is necessary for the aggrieved nation valiantly to stand up for its rights. Until some method is devised by which there shall be a degree of international control over offending nations, it would be a wicked thing for the most civilised Powers, for those with most sense of international obligations and with keenest and most generous appreciation of the difference between right and wrong, to disarm. If the great civilised nations of the present day should completely disarm, the result would mean an

immediate recrudescence of barbarism in one form or another. Under any circumstances a sufficient armament would have to be kept up to serve the purposes of international police; and until international cohesion and the sense of international duties and rights are far more advanced than at present, a nation desirous both of securing respect for itself and of doing good to others must have a force adequate for the work which it feels is allotted to it as its part of the general world duty. Therefore it follows that a self-respecting, just, and farseeing nation should on the one hand endeavour by every means to aid in the development of the various movements which tend to provide substitutes for war, which tend to render nations in their actions towards one another, and indeed towards their own peoples, more responsive to the general sentiment of humane and civilised mankind; and on the other hand that it should keep prepared, while scrupulously avoiding wrongdoing itself, to repel any wrong, and in exceptional cases to take action which in a more advanced stage of international relations would come under the head of the exercise of the international police. A great free people owes it to itself and to all mankind not to sink into helplessness before the powers of evil.

In addition to these words expressing the American policy, they also voice accurately the Japanese policy. That the people of the United States recognise that this is so, is shown by the very remarkable cablegram sent to the Emperor of Japan at a banquet to Prince Fushimi in America, at which the Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Loomis, assisted. This message ran :—

The health of the Emperor has just been drunk amid great enthusiasm. The sentiment was warmly applauded that the character and ability of the Emperor would prove as potent in the regeneration of Asia as it had been in the regeneration of his own country.

Which is a very decided answer to the hysterical Yellow Peril moans of the German Emperor, as well as a vote of confidence in Japanese morality. There would seem to be hope for the world if these two moral nations have come together to work for peace and progress along moral lines. The words penned by Mr. Loomis may help Great Britain to realise her duty and cause all true patriots to rally to the full support of that alliance which is so valuable an asset in our national strength. It must be remembered that the carrying out in full good faith of the treaty of alliance is all that even the most exigent Japanese would expect, and this we ought to do, without being forced to do so by national expediency. And yet this question of an alliance with Japan is distinctly one of national expediency. It will pay us better to be allied to Japan than to return to our former "splendid" isolation. There are not wanting those in England who, had they the reins of power in their hands, would abrogate the treaty. This they would do for party reasons, being largely colour-blind as to foreign policy. To tell any politician on the Continent that there is a party in England opposed to the Japanese alliance is to lay one's



self open to ridicule and derision. To the foreign nations such a course is unthinkable. And Japan is no uncertain quantity. She has proved her reliability in the fire of as fierce a temptation as can ever be placed before a nation. Fighting for her national existence, Japan has made no movement to drag Great Britain into the war, although the bringing of her into it would have been all advantage and no disadvantage to Japan. Neither has Japan done anything save restrain China from mixing herself in the war, and so bringing in other Powers. Japan, having emerged triumphantly from this ordeal, we cast mud at her, and disparage the value of the alliance. It needs no great discernment to discover that at the present time a faithful ally is a very rare possession. We have only to look at the alliances existing in Europe to-day to see how much worse we might have fared. As has been shown above, on the Continent and in the Far East, the Japanese alliance means great things to Great Britain. All the gain has been on our side, since there can be very few thinking people who can argue that, during this war, we have been profitable allies to Japan. Notwithstanding this, the Japanese are quite ready to keep up the alliance with Great Britain, and even to extend its scope. In China, Great Britain is nothing, and less than nothing, unsupported by Japan. It is interesting to recall the fact that it is to a Japanese envoy that the foreign representatives at Peking owe their first reception by the Chinese Emperor. In a recent number of the *Jiji Shimpō*, one of the leading Japanese newspapers, a policy of extending the alliance was advocated in all seriousness. Japan expects to obtain the Island of Sakhalin as one of the results of the war, just as Great Britain has obtained a foothold in Tibet as another. The *Jiji Shimpō* advocates a widening of the alliance to cover the questions of Persia, of Tibet, of India, as well as those of Sakhalin, China, and Korea. "Let each ally have equal rights and benefits. Let the alliance, instead of limiting the extent of the war, serve as a means of preventing all wars. Let each of the allies agree to come to the support of the other if attacked. The danger is equally great for both, because Russia will not more easily forget Tibet than Manchuria." Thus it would seem as if Great Britain might draw still greater advantages from the Japanese alliance should she so wish. On the other hand, if the alliance be ended through British action, then there may well be cause for anxiety. There are already in Australia, and elsewhere existing questions which, quiescent during the alliance, would naturally come up for settlement were there no alliance. Neither could anyone blame Japan, if she were cast out as a pariah nation, from seeking Asiatic friends, little as she wishes this. The effect upon the native races subject to Great Britain in

Asia might also be worth consideration. The progress of Japan has fired their imagination, but they refrain from seeking her as a leader because of the fact that Japan is the friend of Great Britain. All which goes to prove that on the score of national expediency, if on no other, it is necessary to take every measure, not only to secure the continuance of the alliance, but also to infuse international morality into our dealings with our ally. This fact should make it easier and not more difficult for Great Britain to keep adequately her pledged word to Japan or to any other nation. The case of Japan is a case in point at the moment, but the question is one which extends to all British foreign relations. Besides the immediate benefit to us from the alliance, it may lead us to that most desired goal of a new triple alliance, for Peace, when the United States, Japan, and Great Britain shall stand together as the guardians of international justice and morality. Such a combination would be all-powerful, and might well rejuvenate the world. Let us be wise in time, and not, like the unwise virgins of Scripture, be left to mourn outside the door. Great Britain should reform her international ideas, and thus ensure the possession of at least a sleeping partnership in the coming dominant combination.

ALFRED STEAD.

## MR. SWINBURNE'S COLLECTED POEMS.

ONE is greatly tempted, on taking up the first volume of Mr. Swinburne's collected poems, to recall Walter Map's story of Herla, who went among the pigmies and was ever afterwards haunted by his strange experience. For many of us are apparently unable either to forget that the poet went like Herla into the underworld or, now that he proves impenitent, to forgive him for it. But this is unlucky for him and for ourselves. The actual results of the adventure were slight and they do not represent in any way the true essence and imagination of their writer. They were, says the one critic who has had the best opportunity of knowing, the literary exercises of the poet's intellectual nonage; they were experiments of curiosity, undertaken, no doubt, out of that desire to flutter the dovescotes of British respectability which almost every poet feels at the beginning of his career. They were, says Mr. Swinburne himself, in his dedicatory epistle to that critic—if one is right in so applying its two categories—"utterly fantastic or dramatic."

We are not old enough, as it is, to recollect the sensation caused by the appearance of the 1866 "Poems and Ballads"; and those of us who first came under the spell when the "Song of Italy" and the "Songs before Sunrise" had had time to clear the air and add an extraordinary radiant humanity and an ideal cry for freedom to the poet's account, were, if anything, fortunate in being so far belated. Out of the last-named volume, and out of "Atalanta in Calydon," we had our measure of delight filled to overflowing, and gained our sense—one of the pleasantest that can fall to mortal man—of poetry alive and operative in our midst and making all the while for our deliverance—for the things that counted and the things we really cared about. It was so we read "Hertha":—

"I am in thee to save thee,  
As my soul in thee saith;  
Give thou as I gave thee,  
My life-blood and breath,

Green leaves of thy labour, white flowers of thy thought, and red fruit of  
thy death."

There was a background of real events, too, to that lyric ecstasy; the Italian break for liberty, the names of Mazzini, Aurelio Saffi, and Garibaldi were still themes to stir the blood afresh. I remember, many years later, talking to Mme. Venturi

in Chelsea about Mazzini and realising again how he and his cause had irradiated the hopes of the party of youth all over Europe—yes, reflected a vivid ray or two into English politics as well as into the thoughts of the new young English poets who were immediately contemporary.

Mr. Swinburne had gone to Italy on leaving Oxford, and meeting Mazzini in London soon afterwards had got very near the head-spring of that revolt. He tells us that it was in fact his ode on the insurrection in Candia which drew from Mazzini a letter of appreciation and so led to the actual beginning of their personal intercourse. The poet's mother—Lady Jane Henrietta Ashburnham—had been educated in Florence; and Florentine and Italian associations, early and late, were threaded from the beginning into the texture of his early life. It is not being too fanciful, perhaps, to relate to the same associations Dante Gabriel Rossetti's following in Oxford, when Burne-Jones and Swinburne were among the followers. Afterwards the Rossetti influence became for a time paramount. It immensely affected the younger poet; possibly it taught him some new imaginative subtleties, although it could teach him nothing of that marvellous command of unsuspected cadences in which he already excelled. But beyond that one cannot help thinking that while Rossetti may not have played exactly the part of the pigmy-king, who invited Herla underground, his effect was in some ways rather akin to the stronger lure of Gautier and Baudelaire.

As the opening volume of this new edition may help to recall, the original "Queen-Mother and Rosamund," a scarce book now, was dedicated to Rossetti. That was in 1860. Five years later "Atalanta in Calydon" was published, and still the public was but dully sensible of the new poet and his new music, "large-toned and sweet, and equal in lyric compass to every demand of his imaginative and dramatic idea." Then came the first "Poems and Ballads" volume; and the excitement and the outcry that ensued came very near to producing an apoplexy among the critics and to shaking and disturbing severely one old-established firm of publishers.

What seems to have happened precisely was this. An early copy of the "Poems and Ballads" volume came into the hands of Dallas, then chief literary reviewer to *The Times*, who, after ruminating on what we will call the pigmy-poems, strode off to Moxon's with an ultimatum. Either, said he, let them withdraw the book or he would denounce it and destroy it. As they had no wish to be denounced or destroyed themselves, they preferred to accept the former alternative. John Camden Hotten brought out the book, and thereby began that independent pub-

lisher's tradition which, continued by his successors, has ever since been associated with Mr. Swinburne's writings.

The noise that the critics and reviewers, responsible and irresponsible, made over the book, helped as always is the case to give it a sudden vogue. It became notorious. Both enemies and honest men attacked it; the poet and his friends furiously resisted. The pigmies were delighted and flocked to the encounter. Only those who truly cared about the fortunes of poetry and knew the endless possibilities of the poet himself were disturbed at the encounter. They heartily wished the offending poems at the bottom of the sea; and I daresay many of them now would confess to a desire, that with the lapse of time and the cooling of the argument, they should have been allowed to sink finally into limbo.

However, the poet, who has the casting vote, has decided otherwise; and since they, with the rest of his reprinted poems, remain exactly as they were originally printed and written, we must take the consolation of perceiving that, ranged with the mass of his work even in the single volume of the six, they seem rather grotesque than anything and more abnormal than wicked.

But what a relief to escape from the caves to the upper air and the ampler region of Mr. Swinburne's ideal and most magical control; there, indeed, one breathes free and hears the voices of the gods as they have sounded not often in all the major range of English verse.

"I, last least voice of her voices  
Give thanks that were mute in me long  
To the soul in my soul that rejoices  
For the song that is over my song.  
Time gives what he gains for the giving  
Or takes for his tribute of me  
My dreams to the wind ever living  
My song to the sea."

So, too, one hears it, set to a superb music, in the exchange of lament at the passing of Meleager:—

*Meleager.*

Unto each man his fate  
Unto each as he saith  
In whose fingers the weight  
Of the world is as breath:

Yet I would that in clamour of battle mine hands had laid hold upon death.

*Chorus.*

Not with cleaving of shields  
And their clash in thine ear,  
When the lord of fought fields  
Breaketh spearshaft from spear,

Thou art broken, our lord, thou art broken, with travail, and labour,  
and fear.

*Meleager.*

Would God he had found me  
 Beneath fresh boughs,  
 Would God he had bound me  
 Unawares in mine house,  
 With light in mine eyes, and songs in my lips, and a crown on my brows.

And in the same lyric tragedy of *Althæa* and *Atalanta*, one hears it in *Althæa's* noble speech at the beginning of the end :—

“I would I had died unwedded, and brought forth  
 No swords to vex the world; for these that spake  
 Sweet words long since, and loved me will not speak  
 Nor love nor look upon me; and all my life  
 I shall not hear nor see them living men.”

But thinking of *Althæa*, we go on to recall *Iseult* and Mr. Swinburne's essays in the Arthurian cycle late and early. And *Iseult* and *Tristram* tempt us to picture the time again when the P.R.B. were alive and very potential; and when William Morris, and Rossetti, and Burne-Jones, and others were venturing into the domain of the Cymric king—allured as a *Chrestien de Troyes* and a *Marie de France* had been in an older day by that great fantasy. But this London Pre-Raphaelite and post-Tennysonian coterie wore its Arthurian and other colours with a difference. Their music had a stamp of its own. They seemed to be reared up in a little private music-gallery in the Victorian house of fame; with curious instruments and tapestries (which were really new, but looked old) hanging from the balustrade.

It was not long, however, before the author of “*Tristram of Lyonesse*” came out of that close confraternity, persuaded, it may be, by the one mysterious man, who was unknown to the outer public, who had written nothing, painted nothing, done nothing that they knew of; but who, it was whispered, pulled many of the strings which moved the outward and visible performances of the rest. This was Mr. Theodore Watts, better known now as Mr. Watts-Dunton, who had a private door into the gallery and occasionally took one of its occupants, jaded by the over-charged æsthetic atmosphere, for a little walk in the open air.<sup>1</sup>

Common interests, and common topics—*Aeschylus*, let us say; the Elizabethan playwrights and the gospel of the P.R.B., may have drawn Rossetti's “friend of friends” into a closer friendship, too, with Rossetti's younger companion at Chatham House.

(1) Compare what is said by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer in his monograph on Rossetti (Duckworth) as to the similar influence of the same common friend, in the leader of the P.R.B.

Other ties and other associations contributing, we see how even "Tristram of Lyonesse" became a subject painted in "plein-air," and how its writer became more and more confirmed now in his innate love for the sea, and for its "joyful and fateful beauty," and for all that roving life with which his London days were intermitted. And if Rossetti pulled one way, Rossetti's friend, or so one conjectures, pulled hard the other way; and that other way led always back to the sea—to Guernsey and Sark and Dunwich, and back to the veritable original of Joyous Gard on the Northumbrian coast.

From this time forth, Mr. Swinburne's poetry turned more expressly to landscape and place-effects, and one does not know whether to think it good or bad, seeing that descriptive verse can so easily be overdone. But, says Mr. Swinburne himself, if a "mere descriptive poetry of the prepense and formal kind" is open to reproach, there is another kind of poetry where the emotion of the spectator and the poet is clearly felt and where there is corresponding life in the written page. "This note," he says, "is more plain and positive than usual in the poem which attempts—at once a single and an ambitious attempt—to render the contrast and the concord of night and day on Loch Torridon; it is, I think, duly sensible though implicitly subdued in four poems of the west undercliff, born or begotten of sunset in the bay and moonlight on the cliffs, noon or morning in a living and shining garden, afternoon or twilight on one left flowerless and forsaken."

This is a retrospect of the days when the Isle of Wight and the coast between Bonchurch and Ventnor figures largely in the story; when "the majestic and exquisite glory of cliff and crag, lawn and woodland, garden and lea," inspired the four poems, "In the Bay," "On the Cliffs," "A Forsaken Garden," and the dedication of "The Sisters."

However, it was not Mr. Swinburne's impassioned poetry of nature but his impassioned and much more typical song of man which gave him a distinctive effect upon his most susceptible hearers in the impulsive first period. And what he himself says of this part of his work is so absolutely characteristic of the spirit in which it was conceived and written that it is impossible not to quote it:—

The writer of "Songs before Sunrise," from the first line to the last (he says), wrote simply in submissive obedience to Sir Philip Sidney's precept—"Look in thine heart, and write." The dedication of these poems, and the fact that the dedication was accepted, must be sufficient evidence of this. . . . These poems, and others which followed or preceded them in print, were inspired by such faith as is born of devotion and reverence: not by such faith, if faith it may be called, as is synonymous with servility

or compatible with prostration of an abject or wavering spirit and a submissive or dethroned intelligence.

This is enough perhaps to suggest what can best be completed by a leading passage from one of the poems he refers to. The "Mater Triumphalis" in this series would alone go far to support the view that the prevalent notion of his work and inspiration entertained by the outer public to-day is a hugely mistaken one :—

"One hour for sleep,' we said, 'and yet one other;  
All day we served her, and who shall serve by night?'  
Not knowing of thee, they face not knowing, Oh mother,  
Oh, light, wherethrough the darkness is as light.

"Men that forsook thee hast thou not forsaken,  
Races of men that knew not hast thou known,  
Nations that slept thou hast doubted not to waken,  
Worshippers of strange Gods to make thine own.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Death is subdued to thee, and hell's bands broken;  
Where thou art only is heaven; who hears not thee  
Time shall not hear him; when men's names are spoken,  
A nameless sign of death shall his name be.

"Deathless shall be the death, the name be nameless;  
Sterile of stars his twilight time of breath;  
With fire of hell shall shame consume him shameless,  
And dying, all the night darken his death.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have no spirit of skill with equal fingers  
At sign to sharpen, or to slacken strings;  
I keep no time of song with gold-perched singers  
And chirp of linnets on the wrists of kings.

"I am thy storm-thrush of the days that darken,  
My petrel in the foam that bears thy bark  
To port through night and tempest; if thou hearken  
My voice is in thy heaven before the lark.

"My song is in the mist that hides thy morning,  
My cry is up before the day for thee;  
I have heard thee and beheld thee and give warning  
Before thy wheels divide the sky and sea.

"Birds shall wake with thee voiced and feathered fairer,  
To see in summer what I see in spring;  
I have eyes and heart to endure thee, oh thunder-bearer,  
And they shall be who shall have tongues to sing."

With this note of prophetic enthusiasm sounding in one's ears, one is not only led to the conviction that the popular idea of Mr. Swinburne, as the voice of a perverse and wicked generation is, as I said, mistaken, but that he is, of all poets of our era, that one who has suffered most from excess of moral energy,



a too religious sense of pity and a too fierce, impassionate sympathy for his fellows. It is this incalculable, emotional excess that tempted him in his earlier period to the inartistic and immature extremes he hints at in his Dedicatory Epistle; and that has led him on occasion in much later volumes to the desperate necessity of denouncing God and Mr. Gladstone.

Recognising this as a sign of a vehemence of nature and imagination, which is certainly not like that of the typical English writers in verse or prose to-day, we shall be better able to realise how irresistible was the prime force that accompanied Mr. Swinburne's advent in the Victorian field. And as we measure his powers, too, in the major field of English poetry we are better able to relate him to those other English poets, who have, in the same way, taken Atlas's burden on their shoulders.

If there is in his work, as there is in theirs, a characteristic resumption of things and influences not English, it may be, indeed, it is, because, while he learnt from the noblest English masters, from Marlowe and Shakespeare, and their kin, he learnt, too, from the Hebrew poets and Greek dramatists. To Aeschylus, he added Ezekiel; and from the Bible, as from the Elizabethans, he gained, no doubt, something of that alarming biblical freedom of speech, which, joined to his vivid imagination of all sensuous and terrestrial things, has had much to do with the stubborn indignation he has aroused among many honest folk. But they, one fears, do not always realise what an amazing book the Old Testament is, or how dangerous to the minds and vocables of imaginative youth it may have proved.

Far then from ranking the earlier Mr. Swinburne's "Songs before Sunrise," and the "Poems and Ballads," with the poets of an English decadence, we ought to count him with the Victorian humanists, who, if they went astray, did so from excess of zeal. They took up new weapons on behalf of this much misunderstood and estreated humanity of ours, drove out the traffickers that would make of free men vassals of kings and slaves of tradition, and carried the cry of their indignation, as Victor Hugo in his rôle of the new Prometheus had done, up to the gates of heaven itself. It does not at all impair the force of this suggestion, to have to admit that the leaders in the humanitarian revolt did sometimes, in error or in wrath, furiously belabour each other and each other's disciples. Moral enthusiasm, like the poetic imagination, is a thing *sui generis*; it exists apart from the objects to which the intellectual or the æsthetic perceptions may guide it. Mr. Swinburne, denouncing his fellow republicans as the unfortunate anarchists and monarchs of this imperfect world, or the disciples and idolisers of a noble leader in the same cause

oversea, "is still acting strictly according to the temperamental law of his being. We may see renewed in him indeed an old predicament of many poets, at odds with themselves or their time; we see, that is to say, the prophet struggling in him with the poet, and at times overwhelming the poet; and then again we see the poet taking his lyric revenge. It was so that an earlier generation once saw, in the intellectual tragedy of Coleridge, the metaphysician in him gradually overtaking, and dragging down, and killing out the poet.

Probably we shall find this struggle, in Mr. Swinburne's case, continue in its other way, both for good and evil, on to the very end. That the spirit of pure poetry is by no means dead in him, we should know, if from nothing else, by the eloquence with which in his "Dedicatory Epistle" to the collected edition, he defends and maintains his practice of, and his loyalty to its tenets and its art. We should know it above all, if all that has been said on this count is true, by the significant close of this epistle addressed to his associate of twenty-five years past, to his "best and dearest friend," and Rossetti's "friend of friends,"—Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. "It is nothing to me," concludes Mr. Swinburne, "that what I write should find immediate or general acceptance; it is much to know that on the whole it has won for me the right to address this dedication, and inscribe this edition to you." Here, to be sure, is the echo of an old intolerance for the public, which may appear to suggest the voice in the wilderness; but the true incidence of this close is in its final clause, and may be more plainly seen when one realises that it is an appeal from that public, not to the gods or pigmies, but to a fellow-poet.

ERNEST RHYS.

# A MODERN UTOPIA.

## A SOCIOLOGICAL HOLIDAY.

BY

H. G. WELLS.

### CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

#### THE VOICE OF NATURE.

##### § 1.

PRESENTLY we recognise the fellow of the earthly Devil's Bridge, still intact as a footway, spanning the gorge, and old memories turn us off the road down the steep ruin of an ancient mule track towards it. It is our first reminder that Utopia too must have a history. We cross it and find the Reuss, for all that it has already lit and warmed and ventilated and cleaned several thousands of houses in the dale above, and for all that it drives those easy trams in the gallery overhead, is yet capable of as fine a cascade as ever it flung on earth. So we come to a rocky path, wild as one could wish, and descend, discoursing how good and fair an ordered world may be, but with a certain unformulated qualification in our minds about those thumb marks we have left behind.

"Do you recall the Zermatt valley?" says my friend, "and how on earth it reeks and stinks with smoke?"

"People make that an argument for obstructing change, instead of helping it forward!"

And here perforce an episode intrudes. We are invaded by a talkative person.

He overtakes us and begins talking forthwith in a fluty, but not unamiable, tenor. He is a great talker, this man, and a fairly respectable gesticulator, and to him it is we make our first ineffectual tentatives at explaining who indeed we are; but his flow of talk washes that all away again. He has a face of that rubicund, knobby type I have heard an indignant mineralogist speak of as botryoidal, and about it waves a quantity of disorderly blond hair. He is dressed in leather doublet and knee breeches, and he wears over these a streaming woollen cloak of faded crimson that gives him a fine dramatic outline as he comes down towards us over the rocks. His feet, which are large and handsome, but bright pink with the keen morning air, are bare except for sandals of leather.

(It was the only time that we saw anyone in Utopia with bare feet.) He salutes us with a scroll-like waving of his stick, and falls in with our slower paces.

"Climbers, I presume?" he says, "and you scorn these trams of theirs? I like you. So do I! Why a man should consent to be dealt with as a bale of goods holding an indistinctive ticket—when God gave him legs and a face—passes my understanding."

As he speaks, his staff indicates the great mechanical road that runs across the gorge and high overhead through a gallery in the rock, follows it along until it turns the corner, picks it up as a viaduct far below, traces it until it plunges into an arcade through a jutting crag, and there dismisses it with a spiral whirl. "No!" he says.

He seems sent by Providence, for just now we had been discussing how we should broach our remarkable situation to these Utopians before our money is spent.

Our eyes meet, and I gather from the botanist that I am to open our case.

I do my best.

"You came from the other side of space!" says the man in the crimson cloak, interrupting me. "Precisely! I like *that*—it's exactly my note! So do I! And you find this world strange! Exactly my case! We are brothers! We shall be in sympathy. I am amazed, I have been amazed as long as I can remember, and I shall die, most certainly, in a state of incredulous amazement, at this remarkable world. Eh? . . . You found yourselves suddenly upon a mountain top! Fortunate men!" He chuckled. "For my part I found myself in the still stranger position of infant to two parents of the most intractable dispositions!"

"The fact remains," I protest.

"A position, I can assure you, demanding Tact of an altogether superhuman quality!"

We desist for a space from the attempt to explain our remarkable selves, and for the rest of the time this picturesque and exceptional Utopian takes the talk entirely under his control. . . .

## § 2.

An agreeable person, though a little distracting, he was, and he talked, we recall, of many things. He impressed us, we found afterwards, as a *poseur* beyond question, a conscious Ishmaelite in the world of wit, and in some subtly inexplicable way as a most consummate ass. He talked first of the excellent and commodious trams that came from over the passes, and ran down the long valley towards middle Switzerland, and of all the growth of pleasant homes and chalets amidst the heights that made the opening gorge so different from its earthly parallel, with a fine disrespect. "But they are beautiful," I protested. "They are graciously proportioned, they are placed in well-chosen positions; they give no offence to the eye."

"What do we know of the beauty they replace? They are a mere rash. Why should we men play the part of bacteria upon the face of our Mother?"

"All life is that!"

"No! not natural life, not the plants and the gentle creatures that live their wild shy lives in forest and jungle. That is a part of her. That is the natural bloom of her complexion. But these houses and tramways and things, all made from ore and stuff torn from her veins——! You can't better my image of the rash. It's a morbid breaking out! I'd give it all for one—what is it?—free and natural chamois."

"You live at times in a house?" I asked.

He ignored my question. For him, untroubled Nature was the best, he said, and, with a glance at his feet, the most beautiful. He professed himself a Nazarite, and shook back his Teutonic poet's shock of hair. So he came to himself, and for the rest of our walk he kept to himself as the thread of his discourse, and went over himself from top to toe, and strung thereon all topics under the sun by way of illustrating his splendours. But especially his foil was the relative folly, the unnaturalness and want of logic in his fellow men. He held strong views about the extreme simplicity of everything, only that men, in their muddleheadedness, had confounded it all. "Hence, for example, these trams! They are always running up and down as though they were looking for the lost simplicity of nature. 'We dropped it here!'" He earned a living, we gathered, "some considerable way above the minimum wage," which threw a chance light on the labour problem—by perforating records for automatic musical machines—no doubt of the Pianotist and Pianola kind—and he spent all the leisure he could gain in going to and fro in the earth lecturing on "The Need of a Return to Nature," and on "Simple Foods and Simple Ways." He did it for the love of it. It was very clear to us he had an inordinate impulse to lecture, and esteemed us fair game. He had been lecturing on these topics in Italy, and he was now going back through the mountains to lecture in Saxony, lecturing on the way, to perforate a lot more records, lecturing the while, and so start out lecturing again. He was undisguisedly glad to have us to lecture to by the way.

He called our attention to his costume at an early stage. It was the embodiment of his ideal of Nature-clothing, and it had been made especially for him at very great cost. "Simply because naturalness has fled the earth, and has to be sought now, and washed out from your crushed complexities like gold."

"I should have thought," said I, "that any clothing whatever was something of a slight upon the natural man."

"Not at all," said he, "not at all! You forget his natural vanity!"

He was particularly severe on our artificial hoofs, as he called our boots, and our hats or hair destructors. "Man is the real King of

Beasts and should wear a mane. The lion only wears it by consent and in captivity." He tossed his head.

Subsequently while we lunched and he waited for the specific natural dishes he ordered—they taxed the culinary resources of the inn to the utmost—he broached a comprehensive generalisation. "The animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom are easily distinguished, and for the life of me I see no reason for confusing them. It is, I hold, a sin against Nature. I keep them distinct in my mind and I keep them distinct in my person. No animal substance inside, no vegetable without;—what could be simpler or more logical? Nothing upon me but leather and allwool garments, within, cereals, fruit, nuts, herbs, and the like. Classification—order—man's function. He is here to observe and accentuate Nature's simplicity. These people"—he swept an arm that tried not too personally to include us—"are filled and covered with confusion."

He ate great quantities of grapes and finished with a cigarette. He demanded and drank a great horn of unfermented grape juice, and it seemed to suit him well.

We three sat about the board—it was in an agreeable little arbour on a hill hard by the place where Wassen stands on earth, and it looked down the valley to the Uri Rothstock, and ever and again we sought to turn his undeniable gift of exposition to the elucidation of our own difficulties.

But we seemed to get little, his style was so elusive. Afterwards, indeed, we found much information and many persuasions had soaked into us, but at the time it seemed to us he told us nothing. He indicated things by dots and dashes, instead of by good hard assertive lines. He would not pause to see how little we knew. Sometimes his wit rose so high that he would lose sight of it himself, and then he would pause, purse his lips as if he whistled, and then till the bird came back to the lure, fill his void mouth with grapes. He talked of the relations of the sexes, and love—a passion he held in great contempt as being in its essence complex and disingenuous—and afterwards we found we had learnt much of what the marriage laws of Utopia allow and forbid.

"A simple natural freedom," he said, waving a grape in an illustrative manner, and so we gathered the Modern Utopia did not at any rate go to that. He spoke, too, of the regulation of unions, of people who were not allowed to have children, of complicated rules and interventions. "Man," he said, "has ceased to be a natural product!"

We tried to check him with questions at this most illuminating point, but he drove on like a torrent, and carried his topic out of sight. The world, he held, was overmanaged, and that was the root of all evil. He talked of the overmanagement of the world, and among other things of the laws that would not let a poor simple idiot, a "natural," go at large. And so we had our first glimpse of what Utopia did with the feeble and insane. "We make all these

distinctions between man and man, we exalt this and favour that, and degrade and seclude that; we make birth artificial, life artificial, death artificial."

"You say *We*," said I, with the first glimmering of a new idea, "but *you* don't participate?"

"Not I! I'm not one of your *samurai*, your voluntary noblemen who have taken the world in hand. I might be, of course, but I'm not."

"*Samurai*!" I repeated, "voluntary noblemen!" and for the moment could not frame a question.

He whirled on to an attack on science, that stirred the botanist to controversy. He denounced with great bitterness all specialists whatever, and particularly doctors and engineers.

"Voluntary noblemen," he said, "voluntary Gods I fancy they think themselves," and I was left behind for a space in the perplexed examination of this parenthesis, while he and the botanist—who is sedulous to keep his digestion up to date with all the newest devices—argued about the good of medicine men.

"The natural human constitution," said the blond-haired man, "is perfectly simple, with one simple condition—you must leave it to nature. But if you mix up things so distinctly and essentially separated as the animal and vegetable kingdoms for example, and ram *that* in for it to digest, what can you expect?"

"Ill health! There isn't such a thing—in the course of nature. But you shelter from nature in houses, you protect yourselves by clothes that are useful instead of being ornamental, you wash—with such abstersive chemicals as soap for example—and above all you consult doctors." He approved himself with a chuckle. "Have you ever found anyone seriously ill without doctors and medicine about? Never! You say a lot of people would die without shelter and medical attendance! No doubt—but a natural death. A natural death is better than an artificial life, surely? That's—to be frank with you—the very citadel of my position."

That led him, and rather promptly, before the botanist could rally to reply, to a great tirade against the laws that forbade "sleeping out." He denounced them with great vigour, and alleged that for his own part he broke that law whenever he could, found some corner of moss, shaded from an excess of dew, and there sat up to sleep. He slept, he said, always in a sitting position, with his head on his wrists, and his wrists on his knees—the simple natural position for sleep in man. . . . He said it would be far better if all the world slept out, and all the houses were pulled down.

You will understand, perhaps, the subdued irritation I felt, as I sat and listened to the botanist entangling himself in the logical net of this wild nonsense. It impressed me as being irrelevant. When one comes to a Utopia one expects a Cicerone, one expects a person as precise and insistent and instructive as an American advertisement—the advertisement of one of those land agents, for example, who print their own engaging photographs to instil

confidence and begin, "You want to buy real estate." One expects to find all Utopians absolutely convinced of the perfection of their Utopia, and incapable of receiving a hint against its order. And here was this purveyor of absurdities!

And yet now that I come to think it over, is not this too one of the necessary differences between a Modern Utopia and those finite compact settlements of the older school of dreamers? It is not to be a unanimous world any more, it is to have all and more of the mental contrariety we find in the world of the real; it is no longer to be perfectly explicable, it is just our own vast mysterious welter, with some of the blackest shadows gone, with a clearer illumination, and a more conscious and intelligent will. Irrelevance is not irrelevant to such a scheme, and our blond-haired friend is exactly just where he ought to be here.

Still——

### § 3.

I ceased to listen to the argumentation of my botanist with this apostle of Nature. The botanist, in his scientific way, was, I believe, defending the learned professions. (He thinks and argues like drawing on squared paper.) It struck me as transiently remarkable that a man who could not be induced to forget himself and his personal troubles on coming into a whole new world, who could waste our first evening in Utopia upon a paltry egotistical love story, should presently become quite heated and impersonal in the discussion of scientific professionalism. He was—absorbed. I can't attempt to explain these vivid spots and blind spots in the imaginations of sane men; there they are!

"You say," said the botanist, with a prevalent index finger, and the resolute deliberation of a big siege gun being lugged into action over rough ground by a number of inexperienced men, "you prefer a natural death to an artificial life. But what is your *definition* (stress) of artificial? . . ."

And after lunch too! I ceased to listen, flicked the end of my cigarette ash over the green trellis of the arbour, stretched my legs with a fine restfulness, leant back, and gave my mind to the fields and houses that lay adown the valley.

What I saw interwove with fragmentary things our garrulous friend had said, and with the trend of my own speculations. . . .

The high road, with its tramways and its avenues on either side, ran in a bold curve, and with one great loop of descent, down the opposite side of the valley, and below crossed again on a beautiful viaduct, and dipped into an arcade in the side of the Bristenstock. Our inn stood out boldly, high above the level this took. The houses clustered in their collegiate groups over by the high road, and near the subordinate way that ran almost vertically below us and past us and up towards the valley of the Meien Reuss. There were one or two Utopians cutting and packing the flowery mountain



grass in the carefully levelled and irrigated meadows by means of swift, light machines that ran on things like feet and seemed to devour the herbage, and there were many children and a woman or so, going to and fro among the houses near at hand. I guessed a central building towards the high road must be the school from which these children were coming. I noted the health and cleanliness of these young heirs of Utopia as they passed below.

The pervading quality of the whole scene was a sane order, the deliberate solution of problems, a progressive intention steadily achieving itself, and the aspect that particularly occupied me was the incongruity of this with our blond-haired friend.

On the one hand here was a state of affairs that implied a power of will, an organising and controlling force, the co-operation of a great number of vigorous people to establish and sustain its progress, and on the other this creature of pose and vanity, with his restless wit, his perpetual giggle at his own cleverness, his manifest incapacity for comprehensive cooperation.

Now, had I come upon a hopeless incompatibility? Was this the *reductio ad absurdum* of my vision, and must it even as I sat there fade, dissolve, and vanish before my eyes?

There was no denying our blond friend. If this Utopia is indeed to parallel our earth, man for man—and I see no other reasonable choice to that—there must be this sort of person and kindred sorts of persons in great abundance. The desire and gift to see life whole is not the lot of the great majority of men, the service of truth is the privilege of the elect, and these clever fools who choke the avenues of the world of thought, who stick at no inconsistency, who oppose, obstruct, confuse, will find only the freer scope amidst Utopian freedoms.

(They argued on, these two, as I worried my brains with riddles. It was like a fight between a cock sparrow and a tortoise; they both went on in their own way, regardless of each other's proceedings. The encounter had an air of being extremely lively, and the moments of contact were few. "But you mistake my point," the blond man was saying, disordering his hair—which had become unruffled in the preoccupation of dispute—with a hasty movement of his hand, "you don't appreciate the position I take up.")

"Ugh!" said I privately, and lighted another cigarette and went away into my own thoughts with that.

The position he takes up! That's the way of your intellectual fool, the Universe over. He takes up a position, and he's going to be the most brilliant, delightful, engaging and invincible of gay delicious creatures defending that position you can possibly imagine. And even when the case is not so bad as that, there still remains the quality. We "take up our positions," silly little contentious creatures that we are, we will not see the right in one another, we will not patiently state and restate, and honestly accommodate and plan, and so we remain at sixes and sevens.

We've all a touch of Gladstone in us, and try to the last moment to deny we have made a turn. And so our poor broken-springed world jolts athwart its trackless destiny. Try to win into line with some fellow weakling, and see the little host of suspicions, aggressions, misrepresentations, your approach will stir—like summer flies in a roadway—the way he will try to score a point and claim you as a convert to what he has always said, his fear lest the point should be scored to you.

It is not only such gross and palpable cases as our blond and tenoring friend. I could find the thing negligible were it only that. But when one sees the same thread woven into men who are leaders, men who sway vast multitudes, who are indeed great and powerful men; when one sees how unfair they can be, how unteachable, the great blind areas in their eyes also, their want of generosity, then one's doubts gather like mists across this Utopian valley, its vistas pale, its people become unsubstantial phantoms, all its order and its happiness dim and recede. . . .

If we are to have any Utopia at all, we must have a clear common purpose, and a great and steadfast movement of will to override all these incurably egotistical dissentients. Something is needed wide and deep enough to float the worst of egotisms away. The world is not to be made right by acclamation and in a day, and then for ever more trusted to run alone. It is manifest this Utopia could not come about by chance and anarchy, but by coordinated effort and a community of design, and to tell of just land laws and wise government, a wisely balanced economic system, and wise social arrangements without telling how it was brought about, and how it is sustained against the vanity and self-indulgence, the moody fluctuations and uncertain imaginations, the heat and aptitude for partisanship that lurk, even when they do not flourish, in the texture of every man alive, is to build a palace without either door or staircase.

I had not this in mind when I began.

Somewhere in the Modern Utopia there must be adequate men, men the very antithesis of our friend, capable of self-devotion, of intentional courage, of honest thought, and steady endeavour. There must be a literature to embody their common idea, of which this Modern Utopia is merely the material form; there must be some organisation, however slight, to keep them in touch one with the other.

Who will these men be? Will they be a caste? a race? an organisation in the nature of a Church? . . . And there came into my mind the words of our acquaintance, that he was not one of these "voluntary noblemen."

At first that phrase struck me as being merely queer, and then I began to realise certain possibilities that were wrapped up in it.

The animus of our chance friend, at any rate, went to suggest that here was his antithesis. Evidently what he is not, will be the class to contain what is needed here. Evidently.

## § 4.

I was recalled from my meditations by the hand of the blond-haired man upon my arm.

I looked up to discover the botanist had gone into the inn.

The blond-haired man was for a moment almost stripped of pose.

"I say," he said. "Weren't you listening to me?"

"No," I said bluntly.

His surprise was manifest. But by an effort he recalled what he had meant to say.

"Your friend," he said, "has been telling me, in spite of my sustained interruptions, a most incredible story."

I wondered how the botanist managed to get it in. "About that woman?" I said.

"About a man and a woman who hate each other and can't get away from each other."

"I know," I said.

"It sounds absurd."

"It is."

"Why can't they get away? What is there to keep them together? It's ridiculous. I——"

"Quite."

"He *would* tell it to me."

"It's his way."

"He interrupted me. And there's no point in it. Is he——" he hesitated, "mad?"

"There's a whole world of people mad with him," I answered after a pause.

The perplexed expression of the blond-haired man intensified. It is vain to deny that he enlarged the scope of his inquiry, visibly if not verbally. "Dear me!" he said, and took up something he had nearly forgotten. "And you found yourselves suddenly on a mountain side? . . . I thought you were joking."

I turned round upon him with a sudden access of earnestness. At least I meant my manner to be earnest, but to him it may have seemed wild.

"You," I said, "are an original sort of man. Do not be alarmed. Perhaps you will understand. . . . We were not joking."

"But, my dear fellow!"

"I mean it! We come from an inferior world! Like this, but out of order."

"No world could be more out of order——"

"You play at that and have your fun. But there's no limit to the extent to which a world of men may get out of gear. In our world——"

He nodded, but his eye had ceased to be friendly.

"Men die of starvation; people die by the hundred thousand needlessly and painfully; men and women are lashed together to

make hell for each other; children are born—abominably, and reared in cruelty and folly; there is a thing called war, a horror of blood and vileness. The whole thing seems to me at times a cruel and wasteful wilderness of muddle. You in this decent world have no means of understanding——”

“No?” he said, and would have begun, but I went on too quickly.

“No! When I see you dandering through this excellent and hopeful world, objecting, obstructing, and breaking the law, displaying your wit on science and order, on the men who toil so ingloriously to swell and use the knowledge that is salvation, this salvation for which *our* poor world cries to heaven——”

“You don’t mean to say,” he said, “that you really come from some other world where things are different and worse?”

“I do.”

“And you want to talk to me about it instead of listening to me?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, nonsense!” he said abruptly. “You can’t do it—really. I can assure you this present world touches the nadir of imbecility. You and your friend, with his love for the lady who’s so mysteriously tied—you’re romancing! People could not possibly do such things. It’s—if you’ll excuse me—ridiculous. *He* began—he would begin. A most tiresome story—simply bore me down. We’d been talking very agreeably before that, or rather *I* had, about the absurdity of marriage laws, the interference with a free and natural life, and so on, and suddenly he burst like a dam. No!” He paused. “It’s really impossible. You behave perfectly well for a time, and then you begin to interrupt. . . . And such a childish story, too!”

He spun round upon his chair, got up, glanced at me over his shoulder, and walked out of the arbour. He stepped aside hastily to avoid too close an approach to the returning botanist. “Impossible,” I heard him say. He was evidently deeply aggrieved by us. I saw him presently a little way off in the garden, talking to the landlord of our inn, and looking towards us as he talked—they both looked towards us—and after that, without the ceremony of a farewell, he disappeared, and we saw him no more. We waited for him a little while, and then I expounded the situation to the botanist. . . .

“We are going to have a very considerable amount of trouble explaining ourselves,” I said in conclusion. “We are here by an act of the imagination, and that is just one of those metaphysical operations that are so difficult to make credible. We are, by the standard of bearing and clothing I remark about us, unattractive in dress and deportment. We have nothing to produce to explain our presence here, no bit of a flying machine or a space travelling sphere or any of the apparatus customary on these occasions. We have no means beyond a dwindling amount of small change out of a gold coin, upon which I suppose in ethics and the law some native Utopian had a better claim. We may already have got ourselves

into trouble with the authorities with that confounded number of yours! "

" You did one too! "

" All the more bother, perhaps, when the thing is brought home to us. There's no need for recriminations. The thing of moment is that we find ourselves in the position—not to put too fine a point upon it—of tramps in this admirable world. The question of all others of importance to us at present is what do they do with their tramps? Because sooner or later, and the balance of probability seems to incline to sooner, whatever they do with their tramps that they will do with us."

" Unless we can get some work."

" Exactly—unless we can get some work."

" Get work! "

The botanist leant forward on his arms and looked out of the arbour with an expression of despondent discovery. " I say," he remarked; " this is a strange world—quite strange and new. I'm only beginning to realise just what it means for us. The mountains there are the same, the old Bristenstock and all the rest of it; but these houses, you know, and that roadway, and the costumes, and that machine that is licking up the grass there—only. . . ."

He sought expression. " Who knows what will come in sight round the bend of the valley there? Who knows what may happen to us anywhere? We don't know who rules over us even . . . we don't know that! "

" No," I echoed, " we don't know *that*."

## CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

### FAILURE IN A MODERN UTOPIA.

#### § 1.

THE old Utopias—save for the breeding schemes of Plato and Campanella—ignored that reproductive competition among individualities which is the substance of life, and dealt essentially with its incidentals. The endless variety of men, their endless gradation of quality, over which the hand of selection plays, and to which we owe the unmanageable complication of real life, is tacitly set aside. The real world is a vast disorder of accidents and incalculable forces in which men survive or fail. A Modern Utopia, unlike its predecessors, dare not pretend to change the last condition; it may order and humanise the conflict, but men must still survive or fail.

Most Utopias present themselves as going concerns, happiness in

being; they make it an essential condition that a happy land can have no history, and all the citizens one is permitted to see are well looking and upright and mentally and morally in tune. But we are under the dominion of a logic that obliges us to take over the actual population of the world with only such moral and mental and physical improvements as lie within their inherent possibilities, and it is our business to ask what Utopia will do with its congenital invalids, its idiots and madmen, its drunkards and men of vicious mind, its cruel and furtive souls, its stupid people, too stupid to be of use to the community, its lumpish, unteachable and unimaginative people? And what will it do with the man who is "poor" all round, the rather spiritless, rather incompetent low grade man who on earth sits in the den of the sweater, tramps the streets under the banner of the unemployed, or trembles in another man's cast-off clothing, and with an infinity of hat-touching—on the verge of rural employment?

These people will have to be in the descendent phase, the species must be engaged in eliminating them; there is no escape from that, and conversely the people of exceptional quality must be ascendant. The better sort of people, so far as they can be distinguished, must have the fullest freedom of public service, and the fullest opportunity of parentage. And it must be open to every man to approve himself worthy of ascendancy.

The way of Nature in this process is to kill the weaker and the sillier, to crush them, to starve them, to overwhelm them, using the stronger and more cunning as her weapon. But man is the unnatural animal, the rebel child of nature, and more and more does he turn himself against the harsh and fitful hand that reared him. He sees with a growing resentment the multitude of suffering ineffectual lives over which his species tramples in its ascent. In the Modern Utopia he will have set himself to change the ancient law. No longer will it be that failures must suffer and perish lest their breed increase, but the breed of failure must not increase lest they suffer and perish and the race with them.

Now we need not argue here to prove that the resources of the world and the energy of mankind, were they organised sanely, are amply sufficient to supply every material need of every living human being. And if it can be so contrived that every human being shall live in a state of reasonable physical and mental comfort, without the reproduction of inferior types, there is no reason whatever why that should not be secured. But there must be a competition in life of some sort to determine who are to be pushed to the edge, and who are to prevail and multiply. Whatever we do, man will remain a competitive creature, and though moral and intellectual training may vary and enlarge his conception of success and fortify him with refinements and consolations, no Utopia will ever save him completely from the emotional drama of struggle, from exultations and humiliations, from pride and prostration and shame. He lives

in success and failure just as inevitably as he lives in space and time.

But we may do much to make the margin of failure endurable. On earth, for all the extravagance of charity, the struggle for the mass of men at the bottom resolves itself into a struggle, and often a very foul and ugly struggle, for food, shelter, and clothing. Deaths outright from exposure and starvation are now perhaps uncommon, but for the multitude there are only miserable houses, uncomfortable clothes, and bad and insufficient food; fractional starvation and exposure, that is to say. A Utopia planned upon modern lines will certainly have put an end to that. It will insist upon every citizen being properly housed, well nourished, and in good health, reasonably clean and clothed healthily, and upon that insistence its labour laws will be founded. In a phrasing that will be familiar to everyone interested in social reform, it will maintain a standard of life. Any house, unless it be a public monument, that does not come up to its rising standard of healthiness and convenience, the Utopian State will incontinently pull down, and pile the material and charge the owner for the labour; any house unduly crowded or dirty, it must in some effectual manner, directly or indirectly, confiscate and clear and clean. And any citizen indecently dressed, or ragged and dirty, or publicly unhealthy, or sleeping abroad homeless, or in any way neglected or derelict, must come under its care. It will find him work if he can and will work, it will take him to it, it will register him and lend him the money wherewith to lead a comely life until work can be found or made for him, and it will give him credit and shelter him and strengthen him if he is ill. In default of private enterprises it will provide inns for him and food, and it will—by itself acting as the reserve employer—maintain a minimum wage which will cover the cost of a decent life. The State will stand at the back of the economic struggle as the reserve employer of labour. This most excellent idea does, as a matter of fact, underlie the British institution of the workhouse, but it is jumbled up with the relief of old age and infirmity, it is administered parochially and on the supposition that all population is static and localised whereas every year it becomes more migratory; it is administered without any regard to the rising standards of comfort and self-respect in a progressive civilisation, and it is administered grudgingly. The thing that is done is done as unwilling charity by administrators who are often, in the rural districts at least, competing for low priced labour, and who regard want of employment as a crime. But if it were possible for any citizen in need of money to resort to a place of public employment as a right, and there work for a week or month without degradation upon certain minimum terms, it seems fairly certain that no one would work, except as the victim of some quite exceptional and temporary accident, for less.

The work publicly provided would have to be toilsome, but not

cruel nor incapacitating. A choice of occupations would need to be afforded, occupations adapted to different types of training and capacity, with some residual employment of a purely laborious and mechanical sort for those who were incapable of doing the things that required intelligence. Necessarily this employment by the State would partake of the nature of the relief of economic pressure, but it would not be considered a charity done to the individual, but a public service. It need not pay, any more than the police need pay, but it could probably be done at a small margin of loss. There is a number of durable things bound finally to be useful that could be made and stored whenever the tide of more highly paid employment ebbed and labour sank to its minimum, bricks, iron from inferior ores, shaped and preserved timber, pins, nails, plain fabrics of cotton and linen, paper, sheet glass, artificial fuel, and so on; new roads could be made and public buildings reconstructed, inconveniences of all sorts removed, until under the stimulus of accumulating material, accumulating investments or other circumstances, the tide of private enterprise flowed again.

The State would provide these things for its citizen as though it was his right to require them; he would receive as a shareholder in the common enterprise and not with any insult of charity. But on the other hand it will require that the citizen who renders the minimum of service for these concessions shall not become a parent until he is established in work at a rate above the minimum, and free of any debt he may have incurred. The State will never press for its debt, nor put a limit to its accumulation so long as a man or woman remains childless; it will not even grudge them temporary spells of good fortune when they may lift their earnings above the minimum wage. It will pension the age of everyone who cares to take a pension, and it will maintain special guest homes for the very old to which they may come as paying guests, spending their pensions there. By such obvious devices it will achieve the maximum elimination of its feeble and spiritless folk in every generation with the minimum of suffering and public disorder.

## § 2.

But the mildly incompetent, the spiritless and dull, the poorer sort who are ill, do not exhaust our Utopian problem. There remain idiots and lunatics, there remain perverse and incompetent persons, there are people of weak character who become drunkards, drug takers, and the like. Then there are persons tainted with certain foul and transmissible diseases. All these people spoil the world for others. They may become parents, and with most of them there is manifestly nothing to be done but to seclude them from the



great body of the population. You must resort to a kind of social surgery. You cannot have social freedom in your public ways, your children cannot speak to whom they will, your girls and gentle women cannot go abroad while some sorts of people go free. And there are violent people, and those who will not respect the property of others, thieves and cheats, they, too, so soon as their nature is confirmed, must pass out of the free life of our ordered world. So soon as there can be no doubt of the disease or baseness of the individual, so soon as the insanity or other disease is assured, or the crime repeated a third time, or the drunkenness or misdemeanour past its seventh occasion (let us say), so soon must he or she pass out of the common ways of men.

The dreadfulness of all such proposals as this lies in the possibility of their execution falling into the hands of hard, dull, and cruel administrators. But in the case of a Utopia one assumes the best possible government, a government as merciful and deliberate as it is powerful and decisive. You must not too hastily imagine these things being done—as they would be done on earth at present—by a number of zealous half-educated people in a state of panic at a quite imaginary “Rapid Multiplication of the Unfit.”

No doubt for first offenders, and for all offenders under five-and-twenty, the Modern Utopia will attempt cautionary and remedial treatment. There will be disciplinary schools and colleges for the young, fair and happy places, but with less confidence and more restraint than the schools and colleges of the ordinary world. In remote and solitary regions these enclosures will lie, they will be fenced in and forbidden to the common run of men, and there, remote from all temptation, the defective citizen will be schooled. There will be no masking of the lesson; “which do you value most, the wide world of humanity, or this evil trend in you?” From that discipline at last the prisoners will return.

But the others; what would a saner world do with them?

Our world is still vindictive, but the all-reaching State of Utopia will have the strength that begets mercy. Quietly the outcast will go from among his fellow men. There will be no drumming of him out of the ranks, no tearing off of epaulettes, no smiting in the face. The thing must be just public enough to obviate secret tyrannies, and that is all.

There would be no killing, no lethal chambers. No doubt Utopia will kill all deformed and monstrous and evilly diseased births, but for the rest, the State will hold itself accountable for their being. There is no justice in Nature perhaps, but the idea of justice must be sacred in any good society. Lives that statesmanship has permitted, errors it has not foreseen and educated against, must not be punished by death. If the State does not keep faith, no one will keep faith. Crime and bad lives are the measure of a State's failure, all crime in the end is the crime of the community. Even for murder Utopia will not, I think, kill.

I doubt even if there will be jails. No men are quite wise enough, good enough and cheap enough to staff jails as a jail ought to be staffed. Perhaps islands will be chosen, islands lying apart from the highways of the sea, and to these the State will send its exiles, most of them thanking Heaven, no doubt, to be quit of a world of prigs. The State will, of course, secure itself against any children from these people, that is the primary object in their seclusion, and perhaps it may even be necessary to make these island prisons a system of island monasteries and island nunneries. Upon that I am not competent to speak, but if I may believe the literature of the subject—unhappily a not very well criticised literature—it is not necessary to enforce this separation.<sup>1</sup>

About such islands patrol boats will go, there will be no freedoms of boat building, and it may be necessary to have armed guards at the creeks and quays. Beyond that the State will give these segregated failures just as full a liberty as they can have. If it interferes any further it will be simply to police the islands against the organisation of serious cruelty, to maintain the freedom of any of the detained who wish it to transfer themselves to other islands, and so to keep a check upon tyranny. The insane, of course, will demand care and control, but there is no reason why the islands of the hopeless drunkard, for example, should not each have a virtual autonomy, have at the most a Resident and a guard. I believe that a community of drunkards might be capable of organising even its own bad habit to the pitch of tolerable existence. I do not see why such an island should not build and order for itself and manufacture and trade. "Your ways are not our ways," the World State will say; "but here is freedom and a company of kindred souls. Elect your jolly rulers, brew if you will and distil; here are vine cuttings and barley fields; do as it pleases you to do. We will take care of the knives, but for the rest—deal yourselves with God!"

And you see the big convict steamship standing in to the Island of Incurable Cheats. The crew are respectfully at their quarters, ready to lend a hand overboard, but wide awake, and the captain is hospitably on the bridge to bid his guests good-bye and keep an eye on the movables. The new citizens for this particular Alsatia, each no doubt with his personal belongings securely packed and at hand, crowd the deck and study the nearing coast. Bright, keen faces would be there, and we, were we by any chance to find ourselves beside the captain, might recognise the double of this great earthly magnate or that, Petticoat Lane and Park Lane cheek by jowl. The landing part of the jetty is clear of people, only a government man or so stands there to receive the boat and prevent a rush, but beyond the gates a number of engagingly smart-looking individuals loiter speculatively. One figures a remarkable building labelled Custom House, an interesting fiscal revival this population has made, and beyond, crowding up the hill, the painted walls of a number of

(1) See for example Dr W. A. Chapple's *The Fertility of the Unfit*.

comfortable inns clamour loudly. One or two inhabitants in reduced circumstances would act as hotel touts, there are several hotel omnibuses and a Bureau de Change, certainly a Bureau de Change. And a small house with a large board, aimed point-blank seaward, declares itself a Gratis Information Office, and next to it rises the graceful dome of a small Casino. Beyond, great hoardings proclaim the advantages of many island specialities, a hustling commerce, and the opening of a Public Lottery. There is a large cheap-looking barrack, the school of Commercial Science for gentlemen of inadequate training . . . .

Altogether a very go-ahead looking little port it would be, and though this disembarkation would have none of the flow of hilarious good fellowship that would throw a halo of genial noise about the Islands of Drunk, it is doubtful if the new arrivals would feel anything very tragic in the moment. Here at last was scope for adventure after their hearts.

This sounds more fantastic than it is. But what else is there to do, unless you kill? You must seclude, but why should you torment? All modern prisons are places of torture by restraint, and the habitual criminal plays the part of a damaged mouse at the mercy of the cat of our law. He has his little painful run and back he comes again to a state more horrible even than destitution. There are no Alsatias left in the world. For my own part I can think of no crime, unless it is reckless begetting or the wilful transmission of contagious disease, for which the bleak terrors, the solitudes and ignominies of the modern prison do not seem outrageously cruel. If you want to go so far as that, then kill. Why, once you are rid of them, should you pester criminals to respect an uncongenial standard of conduct? Into some such receptacles as this a modern Utopia will have to purge itself. There is no alternative that I can contrive.

### § 3.

Will a Utopian be free to be idle?

Work has to be done, every day humanity is sustained by its collective effort, and without a constant recurrence of effort in the single man as in the race as a whole, there is neither health nor happiness. The permanent idleness of a human being is not only burdensome to the world, but his own secure misery. But unprofitable occupation is also intended by idleness, and it may be considered whether that freedom also will be open to the Utopian. Conceivably it will, like privacy, locomotion, and almost all the freedoms of life, and on the same terms—if he possess the money to pay for it.

That last condition may produce a shock in minds accustomed to the proposition that money is the root of all evil, and to the idea that Utopia necessarily implies something rather oaken and hand-

made and primitive in all these relations. Of course, money is not the root of any evil in the world; the root of all evil in the world, and the root of all good too, is the Will to Live, and money becomes harmful only when by bad laws and bad economic organisation it is more easily attained by bad men than good. It is as reasonable to say food is the root of all disease, because so many people suffer from excessive and unwise eating. The sane economic ideal is to make the possession of money the clear indication of public serviceableness, and the more nearly that ideal is attained, the smaller is the justification of poverty and the less the hardship of being poor. In barbaric and disorderly countries it is almost honourable to be indigent and unquestionably virtuous to give to a beggar, and even in the more or less civilised societies of earth, so many children come into life hopelessly handicapped, that austerity to the poor is regarded as the meanest of mean virtues. But in Utopia everyone will have had an education and a certain minimum of nutrition and training; everyone will be insured against ill-health and accidents; there will be the most efficient organisation for balancing the pressure of employment and the presence of disengaged labour, and so to be moneyless will be clear evidence of unworthiness. In Utopia, no one will dream of giving to a casual beggar, and no one will dream of begging.

There will need to be, in the place of the British casual wards, simple but comfortable inns with a low tariff—controlled to a certain extent no doubt, and even in some cases maintained, by the State. This tariff will have such a definite relation to the minimum permissible wage, that a man who has incurred no liabilities through marriage or the like relationship, will be able to live in comfort and decency upon that minimum wage, pay his small insurance premium against disease, death, disablement, or ripening years, and have a margin for clothing and other personal expenses. But he will get neither shelter nor food, except at the price of his freedom, unless he can produce money.

But suppose a man without money in a district where employment is not to be found for him; suppose the amount of employment to have diminished in the district with such suddenness as to have stranded him there. Or suppose he has quarrelled with the only possible employer, or that he does not like his particular work. Then no doubt the Utopian State, which wants everyone to be just as happy as the future welfare of the race permits, will come to his assistance. One imagines him resorting to a neat and business-like post-office, and stating his case to a civil and intelligent official. In any sane State the economic conditions of every quarter of the earth will be watched as constantly as its meteorological phases, and a daily map of the country within a radius of three or four hundred miles showing all the places where labour is needed will hang upon the post-office wall. To this his attention will be directed. The man out of work will decide to try his luck in this place or that, and

the public servant, the official will make a note of his name, verify his identity—the freedom of Utopia will not be incompatible with the universal registration of thumb marks—and issue passes for travel and coupons for any necessary inn accommodation on his way to the chosen destination. There he will seek a new employer.

Such a free change of locality once or twice a year from a region of restricted employment to a region of labour shortage will be among the general privileges of the Utopian citizen.

But suppose that in no district in the world is there work within the capacity of this particular man?

Before we suppose that, we must take into consideration the general assumption one is permitted to make in all Utopian speculations. All Utopians will be reasonably well educated upon Utopian lines; there will be no illiterates unless they are unteachable imbeciles, no rule-of-thumb toilers as inadaptable as trained beasts. The Utopian worker will be as versatile as any well-educated man is on earth to-day, and no Trade Union will impose a limit to his activities. The world will be his Union. If the work he does best and likes best is not to be found, there is still the work he likes second best. Lacking his proper employment, he will turn to some kindred trade.

But even with that adaptability, it may be that sometimes he will not find work. Such a disproportion between the work to be done and the people to do it may arise as to present a surplus of labour everywhere. This disproportion may be due to two causes: to an increase of population without a corresponding increase of enterprises, or to a diminution of employment throughout the world due to the completion of great enterprises, to economies achieved, or to the operation of new and more efficient labour-saving appliances. Through either cause, a World State may find itself doing well except for an excess of citizens of mediocre and lower quality.

But the first cause may be anticipated by wise marriage laws. . . . The full discussion of these laws will come later, but here one may insist that Utopia will control the increase of its population. Without the determination and ability to limit that increase as well as to stimulate it whenever it is necessary, no Utopia is possible. That was clearly demonstrated by Malthus for all time.

The second cause is not so easily anticipated, but then, though its immediate result in glutting the labour market is similar, its final consequences are entirely different from those of the first. The whole trend of a scientific mechanical civilisation is continually to replace labour by machinery and to increase it in its effectiveness by organisation, and so quite independently of any increase in population labour must either fall in value until it can compete against and check the cheapening process, or if that is prevented, as it will be in Utopia, by a minimum wage, come out of employment. There is no apparent limit to this process. But a surplus of efficient labour at the minimum wage is exactly the condition that should

stimulate new enterprises, and that in a state saturated with science and prolific in invention will stimulate new enterprises. An increasing surplus of available labour without an absolute increase of population, an increasing surplus of labour due to increasing economy and not to proliferation, and which, therefore, does not press on and disarrange the food supply, is surely the ideal condition for a progressive civilisation. I am inclined to think that, since labour will be regarded as a delocalised and fluid force, it will be the World State and not the big municipalities ruling the force areas that will be the reserve employer of labour. Very probably it will be convenient for the State to hand over the surplus labour for municipal purposes, but that is another question. All over the world the labour exchanges will be reporting the fluctuating pressure of economic demand and transferring workers from this region of excess to that of scarcity; and whenever the excess is universal, the World State—failing an adequate development of private enterprise—will either reduce the working day and so absorb the excess, or set on foot some permanent special works of its own, paying the minimum wage and allowing them to progress just as slowly or just as rapidly as the ebb and flow of labour dictated. But with sane marriage and birth laws there is no reason to suppose such calls upon the resources and initiative of the world more than temporary and exceptional occasions.

## § 4.

The existence of our blond bare-footed friend was evidence enough that in a modern Utopia a man will be free to be just as idle or uselessly busy as it pleases him, after he has earned the minimum wage. He must do that, of course, to pay for his keep, to pay his assurance tax against ill-health or old age, and any charge or debt paternity may have brought upon him. The World State of the modern Utopist is no state of moral compulsions. If, for example, under the restricted Utopian scheme of inheritance, a man inherited sufficient money to release him from the need to toil, he would be free to go where he pleased and do what he liked. A certain proportion of men at ease is good for the world; work as a moral obligation is the morality of slaves, and so long as no one is overworked there is no need to worry because some few are underworked. Utopia does not exist as a solace for envy. From leisure, in a good moral and intellectual atmosphere, come experiments, come philosophy and the new departures.

In any modern Utopia there must be many leisurely people. We are all too obsessed in the real world by the strenuous ideal, by the idea that the vehement incessant fool is the only righteous man. Nothing done in a hurry, nothing done under strain, is really well done. A State where all are working hard, where none go to and fro, easily and freely, loses touch with the purpose of freedom.

But inherited independence will be the rarest and least permanent of Utopian facts, for the most part that wider freedom will have to be earned, and the inducements to men and women to raise their personal value far above the minimum wage will be very great indeed. Thereby will come privacies, more space in which to live, liberty to go everywhere and do no end of things, the power and freedom to initiate interesting enterprises and assist and co-operate with interesting people, and indeed all the best things of life. The modern Utopia will give a universal security indeed, and exercise the minimum of compulsions to toil, but it will offer some acutely desirable prizes. The aim of all these devices, the minimum wage, the standard of life, provision for all the feeble and unemployed and so forth, is not to rob life of incentives but to change their nature, to make life not less energetic, but less panic-stricken and violent and base, to shift the incidence of the struggle for existence from our lower to our higher emotions, so to anticipate and neutralise the motives of the cowardly and bestial, that the ambitious and energetic imagination which is man's finest quality may become the incentive and determining factor in survival.

### § 5.

After we have paid for our lunch in the little inn that corresponds to Wassen, the botanist and I would no doubt spend the rest of the forenoon in the discussion of various aspects and possibilities of Utopian labour laws. We should examine our remaining change, copper coins of an appearance ornamental rather than reassuring, and we should decide that after what we had gathered from the man with the blond hair, it would, on the whole, be advisable to come to the point with the labour question forthwith. At last we should draw the deep breath of resolution and arise and ask for the Public Office. We should know by this time that the labour bureau sheltered with the post-office and other public services in one building.

The public office of Utopia would of course contain a few surprises for two men from terrestrial England. You imagine us entering, the botanist lagging a little behind me, and my first attempts to be offhand and commonplace in a demand for work.

The office is in charge of a quick-eyed little woman of six and thirty perhaps, and she regards us with a certain keenness of scrutiny.

"Where are your papers?" she asks.

I think for a moment of the documents in my pocket, my passport chequered with visas and addressed in my commendation and in the name of her late Majesty by *We, Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil, Marquess of Salisbury, Earl of Salisbury, Viscount Cranborne, Baron Cecil*, and so forth, to all whom it may concern, my *Carte d'Identité* (useful on minor occasions) of the Touring Club de France, my green ticket to the Reading Room of the British Museum,

and my *Lettre d'Indication* from the London and County Bank. A foolish humour prompts me to unfold all these, hand them to her and take the consequences, but I resist.

"Lost," I say, briefly.

"Both lost?" she asks, looking at my friend.

"Both," I answer.

"How?"

I astonish myself by the readiness of my answer.

"I fell down a snow slope and they came out of my pocket."

"And exactly the same thing happened to both of you?"

"No. He'd given me his to put with my own." She raised her eyebrows. "His pocket is defective," I add, a little hastily.

Her manners are too Utopian for her to follow that up. She seems to reflect on procedure.

"What are your numbers?" she asks, abruptly.

A vision of that confounded visitors' book at the inn above comes into my mind. "Let me *see*," I say, and pat my forehead and reflect, refraining from the official eye before me. "Let me *see*."

"What is yours?" she asks the botanist.

"A. B." he says, slowly, "little *a*, nine four seven, I *think*——"

"Don't you know?"

"Not exactly," says the botanist, very agreeably. "No."

"Do you mean to say neither of you know your own numbers?" says the little post-mistress, with a rising note.

"Yes," I say, with an engaging smile and trying to keep up a good social tone. "It's queer, isn't it? We've both forgotten."

"You're joking," she suggests.

"Well," I temporise.

"I suppose you've got your thumbs?"

"The fact is——" I say and hesitate. "We've got our thumbs, of course."

"Then I shall have to send a thumb print down to the office and get your number from that. But are you sure you haven't your papers or numbers? It's very queer."

We admit rather sheepishly that it's queer, and question one another silently.

She turns thoughtfully for the thumbmarking slab, and as she does so, a man enters the office. At the sight of him she asks with a note of relief, "What am I to do, sir, here?"

He looks from her to us gravely, and his eye lights to curiosity at our dress. "What is the matter, madam?" he asks, in a courteous voice.

She explains.

So far the impression we have had of our Utopia is one of a quite unearthly sanity, of good management and comprehensive design in every material thing, and it has seemed to us a little incongruous that all the Utopians we have talked to, our host of last night, the post-mistress and our garrulous tramp, have been of the



most commonplace type. But suddenly there looks out from this man's pose and regard a different quality, a quality altogether nearer that of the beautiful tramway and of the gracious order of the mountain houses. He is a well-built man of perhaps five and thirty, with the easy movement that comes with perfect physical condition, his face is clean shaven and shows the firm mouth of a disciplined man, and his grey eyes are clear and steady. His legs are clad in some woven stuff deep-red in colour, and over this he wears a white shirt fitting pretty closely, and with a woven purple hem. His general effect reminds me somehow of the Knights Templars. On his head is a cap of thin leather and still thinner steel, and with the vestiges of ear guards—rather like an attenuated version of the caps that were worn by Cromwell's Ironsides.

He looks at us and, as she explains, we interpolate a word or so and feel a good deal of embarrassment at the foolish position we have made for ourselves. I determine to cut my way out of this entanglement before it complicates itself further.

"The fact is——" I say.

"Yes?" he says, with a faint smile.

"We've perhaps been disingenuous. Our position is so entirely exceptional, so difficult to explain——"

"What have you been doing?"

"No," I say, with decision; "it can't be explained like that."

He looks down at his feet. "Go on," he says.

I try to give the thing a quiet, matter-of-fact air. "You see," I say, in the tone one adopts for really lucid explanations, "we come from another world. Consequently, whatever thumb mark registration or numbering you have in this planet doesn't apply to us, and we don't know our numbers because we haven't got any. We are really, you know, explorers, strangers——"

"But what world do you mean?"

"It's a different planet—a long way away. Practically at an infinite distance."

He looks up in my face with the patient expression of a man who listens to nonsense.

"I know it sounds impossible," I say, "but here is the simple fact—we *appear* in your world. We appeared suddenly upon the neck of Lucendro—the Passo Lucendro—yesterday afternoon, and I defy you to discover the faintest trace of us before that time. Down we marched into the San Gotthard Road and here we are! That's our fact. And as for papers——! Where in your world have you seen papers like this?"

I produce my pocket-book, extract my passport, and present it to him.

His expression has changed. He takes the document and examines it, turns it over, looks at me, and smiles that faint smile of his again.

"Have some more," I say, and proffer the card of the T.C.F.

I follow up that blow with my green British Museum ticket, as tattered as a flag in a knight's chapel.

"You'll get found out," he says, with my documents in his hand. "You've got your thumbs. You'll be measured. They'll refer to the central registers, and there you'll be!"

"That's just it," I say, "we sha'n't be."

He reflects. "It's a queer sort of joke for you two men to play," he decides, handing me back my documents.

"It's no joke at all," I say, replacing them in my pocket-book.

The post-mistress intervenes. "What would you advise me to do?"

"No money?" he asks.

"No."

He makes some suggestions. "Frankly," he says, "I think you have escaped from some island. How you got so far as here I can't imagine, or what you think you'll do. . . . But anyhow, there's the stuff for your thumbs."

He points to the thumb-marking apparatus and turns to attend to his own business.

Presently we emerge from the office in a state between discomfiture and amusement, each with a tramway ticket for Lucerne in his hand and with sufficient money to pay our expenses until the morrow. We are to go to Lucerne because there there is a demand for comparatively unskilled labour in carving wood, which seems to us a sort of work within our range and a sort that will not compel our separation.

## § 6.

The old Utopias were sessile organisations; the new must square itself to the needs of a migratory population, to an endless coming and going, to a people as fluid and tidal as the sea. It does not enter into the scheme of earthly statesmanship, but indeed all local establishments, all definitions of place, are even now melting under our eyes. Presently all the world will be awash with anonymous stranger men.

Now the simple laws of custom, the homely methods of identification that served in the little communities of the past when everyone knew everyone, fail in the face of this liquefaction. If the modern Utopia is indeed to be a world of responsible citizens, it must have devised some scheme by which every person in the world can be promptly and certainly recognised, and by which anyone missing can be traced and found.

This is by no means an impossible demand. The total population of the world is, on the most generous estimate, not more than 1,500,000,000, and the effectual indexing of this number of people,

the record of their movement hither and thither, the entry of various material facts, such as marriage, parentage, criminal convictions and the like, the entry of the new born and the elimination of the dead, colossal task though it would be, is still not so great as to be immeasurably beyond comparison with the work of the post-offices in the world of to-day, or the cataloguing of such libraries as that of the British Museum, or such collections as that of the insects in Cromwell Road. Such an index could be housed quite comfortably on one side of Northumberland Avenue, for example. It is only a reasonable tribute to the distinctive lucidity of the French mind to suppose the central index housed in a vast series of buildings at or near Paris. The index would be classified primarily by some unchanging physical characteristic, such as we are told the thumb mark and finger mark afford, and to these would be added any other physical traits that were of material value. The classification of thumb marks and of inalterable physical characteristics goes on steadily, and there is every reason for assuming it possible that each human being could be given a distinct formula, a number or "scientific name," under which he or she could be docketed.<sup>1</sup> About the buildings in which this great main index would be gathered, would be a system of other indices with cross references to the main one, arranged under names, under professional qualifications, under diseases, crimes and the like.

These index cards might conceivably be transparent and so contrived as to give a photographic copy promptly whenever it was needed, and they could have an attachment into which would slip a ticket bearing the name of the locality in which the individual was last reported. A little army of attendants would be at work upon this index day and night. From sub-stations constantly engaged in checking back thumb-marks and numbers, an incessant stream of information would come, of births, of deaths, of arrivals at inns, of applications to post-offices for letters, of tickets taken for long journeys, of criminal convictions, marriages, applications for public doles and the like. A filter of offices would sort the stream, and all day and all night for ever a swarm of clerks would go to and fro correcting this central register, and photographing copies of its entries for transmission to the subordinate local stations, in response to their inquiries. So the inventory of the State would watch its every man and the wide world would write its history as the fabric of its destiny flowed on. At last, when the citizen died, would come the last entry of all, his age and the cause of his death and the date and place of his cremation, and his card would be taken out and passed on to the universal pedigree, to a place of greater quiet, to the ever-growing galleries of the records of the dead.

Such a record is inevitable if a Modern Utopia is to be achieved.

(1) It is quite possible that the actual thumb mark may play only a small part in the work of identification, but it is an obvious convenience to our thread of story to assume that it is the one sufficient feature.

Yet at this, too, our blond-haired friend would no doubt rebel. One of the many things to which some will make claim as a right, is that of going unrecognised and secret whither one will. But that, so far as one's fellow wayfarers were concerned, would still be possible. Only the state would share the secret of one's little concealment. To the eighteenth century Liberal, to the old-fashioned nineteenth century Liberal, that is to say to all professed Liberals, brought up to be against the Government on principle, this organised clairvoyance will be the most hateful of dreams. Perhaps, too, the Individualist would see it in that light. But these are only the mental habits acquired in an evil time. The old liberalism assumed bad government, the more powerful the government the worse it was, just as it assumed the natural righteousness of the free individual. Darkness and secrecy were, indeed, the natural refuges of liberty when every government had in it the near possibility of tyranny, and the Englishman or American looked at the papers of a Russian or a German as one might look at the chains of a slave. You imagine that father of the old Liberalism, Rousseau, slinking off from his offspring at the door of the Foundling Hospital, and you can understand what a crime against natural virtue this quiet eye of the State would have seemed to him. But suppose we do not assume that government is necessarily bad, and the individual necessarily good—and the hypothesis upon which we are working practically abolishes either alternative—then we alter the case altogether. The government of a modern Utopia will be no perfection of intentions ignorantly ruling the world. . . .<sup>1</sup>

Such is the eye of the State that is now slowly beginning to apprehend our existence as two queer and inexplicable particles disturbing the fine order of its field of vision, the eye that will presently be focussing itself upon us with a growing astonishment and interrogation. "Who in the name of Galton and Bertillon," one fancies Utopia exclaiming, "are *you*?"

I perceive I shall cut a queer figure in that focus. I shall affect a certain spurious ease of carriage no doubt. "The fact is," I shall begin . . .

### § 7.

And now see how an initial hypothesis may pursue and overtake its maker. Our thumb marks have been taken, they have travelled

(1) In the typical modern State of our own world, with its population of many millions, and its extreme facility of movement, undistinguished men who adopt an alias can make themselves untraceable with the utmost ease. The temptation of the opportunities thus offered has developed a new type of criminality, the Deeming or Crossman type, base men who subsist and feed their heavy imaginations in the wooing, betrayal, ill treatment, and sometimes even the murder of undistinguished women. This is a large, a growing, and, what is gravest, a prolific class, fostered by the practical anonymity of the common man. It is only the murderers who attract much public attention, but the supply of low class prostitutes is also largely due to these free adventures of the base. It is one of the bye products of State liberalism, and at present it is very probably drawing ahead in the race against the development of police organisation.

by pneumatic tube to the central office of the municipality hard by Lucerne, and have gone on thence to the headquarters of the index at Paris. There, after a rough preliminary classification, I imagine them photographed on glass, and flung by means of a lantern in colossal images upon a screen, all finely squared, and the careful experts marking and measuring their several convolutions. And then off goes a brisk clerk to the long galleries of the index building.

I have told them they will find no sign of us, but you see him going from gallery to gallery, from bay to bay, from drawer to drawer, and from card to card. "Here he is!" he mutters to himself, and he whips out a card and reads. "But that is impossible!" he says. . . .

You figure us returning after a day or so of such Utopian experiences as I must presently describe, to the central office in Lucerne, even as we have been told to do.

I make my way to the desk of the man who has dealt with us before. "Well?" I say, cheerfully, "have you heard?"

His expression dashes me a little. "We've heard," he says, and adds, "it's very peculiar."

"I told you you wouldn't find out about us," I say, triumphantly.

"But we have," he says; "but that makes your freak none the less remarkable."

"You've heard! You know who we are! Well—tell us! We had an idea, but we're beginning to doubt."

"You," says the official, addressing the botanist, "are——!"

And he breathes his name. Then he turns to me and gives me mine.

For a moment I am dumbfounded. Then I think of the entries we made at the inn in the Urserenthal, and then in a flash I have the truth. I rap the desk smartly with my finger tips and shake my index finger in my friend's face.

"By Jove!" I say in English. "They've got our doubles!"

The botanist snaps his fingers. "Of course! I didn't think of that."

"Do you mind," I say to this official, "telling us some more about ourselves?"

"I can't think why you keep it up," he remarks, and then almost wearily tells me the facts about my Utopian self. They are a little difficult to understand. He says I am one of the Samurai, which sounds Japanese, "but you will be degraded," he says, with a gesture almost of despair. He describes my position in this world in phrases that convey very little.

"The queer thing," he remarks, "is that you were in Norway only three days ago."

"I am there still. At least——. I'm sorry to be so much trouble to you, but do you mind following up that last clue and inquiring if the person to whom the thumb mark really belongs isn't in Norway still?"

The idea needs explanation. He says something incomprehensible about a pilgrimage. "Sooner or later," I say, "you will have to believe there are two of us with the same thumb mark. I won't trouble you with any apparent nonsense about other planets and so forth again. Here I am. If I was in Norway a few days ago, you ought to be able to trace my journey hither. And my friend?"

"He was in India." The official is beginning to look perplexed.

"It seems to me," I say, "that the difficulties in this case are only just beginning. How did I get from Norway hither? Does my friend look like hopping from India to the Saint Gotthard at one hop? The situation is a little more difficult than that——"

"But here!" says the official, and waves what are no doubt photographic copies of the index cards.

"But we are not those individuals!"

"You *are* those individuals."

"You will see," I say.

He dabs his finger argumentatively upon the thumb marks. "I see now," he says.

"There is a mistake," I maintain, "an unprecedented mistake. There's the difficulty. If you inquire you will find it begin to unravel. What reason is there for us to remain casual workmen here, when you allege we are men of position in the world, if there isn't something wrong? We shall stick to this wood-carving work you have found us here, and meanwhile I think you ought to inquire again. That's how the thing shapes to me."

"Your case will certainly have to be considered further," he says, with the faintest of threatening notes in his tone. "But at the same time"—hand out to those copies from the index again—"there you are, you know!"

## § 8.

When my botanist and I have talked over and exhausted every possibility of our immediate position, we should turn, I think, to more general questions.

I should tell him the thing that was becoming more and more apparent in my own mind. Here, I should say, is a world, obviously on the face of it well organised. Compared with our world, it is like a well-oiled engine beside a scrap heap. It has even got this confounded visual organ swivelling about in the most alert and lively fashion. But that's by the way. . . . You have only to look at all these houses below. (We should be sitting on a seat on the Gütsch and looking down on the Lucerne of Utopia, a Lucerne that would, I insist quite arbitrarily, still keep the Wasserthurm and the Kapellbrücke.) You have only to mark the beauty, the simple cleanliness and balance of this world, you have only to see the free carriage, the unaffected graciousness of even the common people, to understand how fine and complete the arrangements of this world must be. How are they made so? We of the twentieth century are not

going to accept the sweetish, faintly nasty slops of Rousseauism that so gratified our great great grandparents in the eighteenth. We know that order and justice do not come by nature—"if only the policeman would go away." These things mean intention, will, carried to a scale that our poor vacillating, hot and cold earth has never known. What I am really seeing more and more clearly is the will beneath this visible Utopia. Convenient houses, admirable engineering that is no offence amidst natural beauties, beautiful bodies, and a universally gracious carriage, these are only the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace. Such an order means discipline. It means triumph over the petty egotisms and vanities that keep men on our earth apart; it means devotion and a nobler hope; it cannot exist without a gigantic process of inquiry, trial, forethought and patience in an atmosphere of mutual trust and concession. Such a world as this Utopia is not made by the chance occasional cooperations of self-indulgent men, by autocratic rulers or by the bawling wisdom of the democratic leader. And an unrestricted competition for gain, an enlightened selfishness, that too fails us. . . .

I have compared the system of indexing humanity we have come upon to an eye, an eye so sensitive and alert that two strangers cannot appear anywhere upon the planet without discovery. Now an eye does not see without a brain, an eye does not turn round and look without a will and purpose. A Utopia that deals only with appliances and arrangements is a dream of superficialities; the essential problem here, the body within these garments, is a moral and an intellectual problem. Behind all this material order, these perfected communications, perfected public services and economic organisations, there must be men. There must be a considerable number and a succession of men. No single man, no transitory group of men, could order and sustain this vast complexity. They must be men with a collective if not a common width of aim, and that involves a spoken or written literature, a living literature to sustain the harmony of their general activity. They must be men who have in some way put the more immediate objects of desire into a secondary place, and that means renunciation. They must be men effectual in action and persistent in will, and that means discipline. But in the modern world in which progress advances without limits, it will be evident that whatever common creed or formula they have must be of the simplest sort; that whatever organisation they have must be as mobile and flexible as a thing alive. All this follows inevitably from the general propositions of our Utopian dream. When we made those, we bound ourselves helplessly to come to this. . . .

The botanist would nod an abstracted assent.

I should cease to talk. I should direct my mind to the confused mass of memories three days in Utopia will have given us. Besides the personalities with whom we have come into actual contact, our various hosts, our foreman and work-fellows, the blond man, the

public officials and so on, there will be a great multitude of other impressions. There will be many bright snapshots of little children, for example, of girls and women and men, seen in shops and offices and streets, on quays, at windows and by the wayside, people riding hither and thither and walking to and fro. A very human crowd it has seemed to me. But among them were there any who might be thought of as having a wider interest than the others, who seemed in any way detached from the rest by a purpose that passed beyond the seen?

Then suddenly I recall that clean-shaven man who talked with us for a little while in the public office at Wassen, the man who reminded me of my boyish conception of a Knight Templar, and with him come momentary impressions of other lithe and serious-looking people dressed after the same manner, words and phrases we have read in such scraps of Utopian reading as have come our way, and expressions that fell from the loose mouth of the man with the blond hair. . . .

Have I or have I not seen any women of that type?

It is clear that this prevalent will must be visible not only in things and in the atmosphere of life, but also in organised individual men and women.

It seems to me that the central thought of any Utopian speculation must be about these men and women.

*(To be continued.)*



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the Prime Minister has been successful in inventing a formula which bids fair to keep them together—for a time. The question is for how long this success is likely to last. Mr. Balfour has invited his party to stand together—in defence of what? The right which the country already possesses to meet hostile tariffs by retaliation. By itself this policy may either be innocent, if not actually beneficial, in the view of the overwhelming mass of the members of both parties, or it may be merely a step on an inclined plane at the bottom of which is the old system of protection, taxed bread included. I do no injustice to a large proportion of the Prime Minister's supporters when I say that it is only because they regard it in the latter light that they are inclined to support it. They have made speeches by the score, by the hundred, to establish this point. If they did not take Mr. Balfour's platform as the half-way house to Mr. Chamberlain's, they would have nothing to do with it. But, on the other hand, a large section of the Unionist party, including many of its most influential members, if they accept Mr. Balfour's policy, do so on the express understanding that, so far as they are concerned, it is to be not the half-way house, but the terminus. With almost passionate emphasis they declare their absolute and unalterable opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's proposed tampering with free trade. These facts lie upon the surface of the situation for anybody to see.

This brings me to what is, after all, a more important factor than the attitude of the Prime Minister, the position of Mr. Chamberlain. Between him and Sir Michael Hicks Beach there are differences which, so far as the public can judge, are irreconcilable. If Sir Michael is right in his belief that he has succeeded in keeping Mr. Balfour on the free trade side of the fence, it is impossible to see how the working agreement between the latter and Mr. Chamberlain can continue to exist. Mr. Chamberlain, as everybody knows, is not the man to allow himself to be neglected, even by an ally to whom he owes so much as he does to the Premier. He may be content to bide his time, confident that in the end he will win both Mr. Balfour and the Unionist party to his side. But patience has not hitherto been regarded as one of his prominent characteristics, and it is difficult to believe that he will look on patiently whilst Sir Michael Hicks Beach and his friends claim to have won over the Prime Minister to their own side in the controversy. Mr. Chamberlain is no longer a young man; foes as well as friends are convinced that he is passionately in earnest in the part that he is now playing in our national life; he sees clearly the goal at which he is aiming, and it is impossible not to believe that he wishes to reach it with the least possible delay. This being the case, we can hardly expect him to sit with folded hands whilst his opponents in his own party are engaged in something more than a platonic flirtation with the Prime

of them, and as a natural consequence the public finds itself driven to the conclusion that the ex-Indian Secretary was quite accurate when he stated that the Prime Minister met the Cabinet in September with two alternative policies—one of retaliatory tariffs and the other of taxes upon food. Apparently, if one may judge by Mr. Balfour's speech at the Colston banquet, his view was that the fiscal system of the United Kingdom, a system which everybody recognises as affecting the very foundations of our commerce, was not a question of such consequence as to be made a test of the political opinions of individual statesmen. His own desire, he states, was that the members of his party—and even the members of his Cabinet—should, if they differed at all, agree to differ. It is certain that no more astonishing opinion than this was ever held by a Prime Minister. After all, there are such things as budgets, when the fiscal policy of the Government must always be revealed to the country. Mr. Balfour apparently seemed to believe that a budget—which is always the budget not of an individual Minister, but of the Cabinet as a whole—might without difficulty be either free trade or protectionist, or both or neither, at the same time. He was—always, however, subject to pamphlet No. 2, which has not yet seen the light of day—averse to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals for taxing food; but he was also 'anxious to reverse the fiscal tradition of the last two generations.' His real anxiety seems to have been to prevent the break-up of his own party and its resolution into two opposing camps. This, I imagine, is the true secret of the equivocal and unprecedented position he has assumed on this fiscal question. Like the peacefully-minded person who indulges in the cry of 'Anything for a quiet life,' Mr. Balfour was prepared to agree to anything for the sake of party unity.

It still remains to be seen whether his policy in this matter will be successful. So far, indeed, it must be admitted that it has achieved a considerable measure of success. If many of the most notable members of the Unionist party have ranged themselves in open opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, some of the most important of their number have declared that they are practically in agreement with the Prime Minister himself. They accept his formula about 'power to establish retaliatory tariffs' and are prepared to co-operate with him on that basis. Even Sir Michael Hicks Beach, to whom the doctrine of free trade is *sacro-sanct*, has declared his willingness to accept this position. The Duke of Devonshire, it is true, has taken another line. Just as when he saw that Mr. Gladstone 'meant something different' from himself on the question of Home Rule, now he thinks that Mr. Balfour's carefully devised words cover something to which he cannot possibly give his assent, and he has the courage to speak and act accordingly. But, taking the Unionist party as a body, it is not to be denied that

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## THE CONSTRUCTION AND POLICY OF THE NEXT GOVERNMENT.

THAT the Unionists will be beaten at the next general election is now admitted by all but blind and unreasoning partisans. The Government might have survived their bad legislation and their administrative failures, but the Fiscal question has broken and ruined the Unionists as a political power. For ten years they have been paying a fulsome homage to Mr. Chamberlain and acclaiming him as the great Statesman of the age, and he has repaid their devotion by deliberately destroying the party. Whether the Government could have been victorious in any case in a general election is very doubtful. The mismanagement of the war, the Education Act, the Licensing Act, the Sugar Bounties Convention, and the Chinese Labour Ordinance, have brought upon them a load of unpopularity which would sink almost any Ministry. Another influence, though it has not figured largely in speeches, has produced an effect on the mind of the electorate which it is difficult to measure. The public are profoundly disappointed with the state of South Africa. They bore the strain and cost of the war with cheerfulness, in the belief that in the two new Colonies they had found possessions of great natural resources which would attract a large British population. This anticipation has been bitterly disappointed. The Colonies so far have been a burden to the country; the British population instead of growing, tends to diminish, and from both the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony come stories of stagnant industry and great discontent. In no case does it seem likely that the Transvaal will become a State with a predominant British population, and it is by no means certain that it will be able to meet all the obligations imposed upon it. The public do not forget that soon after Mr. Chamberlain's return from South



Africa, he made haste to distract the attention of the country by a new agitation, and took the earliest opportunity of quitting the Government. When to all these causes of unpopularity are added the Tariff Reform proposals of Mr. Chamberlain—for the shadowy retaliation scheme of Mr. Balfour will not count when the struggle comes—the result of the next general election is nearly as certain as anything in the future can be. Whether the Liberals will obtain a majority independent of the Irish Party, is another matter; if they do, and if their leaders act with courage and prudence, they may enjoy a long lease of office. If they are dependent for their existence on the Nationalists, the Parliament will probably be short-lived, but the signs of the times point to a solid Liberal majority.

For the success of the coming Liberal administration two things are essential, a Government strong and coherent in its constitution, and a policy at once bold, firm, and carefully thought out. The composition of the next Government is a matter of the highest importance, and the Prime Minister, whoever he may be, has an unusual opportunity of constructing a powerful administration. He enters upon his task with many advantages. The ministry must be, to a considerable extent, new, for death and retirement have removed many members of the last Liberal Government. Lord Herschell, the Earl of Kimberley, Sir William Harcourt, Sir F. Lockwood, and Mr. Woodall are dead. Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. Arnold Morley, and Mr. George W. Russell have gone into a retirement from which no one wishes them to emerge. Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth and Mr. Herbert Gardner have disappeared in the House of Lords. The new Prime Minister therefore possesses an unusual freedom of selection, but the process of elimination must be carried further than it has been done by death or retirement. There are several members of Lord Rosebery's Government whom it would be a blunder to include in the next administration. Age, for one reason, ought to disqualify. I do not think it is drawing a very sharp line, when I say that no man much above the age of seventy should be included. Lord Ripon is seventy-seven, and is besides a Statesman of the ordinary or Akers-Douglas type. Mainly because he happened to be a peer he has filled many of the great offices of State, but had he been in the Commons he would never have got beyond the rank of an Under Secretaryship. Besides the fact that he is a Roman Catholic renders it impossible that he can be a party to any large changes in the Education Act. Sir Henry Fowler is seventy-five. He is a much abler man than Lord Ripon, and still possesses considerable vigour, but it is obvious that a man of his years cannot bring

strength to a Government which ought above all things to be inspired with the freshness and the spirit of youth. If Sir Henry Fowler wants a peerage, let him have it. Then comes Lord Spencer, who is approaching seventy, and whose health is not robust. It is or was believed that in the event of a Liberal triumph Lord Spencer would be sent for by the King, and that he would be asked to form a Ministry. This idea has rather gone out of favour. Apart from the question of health, there are very grave doubts whether he is fit for the position of Prime Minister. He is a man of sound judgment and possesses considerable administrative capacity. While Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland he showed courage and tenacity, but he is without originality or force of character; and as a speaker he is painfully feeble and ineffective. It has become almost necessary in this country that the Prime Minister should be able to address and impress great popular audiences. For more than thirty-five years the head of every Government has been a speaker of commanding force and ability. Gladstone, Disraeli, Salisbury, Rosebery, Balfour were or are Statesmen to whom the public meeting was part of the business of politics. They could rivet the attention of great audiences of their countrymen, and their speeches formed part of the political education of the people. Lord Spencer, as all his friends know, has no capacity of this kind, and under his dry and frigid style the most enthusiastic meeting would grow cold. His oratorical weakness might be overlooked if he were otherwise a great Statesman, but, unfortunately, he does not belong to the leaders of men. Most of the other members of the Rosebery Government are becoming old men. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is sixty-eight, Mr. Bryce is sixty-six, and Mr. Morley is the same age. It would be useless at present to discuss the actual constitution of the next Government; much depends upon the man to whom the task of forming it is committed. Lord Spencer, I think, may be safely set aside. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would, in ordinary circumstances, be asked to construct the Ministry, but knowing the difficulties with which he will be met he may decline the task. Lord Rosebery still professes to be unwilling to associate himself officially with the Liberal Party, but this disposition may pass away. If he is prepared to undertake the task it will probably be entrusted to him; but on the whole the indications are that to Mr. Asquith may be given the duty of forming the next Liberal Ministry.

In one respect the new Government ought to be different from all its predecessors. Hitherto, Ministries have been not unequally divided between the two Houses. For instance, there were of the last Rosebery Government in the Upper House, in addition

to the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, two Secretaries of State, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Chancellor of the Duchy, and two Under-Secretaries. Altogether there are between thirty and forty Liberal Peers, most of them absolutely unknown, and it would be simply intolerable that a great number of places in the Government should be divided among this small group of obscure politicians. Most of them owe what distinction they possess to the fact that they are Peers and Liberals, but this combination does not give them any claim to share nearly half the offices of the administration. In the next House of Commons there will, say, be 360 Liberals, and that some thirty Peers should absorb as many offices as twelve times the number of Liberals in the House of Commons would really be a public outrage. Besides, the Peers have some valuable perquisites. They necessarily obtain most of the household appointments, and have almost an exclusive title to the Lordships in Waiting. The only members of the next Cabinet with seats in the House of Lords ought to be the Lord Chancellor, one Secretary of State, and possibly the Lord President. The Lords in Waiting are quite sufficient to represent all the other departments of the State. Unless something like this principle is observed in the formation of the Government, there will be much anger and irritation among the general body of the Liberal Party.

Let us see how the Government can be strengthened in the Commons. Here again, care must be taken to distinguish ability from mere Parliamentary loquacity. There are some young gentlemen on the Liberal side of the House who think that because they talk often and talk much they have won a title to a seat on the Treasury Bench. Let the head of the next Administration banish as far as possible loquacious dulness from its ranks. The entire exclusion of this element is impossible, but it should be reduced to the very smallest dimensions. There is one man of exceptional ability and experience who ought to be in the next Administration; this is Sir Charles Dilke. It is said that owing to the unforgiving austerity of Mr. Stead, and his puritan brigade, he is to be excluded. I hope the Prime Minister will have the courage to treat with disdain the rancorous bitterness with which Mr. Stead has pursued the member for the Forest of Dean. Whatever that gentleman's offences may have been he has been amply punished for them, and the country ought not to be deprived of the services of an able administrator merely to gratify puritan prejudice. If Sir Charles Dilke were appointed a member of the Government there would be an outcry from Mr. Stead and a howl from some pulpits, but the noise would soon die away. Sir Charles Dilke is perhaps the

only man on the Liberal side of the House who can reorganise our military system on economical and efficient lines. Of the *Novi Homines* who must be introduced into the next Administration, by far the most prominent is Mr. Lloyd-George. He has proved himself a very brilliant debater and a very taking platform speaker. He is one of the few men on the Liberal side who can boldly stand up and answer Mr. Chamberlain. These things are not in themselves proofs of Statesmanship, but they entitle Mr. Lloyd-George to a place in the Cabinet, and it will then be seen whether he possesses the higher qualities which are required for the work of Government. Some of the old Whigs coolly talk of offering Mr. Lloyd-George an Under-Secretaryship. He would, of course, refuse it, and such an offer would in itself be sufficient to drive half of the Radical Party into revolt. Then there is Mr. John Burns, a man of masculine mind and speech. Whether, however, he would run quiet in harness with colleagues who could not pretend to share all his views, is a problem yet to be solved. I should like to see him either at the Home Office or at the Local Government Board. He would throw an amount of administrative energy and force into these departments which would astonish and annoy the permanent officials, but do much to improve their efficiency. Of the future of Mr. Winston Churchill it is difficult to speak. He has proved himself one of the readiest, wittiest, and most dashing Parliamentary swordsmen ever seen in the House of Commons. He is a valuable accession to the Liberal Party, and is already one of its most popular and brilliant speakers. Whether he could yet settle down quietly into the humdrum of official life is open to question. He requires, I suspect, to spend some more time as a Parliamentary Free Liver, but he has a great political future before him. Of the other men who have never been in office, Mr. Samuel Evans has proved himself a very able and competent debater. Mr. John Ellis has won a considerable position as an authority on the business of the House, and would make an admirable Chairman of Committees. Dr. Macnamara is a great authority on matters of Education, but he has also handled other questions, such as Chinese Labour, with marked ability. Moreover, he never speaks on any subject until he has mastered the facts bearing on it. Mr. Perks, as a staid business man, may find a place in the Government, and there are a number of men like Mr. Herbert Samuel, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Emmott, Mr. Paulton, from whom a host of Under-Secretaries can be recruited. For the Law Officers of the Crown the materials are abundant. Who will be Lord Chancellor depends to some extent on who will be Prime Minister; but, assuming that Sir Robert Reid goes to

the Woolsack, Mr. Lawson Walton, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Robson, and Mr. Moulton are all available for the Attorney-Generalship and the Solicitor-Generalship. Mr. Robson has shown remarkable acuteness and power in debate, and his friends say that his ambition lies in the direction of political rather than legal promotion.

The materials therefore for a strong Government are abundant, but even more necessary than a strong Government is a good policy. There is much loose talk as to what the next Government will do, and if the leaders of the Liberal Party do not take care they will prepare for their followers some great disappointments. Many politicians talk on platforms about repealing Acts of Parliament, as if this were one of the easiest things in the world, and even more moderate politicians, who only speak of amending the legislation of the present Government, hardly seem to realise the difficulties before them. To repeal or even partly to reverse an Act of Parliament, is one of the most difficult of Parliamentary operations. A new Government can, if it likes, effect in a moment a change of policy in administration, but to reverse a policy embodied in an Act of Parliament is a very different thing. Take the Education Act. To repeal the whole of that Act is impossible even if we had no House of Lords to deal with. It must be largely amended, and to a certain extent the path of the Liberal Education Minister is clear. He must put all schools maintained at the public expense under popular control, and must prevent the imposition of religious tests in theory and practice. So far all is straight. This will not, however, settle the religious question, and if the Liberal leaders are not cautious they may land themselves in serious entanglements. The popular view seems to be that you may teach what is called undenominational religion at the expense of the ratepayers, but that it is a great breach of the law of liberty and justice to teach more dogmatic forms of belief. How can this position be defended? If it is wrong to teach the religion of the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, how can it be right to teach the religion that satisfies Dr. Clifford? It is true that the religious teaching which commends itself to the leader of the passive resisters may be more general, less dogmatic, and, to use one of the phrases of the day, less highly specialised than the religion of the others, but that is no answer to the objections of the denominationalists. The Anglicans and the Catholics are ratepayers as well as the Non-conformists. If a religion which satisfies the last is to be taught at the expense of the ratepayers, why not the religion which pleases the two former. This is an issue which the Liberal

leaders will have to face and solve. There is only one clear and straight way out of the difficulty, and this is to confine the function of the State to purely secular instruction ; but if a Liberal Government proposes this solution of the question, they will, I fear, have most of the Wesleyans and many of the Nonconformists denouncing it as a Godless system of education. One suggestion is that religious difficulties should be handed over, as in Scotland, to the local authorities. I do not know whether the Nonconformists would be willing to allow County and Borough Councils to do what they object to the Central Government doing. If Rome is to be put on the rates by the Middlesex County Council and not by the Imperial Parliament, the scheme would still be exposed to the artillery of Dr. Clifford. The Nonconformists must themselves be beginning to see that the only logical solution is to confine the duty of the State to secular instruction.

The Licensing Act is another measure with which the Liberals will have to deal, but some of them scarcely appreciate the immense change that has been made in the position by the Act of last session. The holder of a license has now a legal interest in it, and the House of Lords will see that that interest is not taken away without compensation. Before the Act of last session, Parliament, when it approached the Licensing question, was dealing with a loose, undefined and uncertain equity. Now it has to deal with an actual legal right created by Act of Parliament. It is this fact which constitutes the great iniquity of the Licensing Act, and which has made the Prime Minister the favourite toast at every Licensed Victualler Society's dinner. The right, however, is there, and it cannot be conjured away by speeches or even resolutions of the House of Commons. It is easy to talk of a time limit, but a time limit is a qualification or diminution of the legal right which a licensed holder now enjoys. If a change of this kind is going to be introduced it will have to be paid for in some way or other. Probably the Liberals will have to consider whether the Licensing question should not be approached from another side. The compensation money is after all levied from the licensed holders, and if it were largely increased the reduction in licenses might be greatly accelerated. On the question of Chinese Labour, the course of the new Ministry will be tolerably simple. The moment the Liberals are in power the further importation of Chinese labour must be stopped, and then the whole question must be handed over to the Transvaal itself. If it is impossible to establish a complete system of responsible Government at once it will not be difficult to obtain the opinion of the whole white population on the question of

Chinese labour. A plebiscite of Boers and Britons would supply an authentic record of the views of the Colony on the question. If the majority of the people are in favour of importing Chinese labour it will not be possible for the Imperial Government to withstand their wishes, but on them and not on this country the responsibility will rest.

Another subject which the Liberals will have to face is the Agricultural Rating Act. After their denunciations of that measure it is impossible that they can allow it to remain on the Statute Book. In one way the task of getting rid of it will be comparatively easy. With malicious adroitness Mr. Balfour has never made the Act permanent. Had he done so the Liberals would have some excuse for letting it alone, but some years ago it was renewed for five years, and it now expires in 1906. If it be allowed to come to an end, matters will revert to the *status quo ante* 1897. This, however, though an apparent is hardly a possible solution of the difficulty. Since 1897 the farmers have been relieved of half of the rates on agricultural land. How much of the relief has gone to them, and how much to the landlord, is a point on which it is impossible to obtain exact information, but all parties are agreed that this part of the rate can never again be put on the farmer. If the State is to be relieved of the payment of that half of the rate which it now pays, on whom is it to be put? If the Liberals have the courage of their opinions and professions, when in opposition, there is a way of dealing with the matter, easy in principle, but difficult of execution. This is simply to apply the Scottish law of rating to England. Before the Act of 1896 the tenant paid the whole of the rates. At present he pays half, and the other half is paid by the State, but let that half now be placed on the landlord as is the case in Scotland. This solution is simple, but it would require great courage to propose and unflinching tenacity to carry it. The landed interest from Northumberland to Cornwall would be up in arms. We can imagine the shriek of indignation that would arise if this most just proposal were made to Parliament, and the larger and more opulent the landowner, the louder would be the cry. This mode of settling the difficulty would carry an immense mass of public opinion with it. The Government could allow the existing law to lapse, and then the representatives of the agricultural constituencies in Parliament would either have to support the proposal or be responsible for re-imposing on the farmers the half of the rates of which they were relieved in 1897. There could hardly be a better question on which to come into conflict with the House of Lords.

Behind all these questions, however, lies one more menacing,

more serious, and more far-reaching in its possible consequences than any of them. This is the position of the House of Lords. Many Liberals fail to understand or appreciate how much the events of the last twenty years have altered and strengthened the powers of the Upper House. Nominally they are the same as before; actually the House of Lords is in a position of greater strength than it has been at any time since 1832. During this period, except for a brief and unsatisfactory interregnum from 1892 to 1895, it has been in harmony with the majority of the electorate. In 1886, for the first time since the great Reform Bill, on a great issue put to the country, the people endorsed the action of the House of Lords and rejected the policy of the House of Commons. This was a fact of enormous political significance. If in 1892 the judgment of the House of Lords had been decisively reversed the position of the Liberals would have been more favourable, but the verdict given by the constituencies on that occasion was vacillating and uncertain, and as Lord Rosebery had the courage to point out, the predominant partner was still with the House of Lords. In 1895 and again in 1900, though of course the general election of that year was of an exceptional character, the country supported a policy in harmony with the views of the House of Lords. Does anyone suppose that all these events have not added greatly to the authority of the Upper House? I am surprised that this fact should have been overlooked in Mr. Sidney Low's interesting work on the "Gouvernance" of England. He appears to think that with the advent of a Liberal majority, the Peers will fall back into their old position of comparative weakness, and that though they may give some trouble they will not enter into a serious conflict with the Commons. This view I am afraid is entirely mistaken. For nearly twenty years the action of the House of Lords has been in substantial agreement with the views of the majority of the electors. At three general elections the party which is in general harmony with that assembly has been returned to power, and the Peers will not readily be driven from the position of advantage which they have obtained. They will argue, and argue with some plausibility, that a Liberal victory in 1905 does not imply a real and permanent change in the views of the constituencies. It may mean that they are dissatisfied with the present Government, that they disapprove of some of its legislation, and that they regret its administrative incompetency, but the Lords may say that this after all is a passing phase of opinion. If it is hoped that a great Liberal majority at the next general election will compel the Peers to accept proposals which they regard as Radical and revolutionary, I believe the anticipation will



be unfounded. The Lords will contend that a victory for Free Trade does not mean that the country is in favour of great legislative changes, or even that it wishes completely to reverse some of the legislation of the present Parliament. The Liberals will find the House of Lords more confident, more determined, and less open to the coercion of public opinion than at any period between 1832 and 1886, and if they are taking office without reckoning, not merely on a hostile House of Lords, but on a House that will stand on its right to reject, revise, and amend legislation more freely than at any time during the last three-quarters of a century they are profoundly mistaking the position. It is quite possible that before the Liberals are long in office all other issues will be swallowed up in a conflict between the House of Commons and the House of Lords, and if that be so it is to be hoped that the grounds of battle will be well and wisely chosen. The Lords are not likely to give trouble over comparatively small questions. After all a Liberal majority is a Liberal majority, and the Peers will humour it so far as to extend a contemptuous acquiescence to some of its minor measures. On schemes which involve great and sweeping changes they are almost certain to take a firm stand and to dare the Liberals to go to the country. The swing of the pendulum is as constantly in the minds of the Peers as it was in Lord Salisbury's. The Electorate, strongly Liberal in 1905, may change its mind before 1907, and relying on the mutability of public opinion the House of Lords will not be easily dislodged from the position which they have won, not by any exertions of their own, but by the growth of Conservative ideas in the constituencies. It is to be feared that two or three decisive Liberal triumphs at the polls will be necessary in order to reduce the House of Lords to the position which it held before 1886.

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## REVOLUTION BY TELEGRAPH.

St. PETERSBURG, *February 12th.*

ON Sunday, the fifth of February, in the first and last year of the revolution by telegraph, four persons sat in the drawing-room of one of the St. Petersburg embassies watching the miracles being wrought by a fifth, a certain Colonel Novoselsky. Novoselsky is an inventor, a graduate of an American University, an administrator in Poland. He holds aloft a glistening nickel cone, and spills a mysterious pepper-coloured powder into the Ambassador's hand. The Ambassador walks to the grate and flings the powder into a saucer of flaming kerosene. The flame goes out. The spectators exclaim with astonishment.

The inventor has only begun. Putting aside the ignipotent pepper-castor, he opens what resembles a commercial traveller's album of patterns. It is full of cloths, cretonnes, silks, muslins, cotton-wool, ordinarily inflammable materials. He extracts these patterns one by one, and holds them in a candle flame. They char and blacken. But they will not burn. He soaks them with oil; the oil burns; but nothing can extract from the material the pretence of a flame. He thrusts splinters of dry wood into a roaring fire, and withdraws them. The blackened ends smoulder a moment, and go out. Not even cotton-wool held in the flame of a candle will burn. M. Novoselsky tells us that he has soaked these inflammable materials in a fire-proofing chemical preparation which involves no mechanical change in the appearance or weight of the substance treated. He fireproofed, he adds, the whole of Rozhestvensky's fleet before it left Libau.

The analogy may seem far-fetched. But it seemed to at least one of those present, who had come to St. Petersburg to find a revolution and found not even a revolt, that there was a remarkable resemblance between the abnormal condition of Russian society and the abnormal condition of Colonel Novoselsky's non-inflammable muslins. A fortnight's inquiry in this capital, based upon some prior knowledge of Russian life, has convinced me that, though discontent with and contempt for the present governmental system is almost universal, that though society is smouldering with suppressed wrath and a suppressed sense of humiliation, the material is not inflammable enough to produce the fires of real revolution. The question, What alchemy has been used during past ages to procure the Slav's passivity under conditions which would yield genuine revolution in any other

European State? it is impossible to answer. Some, like Prince Mestchersky, tell us frankly the Russian wants Autocracy, and is malcontent to-day only because he has not enough of it. Others, like M. Korolenko, pronounce the whole question to be one of historical evolution, Russia being destined to pass through the same phases towards Constitutionalism as all other European States. But, he adds, though the nation is ready to enjoy freedom, it is not ready to exact it. In other words, the recent attempt to terrify the Autocracy into submission failed simply because the people had no arms, and because the Army, which had, was not with the people. A third class wisely shakes its head, talks vaguely about Byzantinism, and quotes Turgenieff to the effect that the Russian is a failure as a man of action.

Whatever the explanation, the essential facts are perfectly plain to those who seriously studied events on the spot, unaffected by the tissue of incoherent sensationalism sent through the grace of the Tsar and the intercession of the Associated Press over the long-suffering wires from St. Petersburg to London. There was no revolution; no revolutionary movement, hardly any revolutionary feeling in the Russian capital. There was a high wave of Liberalism raised, partly by the abstract faith in the merits of Constitutional Government, partly by the last year's exposure of the Autocracy's inefficiency abroad. When war broke out with Japan, the already existing disgust with the present system was strengthened by a well-based feeling that a Government engaged in foreign strife would not face the perils of severe repression at home. On the top of this came the death of M. Plehve. Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, his successor, was a man of a type which Russia will not stand. He didn't think Russia was ripe for Constitution, but he had a temperamental dislike for the repression which non-Constitutional Government entails. The Zemstvos first saw their chance. Two years ago, in the famous Voronezh memorandum, their real tendencies had been voiced. They met in St. Petersburg in November in practical defiance of the law, and demanded the abdication of Autocracy. The *dumas*, the corporations of professional men, took courage. They issued demands, passed resolutions. The Government took no repressive steps. It had neither the courage further to offend educated society nor the wit to see that tolerance for nobles, lawyers, and municipal administrators implied tolerance of the discontented working-class. As usual it let things drift. To further fan the flame of Liberalism, the long-suppressed reforming spirit revived among journalists and literary men. A dozen new newspapers thundered against bureaucracy, administrative tutelage, and economic ruin. The Liberal daily *Nasha Zhizn*,

which started under the editorship of M. Khodsky on the 1st of January with 900 regular subscribers, by the end of the month had 34,000. These newspapers spoke almost as freely to the Government as newspapers do in England or America. Finally came the era of strikes. The strikes were the direct outcome of the new Liberal movement; economic discontent had brought on strikes before, but never on such a large scale. Gapon was merely an incident in the situation. "Everything is being tolerated," ran the working-class argument, "Let us march to the Palace and expound our grievances." On Saturday, the 21st January, the Government woke up. It determined, as any other Government would determine, that fifteen thousand men, all malcontent, many no doubt desperate, could not be allowed to march upon a palace and exact an interview with a sovereign who was not there. But it did not see, as any other Government would have done, that it had practically organised this procession itself; that had it intended genuine Liberal reforms it should have already granted them; that had it intended repression it should have practised it against the insubordinate Zemstvos, whose activity, unlike that of the strikers, might have been stopped at first by a few admonitions and police measures. It acted, therefore, too late, and acted in the way best calculated to disgust Russia and the world. After permitting the "intelligentsia" to set all Russia aflame with anti-governmental feeling, it turned upon and shot down the innocent underlings whose only offence was the adoption of the political programme of their betters. This anarchical policy was pursued to the end. Ten days after men and women had been slaughtered for no crime save that of taking their opinions humbly from above, representatives from the survivors were ordered down to Tsarskoe Selo, under the admirable arrangements of Governor-General Trepoff, and told by their sovereign that they had been guilty of crimes, and that he graciously forgave them.

In all this, there is no sign of revolution. There was nothing approaching revolutionary conditions in St. Petersburg on Saturday night or on the Sunday of the massacre. The correspondents who implied that there was were either egregiously misled by the small knot of literary men who were trying to save the situation or were suffering from that peculiar form of journalistic hysteria which makes its victims see everything through a microscope. M. Hessen, who was seized by the police for his supposed Jacobin activities, after his release told me that the supposed central revolutionary organisation had no existence; Madame Pimenoff, a brave and devoted lady, also arrested and released, ridiculed the idea that anyone expected a general revolt. M.

Korolenko, five of whose collaborators were carried off to the Petropavlovsk fortress, declared that a revolution was an impossibility at present, and could not be expected to come till the popular discontent had permeated the officers and soldiery. No one expected that the troops would not fire; no one expected a collapse of the Government; and no one, certainly no serious person, thought of issuing to the world statements of what he, or his associates, would do under the new *régime*. To clinch this point, it should be noted that the real revolutionary organisations of Russia, so far as they exist, were not at work at all. Not a single inflammatory proclamation had been issued against the Government. It was not until after the events of the 22nd that the capital was flooded with denunciations of the Tsar and calls to arms. In short, there was neither revolution nor even revolutionary spirit; and none were more astonished at the affirmations and deductions of the European Press than the imaginary leaders of an imaginary revolt against a throne which, feeble and paltry as it may be, was tottering only in imagination.

But that revolution has no prospect of immediate success does not imply that the Government's oppressive policy is based upon the confidence of strength. The one fact which neither party disputes is that Autocracy is suffering from the incurable weakness of senility. The reactionaries, in fact, are more wrath with the present system for its feebleness than the progressives are for its tyranny. To Englishmen not specially informed upon Russian affairs, the wickedness of a system which shoots down unarmed workmen, and hurries men and women from their beds at four in the morning to fortresses and gendarmeries, is so glaring that it obscures all else. Having for years associated the weakness of our own Governments with benevolence, by a natural process of reasoning we link malignity with power. Hence we have Queen's Hall meetings, Swinburnian poems, red star tyranniciding and much maudlin talk. Russian oppression continues to be depicted as Machiavellian in its wisdom as well as in its morals. In fact, however, as all Russians—Tories and Liberals—agree, there is no consistent oppression at all. The rigour of the St. Petersburg bureaucracy is like the rigour of the St. Petersburg climate. Yesterday the *katoki* were crowded with shouting skaters oblivious of revolution; to-day the housetops drip showers of thawed snow, and sledges crawl through inundations of watery mud. To-morrow it will freeze again. That is the method upon which Russia has been governed for the last two years. Plehves are succeeded by Sviatopolk-Mirskys and Sviatopolk-Mirskys by Trepoffs. Autocracy freezes and thaws on successive days, and as often as not Bureaucracy freezes on the day

Autocracy thaws. Those really familiar with Russian affairs have long recognised this fact. Two years ago, when a particular school of British Chauvinists was loudly calling for an alliance with Russia, not on the good grounds which truly exist, but on that bad ground that her Government was particularly efficient in wickedness, I attempted in this REVIEW to expose the truth. There was no efficient Government, I said, because in the strict sense of the word there was no Government at all. The Tsar was admittedly a weak and ill-trained ruler. He had one or two capable Ministers, who effected nothing. There was no collective, and—in default of a bullying Tsar—little individual responsibility. No two Ministers agreed. All had periodical audiences with their Imperial master, at which they could say what they liked. All had been trained in that atmosphere which Russians call *Chancelliarstvo*, the oxygen of which is the long-winded, argumentative, vituperative memorandum or *doklad*. Nicholas II. was a ship tossed in a storm of documents. He was fed on words, and expected to bring forth deeds. As any man not of exceptional capacity and will-power, he did nothing. "In his own hand," as the official statements say, "he was pleased" to express his opinion in the shape of brief, pathetically meaningless marginal notes. More than one State document annotated by the Emperor has been published by the exiled revolutionaries. I have to-day myself seen an original. It exhales on the Minister's side a profound belief in abstractions and an equally profound indifference to facts, and on the Tsar's side weariness, incapacity to appreciate the issues involved, and a desire to express benevolent sentiments rather than imperative commands. A tyrant who considers he has solved a problem by writing "Otchen petchalno" (Very sad!) on the margin of a document complaining of his subjects' wickedness is hardly a fit object for rhetorical vituperation.

If Nicholas II. merely relied upon his multitude of official councillors, he might find the proverbial wisdom, contradictory and incoherent as that wisdom would be. But the number of the Autocrat's advisers is not exhausted by his Ministers, his immediate family, his grand-ducal relatives. The Asiatic or Byzantine system, which at an hour's notice makes a slave or an eunuch sway the destinies of an Empire, flourishes at Court. Before this article appears the resuscitation as a statesman of M. Demtchinsky will probably be exciting comment all over Europe. M. Demtchinsky is the meteorologist whose weather forecasts in the *Novoye Vremya* three years ago attracted such Imperial favour that—I repeat merely what was generally stated and not denied—he became a more influential personage than

the Minister of Finance or a grand-ducal uncle. Some months ago M. Demtchinsky proceeded to Manchuria ostensibly as war correspondent. A fortnight ago he suddenly returned to St. Petersburg. The report quickly spread that he was preparing, at the request of the Emperor, a confidential report on the conduct of the war and the performances of the generals. Such a thing is conceivable—though not probable—at any other Court. But in Russia it is not only possible, but such an obvious, ordinary thing that no concealment whatever was made. The meteorologist was delighted to inform his friends. He advertised the fact to perfect strangers, and at the office of the *Rus* I heard the question, "Is it indiscreet to inquire into the truth of the report that his Majesty has commissioned you to draw up a report on the conduct of the war?" answered with every symptom of pride: "The report is quite true." Yet M. Demtchinsky is not a military man. He is not a professional war correspondent. He is not, so far as I am able to judge, even a highly educated man, or one with any claim whatever to have his opinions set above those of his fellows save that he seems, in common with many cranks and quacks, to have his own system of meteorology. But under the present anarchical system of government it is apparently as natural that he should advise the Tsar on war as that Ministers of the Autocracy should read the forbidden constitutionalist journal *Ostobozhdenie*, and that the Minister of the Interior should affirm that there was nothing political in the action of the Putiloff processionists at the moment when his subordinates, the military, were stationing troops all over the capital for the purpose of shooting them down as revolutionists.

Where there is no order and no authority there can be no responsibility. Nicholas II. is no more responsible for the shooting of his subjects on January 22nd than he is for an eclipse of the moon. Not only do the well-informed of both parties admit that the Tsar cannot be called to account, but, being Russians learned in governmental ways, they agree that nobody else can be condemned. The Grand-Duke Vladimir personally denied that he had either planned or ordered the firing; and as in the same breath he affirmed that the firing was necessary and in no way to be condemned, his repudiation of the "Vladimir Day" legend may be taken as true. Nobody blames any Minister. The Grand Duke would not shift the responsibility upon General Prince Vassiltchikoff, who was in immediate command, but who executes orders and does not give them. Nobody censured any Minister. Everyone, indeed, blames the police, who lost their heads and telephoned ridiculous messages as to the menaces of the mob

and the imminent destruction of property. But it is impossible to make policemen responsible for State offences. In theory, the Minister of the Interior was responsible. Yet Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky as late as Saturday night, the 21st, imagined that there was no element of politics in the strikers' programme, and secured from the Tsar the withdrawal of his sanction of Baron Frederich's proposal, the proclamation of martial law. It is certain that the attempt to fix responsibility by the Commission now appointed will fail utterly save in so far as it results in the indictment of individual soldiers and policemen for individual acts of violence. The problem of the greater responsibility, as such problems always are in Russia, is insoluble. Everyone recognises the fact. But while reactionaries affirm that the shooting was done in accordance with the law, and therefore the law, or whoever made it ten, twenty, or a hundred years ago, is guilty, the reformers retort that there is no law worth speaking of, and that therefore no one can be punished for breaking it.

But as the Tsar is, at least nominally, the Government, it is impossible to write of Russian administration without touching upon his personal rôle in recent events. I am not here concerned to deal with all the remarkable stories as to Nicholas II.'s character which have been published so liberally of late in the English Press. These stories are within the capacity of anyone to invent, and not among the functions of anyone officially to deny. Some at least I have found to be false, so far as persistent inquiry among both the Tsar's friends and enemies qualifies one to affirm or deny anything. Nicholas II. did not run away from his subjects, or scuttle from palace to palace to escape the perils of a revolution which no one expected. He left his capital for Tsarskoe Selo immediately after the ceremony of Blessing the Waters of the Neva on January 6th (D.S.), and he did this in accord with precedent, and with the custom entailed by the St. Petersburg season; and, indeed, had he been as terrified as his slanderers declared, it is not likely that he would have exchanged the reasonable security of a guarded palace for the unknown perils of railway journeys and carriage drives. Still more absurd statements were made as to the manner in which the Tsar received the news of the Petersburg battues. My own personal inquiries confirm absolutely the statement made by the Grand-Duke Vladimir that Nicholas II. was appalled by the tragedy, though he regarded it—no doubt with entire wrong-headedness—as necessary, inevitable, and to be repeated should occasion recur. That the latter part of this statement was accurate is plainly shown by the reproaches the Emperor addressed to the ex-strikers' deputation. The former part, that



the Tsar was prostrated with horror, I have had from half-a-dozen different individuals, who, not being interviewed for publicity purposes, had no interest whatever in perverting the truth.

But, unfortunately, exculpation from the charge of cowardice and callousness does not set Nicholas II. right before his subjects and before the world. So far as Russia goes, the real indictment was drawn up long before January 22nd, and January 22nd was no freak of madness, malice, or savage repression, but the natural, logical end of a Greek tragedy in which the weakness and will-lessness of an uncommonly weak and will-less mortal were ranged against the immortal gods Bureaucracy and Corruption. The Tsar has failed as a ruler. He has made no fight. His subjects neither love him, as for a time they loved his grandfather, nor dread him, as they dreaded his father, as they dreaded the first Nicholas. His Autocracy is derided. He is, as Herzen said, a *Samoderzhets* (Self-Holder), who holds nothing. The convinced reformers hope nothing from him. The convinced reactionaries despise him, primarily, for what they are pleased to call truckling to the un-Imperial sentiment of peace. The unnumbered dumb men who have not yet learnt to discriminate between reaction and reform are not impressed by his personality. The merely stupid, unmoral world of society regards him with indifference. Even his domesticated life is a cause of offence. I have myself heard an individual familiar with every detail of Court life complaining bitterly that before his marriage and accession Nicholas II. did not "live" as *Tsarevitches* and other idle gentry well supplied with money are accustomed to do. The misfortunes, in fact, of their ruler and the unquestioned weakness of his character have so irritated the critical national consciousness that the Emperor's good qualities are lumped together with his bad in a general shout of opprobrium and contempt.

Impotence, not oppression, is the first cause of the present revolt. All thinking Russians, whether as retrograde as Prince Mestchersky or as licentiously Liberal as Maxim Gorky, are equally dissatisfied. There is confidence neither in Tsar, nor Ministers, nor officials, nor generals. The severest denunciation of the present system heard by me since my arrival in this city came from the lips of a man whose ideals of government are those of Metternich, the Holy Alliance, and Nicholas I. Both sides agree that the Empire is in a perilous way. And, what is stranger still, the longer-headed men of both parties agree that there is only one man in the Empire fit to face the peril. The ex-Finance Minister, M. Witte, never towered above his phrasemonger colleagues as he does to-day. True, he has not the

full confidence of either party. The majority of Liberals are still as incensed by his centralising policy as the majority of reactionaries are wrathful at his bitter, openly-expressed contempt for the babyish, paltry measures they have recourse to in order to suppress nationalities, faiths, and opinions. M. Witte's policy has not been abandoned by M. Kokovtseff. The economic system of no man for himself but the State for all; the system of State Ownership, State Monopolies, State Bounties, State Everything is, on the contrary, stronger than ever. I cannot give a better example of this all-embracing governmental enterprise than the following, from my own experience. A curious friend asked me to send him one of those unpleasant Cossack *nagaikas* which play such a large part in dispersing crowds, and a much larger part in the cables of imaginative correspondents. "What is the most convenient way to send it?" I asked at my hotel. "Take it to the Post Office as it is." I brought the naked Cossack whip to the G.P.O., where a polite official, smiling significantly, took down the address of the intended recipient, wrapped the whip neatly in paper, packed it in a box, and took all the labour off my hand for a fee of thirty kopecks. The system illustrated by this trivial incident was invented, say M. Witte's critics (in particular, M. Peshekhonoff, now in the Petropavlovsk fortress), for the purpose of multiplying the tchinovniks and bringing directly under the control of the State multitudes of individuals theretofore engaged in private enterprise. M. Witte's answer to this accusation, given sharply and angrily, is, "I am not a lunatic" ("Ya ne sumashedshii"). But the fact remains that the policy of economic centralisation has alienated most of the Liberals, who see therein a reinforcement of the system of State tutelage which has already reduced Russia to the nation of weak-willed, dumb serfs. Yet Russia trusts in and hopes in the ex-Minister of Finance. The rude, brusque manners, never laid aside save when there is an object to gain, the massive, awkward figure, the unconcealed irritability of speech and blunt denunciation of folly, all appeal to a people accustomed to the rule of the elegant weakling phrasemongers who have hitherto held the upper hand only because the vast bureaucratic machine, which they pretend to control, possesses sufficient cohesion and power to rule, though badly, by itself. During the last five years M. Witte has grown greyer, more morose in manner, and less inclined to the civilities of ordinary intercourse. But friends and enemies alike affirm that he is the same man, with the same miraculous power of work, the same resolute bearing towards opposition, the same invariable habit of doing what has to be done without hesitation or delay. And even among the Individualist reformers

the evil alleged to have been wrought by some of his measures weighs little against the consciousness of his unmeasured capacity and irresistible power. Nobody knows how far he sympathises with reform. He has in a brief term of years condemned Autocratic oppression, created an economic system which is the only mainstay of the Autocratic system left, and coquetted with the most advanced Constitutionalists. How he will act no one knows. But everyone feels that he will at least act decisively. He will not be a petty oppressor or a half-hearted emancipator.

Before this article appears the results of the project for limited popular representation entrusted to the great ex-Minister will probably be known. That it has ever been entered upon is the best evidence that Autocracy realises that it is standing upon its last leg. For the animosity of the Court to the man to whom it has flown for succour is fiercer than ever. M. Witte despises the Court, and makes little effort to conceal the fact. He knows that he was ousted from power, not because of his faults, but because of his virtues; and the "I am a private individual" with which he qualifies every expression of views is a fiercer denunciation of the whole feeble, wordy system of Nicholas II. than all the proclamations posted by Gapon's followers upon the walls of St. Petersburg. He speaks bitterly, wears his irritation and contempt on his sleeve, and plainly lets everyone see that he is quite conscious of his power to drag Russia out of the abyss into which she has sunk, and furious at the ingratitude with which he has been treated. And this plain speech alienates many who have no objection to his policy. Yet, despite his condemned financial policy, his unbearable manner, his doubtful Liberalism, there is not one intelligent Russian who does not mention his name with respect and awe.

Yet no one believes that the measure he is now preparing by the grace of, and within the limitations imposed by, the Court will clear the air. To-day the great Putiloff works and half the other factories of St. Petersburg are again on strike; the students of all the high schools have proclaimed a *zabastovka* until September; there are rumours of more processions, bomb-throwings, and political assassinations. In short, the popular protest is to be maintained; and no one doubts that it will continue even if M. Witte's semi-constitutional reform be accepted as a payment on account. But few expect that either working or student class will bring to bear upon the Government that leverage which will exact a great reform. The factory operatives and artisans have had their frail chance and been unable to use it. They have neither funds to sustain a prolonged strike nor arms to enforce their demands. The Government is not afraid of them, for two good reasons. The

first is that it can arrest any working-class leader without public scandal; it can control the employers; it can put into force the centralised economic machine created by M. Witte; and thus, despite sporadic outbreaks, keep a firm grip upon all individual units in the Empire's productive forces. The second reason is, that though society is strongly anti-governmental, it is not strongly pro-labour. There is a genuine, and not ill-founded, fear among the Liberals themselves that a working-class revolution would mean butchery and pillage. In most cities—in St. Petersburg less than elsewhere—the peasant factory-hand is inclined to account a stranger friend or enemy according as he wears what is here called *Evropeiskoe platie*—European clothing. European clothing implies that the wearer is one of the tyrannical upper or middle classes. Many moderate Liberals affirm that a successful working-class revolt would culminate in a general and infuriated attack upon everyone who wore the "European" garb of infamy, and did not cut his hair over the nape, wear bast-shoes, and a sheepskin *shuba*. Probably this dread is exaggerated, for the better class of metropolitan working-man—such as the Putilovtzi, whose homes I myself visited—do not wear the native clothing which is the badge of servitude, and in their dress and bearing are the equal of English skilled labourers. But the fear is widespread; and there is even greater dread of a jacquerie in the provinces on the lines of the Kharkoff-Poltava outbreak of three years ago, in which mansions were pillaged and given over to the flames.

Cultivated society therefore distrusts the working-man, whether artisan or peasant; and cultivated society, though it anathematises the crime and folly of the 22nd January, will support a Government which at any rate guarantees it against outrage. Unarmed and distrusted, labour will effect nothing by itself. The party that can, and probably will, effect something is the great Zemstvo and municipal party which now embraces nearly all European Russia. The Zemstvo Opposition has existed for years. It has defied the Government more than once without punishment. It controls a great part of the internal administration. It has the support of educated men. A Government which would not shrink from arresting, shooting down, or, were it profitable, hanging men like Gapon, would think twice before touching Prince Troubetzkoi and Prince Galitzin. When certain much less notable *Zemtsi* of Voronezh two years ago addressed to the Tsar a bold demand for a Constitution, they escaped with a comic opera reprimand. Autocracy is timorous. The theory that it cares nothing for public opinion is based upon ignorance of recent history. If it cared nothing for public opinion it would have seized the Zemstvo leaders, and suppressed the Zemstvos themselves years ago at the time when M.

Witte—clear-headed as always—told the Tsar that local self-government was incompatible with the Autocracy. The working-men have been cowed for the time being. But the Zemstvos, the municipal workers, and the various professional corporations which follow them, continue to pass resolutions, issue unveiled threats, and organise passive resistance. It is true you cannot upset a Bureaucracy, stayed by a strong Army, by telling it in resolutions that it is corrupt and worthless. But you have progressed at least half way to that end when with all its Army, its spy system, its prisons, it takes your reproof meekly, and promises—even if with intent to break that promise—that it will mend its ways.

But the Autocracy has a double reason to dread its upper- and middle-class enemies. It is from these classes that its official supporters are recruited. It is from these classes that the cadres of the Army which at present sustains the despotic system are filled. The officers indeed remain sullenly loyal, for so far as can be ascertained the stories of individual detachments refusing to fire are untrue. But they have a loyalty also to their own fathers, brothers, cousins, who in Moscow, Tver, all over the Empire, are in undisguised revolt against Autocracy. The *Zemets* of Moscow or Tambof who is threatening to disorganise the machinery of local government unless his demands are conceded has as likely as not a near relative in the Corps de la Garde which shot down the strikers on the Nevsky Prospect and the Troitsa Bridge. The soldier and the local administrator may agree to differ until the real clash comes. But the time seems not far remote when Autocracy must either submit to the popular will or face the risk of suppressing the whole Zemstvo movement, the license accorded to which, as I have pointed out, was the fount and origin of the working-class revolt. If when that time comes Nicholas II.'s advisers decide upon repression, they will shake the fabric of society to its foundation. Nobody who knows the Russian aristocrat and his high views of personal dignity can imagine the officers of the Army remaining loyal if ordered to act the part of policemen against their own brothers.

Thus, though there is no revolution and no symptom of an immediate breakdown of the governmental machine, Autocracy has landed itself in an impasse. It can postpone the evil day by hurrying up the numberless talkative, inactive commissions which are now sitting on every imaginable subject from the abolition of the caste laws to the reduction of the railway tariffs on grain. But only the abdication of its irresponsible powers, either the mild abdication of the Zemski Sobor, or the drastic abdication implied by Constitutionalism, will save the Throne from a much worse fate than can result from either of these solutions. Without some

guarantee of permanency, no reforms will be accepted. Individual ameliorations are useless. Russia wants liberty of the Press, and is apparently about to get the customary grudging instalment. But complete liberty of the Press if granted to-morrow would set free such a tempest of complaints, menaces, and incitements that real revolution would break out within a month. It wants liberty of speech and meeting—not the liberty exacted practically by *force majeure* by the Zemstvos and municipalities—but liberty for the now inarticulate, unrepresented herd. It wants the abolition of arbitrary search and arrest, and the complete prohibition of administrative breaches of the law and of the whole system of “*sekretniye*” and “*confidentsialniye*” circulars by which the various Ministries and departments misgovern and corrupt. But any single one of these reforms would be sufficient to upset the Autocracy. So long, therefore, as the Russian people demand representative government, individual reforms are nothing better than levers to enable them to exact what they want.

That Russia is united on the question of some kind of representation is beyond all doubt. Conviction on the point is no longer confined to the old Liberal Party. Of over a score of well-known editors, authors, and practical Zemstvo workers with whom I conversed during my first week in St. Petersburg, I found Prince Mestchersky the solitary adherent to the Autocracy as it now exists. Prince Mestchersky has been for years at the head of a formidable reactionary party; he has had the Tsar's ear; his enemies even assert that his organ, the *Grazhdanin*, exists on the largesse of a grateful Government. But even he had no praise for recent policy. The Tsardom, he complained, by relying on the upper classes and *tchinovniks* and doing nothing for the workers, was losing its inestimable natural right, the affection of the people. Its duty was to legislate for the peasants and workers, to protect them against exploitation, and to appeal to their instincts of loyalty and affection. Thus it would preserve the autocratic principle intact for ever. The economic and agricultural development of Russia would continue; but it would continue in alliance with, not in opposition to, Autocracy. It is hard to see what criticism could be severer than this, that Autocracy had had its chance, and has hitherto lamentably failed.

M. Suvorin, the editor of the *Novoye Vremya*, is another “reactionary.” Events have cured him. Suvorin is not a theorist or a dreamer. He is a big, solid, practical man with leonine face, and a fierce energy of speech which admits no interruption and answers no question. He has seen more than one Russian outbreak. He has run Autocracy for all it is worth. To-day he declares nothing can save the Empire but popular repre-

sentation of some kind. "We don't want a Constitution at first. Parliaments are bad save for majorities. Our Parliament would be a Zemstvo Parliament, and the Zemstvos don't represent all classes effectively. They don't represent the poorest muzhik. The class from which our deputies would be drawn knows nothing of the peasant and his needs. But we must have representation." And gesticulating vigorously and repeating the sacred word "predstavitelstvo" (representation) half a dozen times, he declares that the convoking of the Zemski Sobor with noble, bourgeois, clerical, and peasant deputies is the only thing that can save Russia. "We do not want a representation of the muzhik. We want a muzhik representative." "Would not that end in a Constitution?" "Possibly. But the immediate need is a summoning of the estates."

The Liberals reply, not without cause, that though an advisory body may urge on reforms, it cannot guarantee them. The Zemski Sobor, they say, may be summoned to-day. Reforms accomplished at its instance may be withdrawn to-morrow. In fact, they use the same argument against the Zemski Sobor as they use against Autocracy itself. Autocracy, as it was in the early 'sixties, may be benevolent, but it gives no guarantees. The Zemski Sobor will be in the same bad way. A Constitution is essential, not necessarily because a Russian Parliament equipped with power will represent the nation better than a merely advisory collection of deputies, but because what it does will remain done. I know no more eloquent preacher of this gospel than M. Vladimir Korolenko, the brilliant novelist, and editor of the *Russkoe Bagatstvo*. When I saw M. Korolenko he was lamenting the fact that all his collaborators were in gaol. "Why not you?" "I was not in St. Petersburg on the 22nd. If I had been I should have been with them. If you write on the subject, say that. My sympathies are entirely with my colleagues, and with the workingmen. Say that there is no revolution in Russia, and was none on Sunday night. There was no provisional Government, no Jacobin club. At present, the Government is strong enough to put down all outbreaks. But it cannot do so indefinitely. The Army is discontented. Soldiers' letters from Manchuria unanimously express discontent. Many St. Petersburg officers are disgusted with Sunday's butchery. I give Autocracy two years' life at most. A Constitution is the only possible alternative to a revolution in the near future."

This view I believe to be absolutely correct, though to-day malcontent Russia as a whole has neither the real revolutionary spirit nor the material forces—arms and a mutinous soldiery—without which revolution is impossible. Yet, remote as the pros-

pect seems to-day, I regard the complete surrender of Autocracy to the people's demands as more probable than the enforcement of those demands by successful revolt. Russia unanimously believes that the present supreme opponent to sweeping reform is not the Tsar, who has no power, or his Ministers, who have no opinions, but a certain aged and highly-placed lady who adds to power and opinions an inflexible persistency and indomitable heart. Autocracy has no other supporter with both courage and will; and dull-brained as it is, it probably has enough wits to know that a black cloud foretells imminent storm. In other words, before the moment of real peril—a liberalised Army—arrives, the popular demands will probably be conceded. Although a genuine Constitution in the immediate future is unlikely, some form of representation will certainly be granted. It will be taken only on account, as are Irish Land-Purchase Laws, but it will undoubtedly ease the pressure for a time. Meantime, popular wrath will probably effloresce in the shape of bombs, revolver-shots, and train-wreckings, the obvious resort of the weak and individual against the strong and organised.

Of the conditions precedent of revolution, not one, save widespread anger and discontent, exists. There is not an armed people, or the possibility of getting arms. There is not a mutinous soldiery. There is not an exhausted Treasury. And lastly, and most important of all, there is little symptom of any great religious or philosophical awakening such as inspired and directed the successful popular revolts of Western Europe.

R. L.



## RUSSIA'S SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CONDITION.

ONE striking effect arising from the struggle for supremacy in the Far East between Russia and Japan has been that the attention of the whole civilised world has been drawn to the comparative merits and demerits, both social and political, of the two combatants. To intelligent students of nationalities, both races in their widely divergent national characteristics cannot but prove a subject of special interest. Owing, it may be, to the startling revelations of her unpreparedness for battling with a State only recently emerged into modern civilisation, the Muscovite Empire has apparently attracted the greater share of public notice. Russia's translated literature, and the numerous works published within the last decade on her social, political and industrial conditions, offer, it is true, more accessible material for study than has hitherto been afforded us concerning Japan. Yet with all these apparent advantages in favour of a closer investigation of Russian affairs, we are nevertheless to-day at every fresh climax of events perplexed as to where we shall find really reliable and authentic information concerning the present actual condition of the country and all that is at present happening in its various centres. The native lines of communication are closed; our own are decidedly untrustworthy and defective. From a psychological point of view the great Slav country stands so widely apart from any of her neighbours that a logical discussion and an accurate deduction of facts upon her internal affairs for a foreigner is—yes, let us venture to say it, absolutely impossible—for a foreigner, that is, who has not lived the best part of his active life in the country itself; who has not acquired fluency in the language, and sojourned among the peasantry. It is the latter and its peculiar surroundings that one has to know and approach by the lanes and footpaths of Tourguèniev's *Zapiski Ohotnika* (Notes of a Sportsman) in order to qualify for the interpretership of Russia and her people. A careful study of the history of the country is also of course indispensable; and only when thus fully equipped might a fair-minded writer be able to discern the exceptional national characteristics of the Russian people, and their singular conception of and partiality for autocracy. Unfortunately the generality of writers who now undertake to explain matters have usually in mind some particular grievances of their own against the Russian Government or some other *ex parte* mission. It must be acknowledged, moreover, that the application of Western ideas and

principles as a remedy so volubly discussed by the Press of this country has little real bearing upon the present crisis. Russia, at the present moment, is, like our own country, suffering chiefly from the consequences of national myopy. On the surface this crude statement is perhaps liable to startle and offend our national self-esteem and self-consciousness. Yet few of us who have watched and studied the disastrous and far-reaching results to Russia of this war, and compared these with the outcome of our own recent struggle in South Africa, will, we think, venture to wholly deny the truth of this statement or the force of the comparison. But whereas, in England the root of the complaint is to be found in the nation at large, in Russia it is the Government and the official classes who are grievously afflicted with the malady. It was the sudden revelation of England's unpreparedness to grapple with an obstinate foe on grounds of comparative intellectual and military efficiency that brought about certain measures for reform in the barracks and schools of our country. We are discovering that it is training that we lack more than our so-called education : strategy in the field ; strategy in our political economy ; strategy in our everyday life more than our oft-vaunted bravery and intrepidity. England has been posing complacently on a waning prestige, whilst her Continental neighbours have been running the race of progress and commercial competition. Russia, on the other hand, is groaning and panting under the oppressive burden of bureaucracy. Her volcanic eruption of social and economic advancement observable during the last half-century has been altogether too near the surface to be the outward and visible sign of any wholesome and deep-rooted internal regeneration. The same may be said of the epoch of reforms of the 'sixties, which was only the work of a mere handful of men, a clique of inspired, if somewhat emotional, champions. Thus an array of sweeping changes followed the emancipation of the serf ; the two capitals resounded with the clash of literary arms ; the courts of justice re-echoed the eloquence of counsels' address to the jury. But away beyond the vale of sparsely scattered cities, in the depths of Russian emancipated rural life, where beats the heart of Russia's nationality—there, out of sight of the school-inspector there continued to reign, in dull silence, the slothful sleep of ignorance, the stolid, bovine, unreasoning endurance of want and misery. In most countries it has repeatedly been observed that small but intense minorities are the mainspring which sets in motion the potent issues and results of history. Russia's case, however, strikes us curiously enough as being a paradoxical exception.

The present portentous signs of an awakening rife throughout

the country come from a widespread majority. It is no longer the cry in the desert of the literary materialist, nor the clamour of a handful of students and agitators anxious to exploit "the excited state of the public mind." From slumbering, moribund corners of the vast, unwieldy empire; from insignificant provincial towns and hamlets comes the plea. Never in the whole history of the country has there been such a universal murmur of discontent. The entire empire from Finland to the Caucasus, from Poland to Sahalin, is saddened and oppressed with disappointment. War has been called "the most futile and ferocious of human follies." In the concrete, this is unhappily what it too often proves itself to be. But in the abstract, history has shown us that often, and that war may be productive of beneficial results and to the vanquished nation even more than to the actual conquerors. The Crimean campaign, for instance, was a striking object-lesson of such a hypothesis. Of the five nations engaged in this combat, Russia, the defeated in arms, was the sole moral gainer, since the war clearly revealed to Alexander II. the unsound condition of his country's internal polity, which he at once attempted to reorganise. Unfortunately the aims and objects which he had in view, as just hinted, were far beyond the grasp of one man, or the scope of an ordinary lifetime; and before his contemplated reformatory measures could be consummated his life was cut tragically short. The present conflict with Japan is a second revelation. But on this occasion it is the people themselves who have discovered what their rulers are too shortsighted to perceive. For the first time in their history the Russian people have been staggered and disillusioned by the disclosure that they are no match as a nation, either organically or intellectually in single combat, with a highly progressive nationality. Comparatively easy incursions and conquests in barbaric Central Asia had left Russia unheeding of the inadequate and defective system of her national organisation under the misrule of an obsolete oligarchy. The history of England from the time of the Tudors onwards may be roughly summed up as the record of the growth of constitutional government. In Russia, from the accession of Ivan the Terrible—or even earlier—we can trace the swift growth of the aggressiveness and influence on Tsardom of the all-absorbing bureaucracy, an aggressiveness and influence, indeed, which have culminated in raising an impenetrable barrier between the Tsar and his people. Such, in fact, is this governing body of absolutism ranking from the miserable bribe-levying scrivener (*pèesir*) of the village commune to the highest State official. It is this *tshinovnik* class that Gogol holds up to such humorous ridicule and subjects to such galling satire in

his famous comedy *The Revisor* (Inspector-General). At the same time we would readily admit as an extenuating circumstance, the well-known fact, that a large proportion of the salaries of the *tshinovniks* are notoriously insufficient as a mere living wage; hence the tacit concession of the State to the dominating system of official impositions and exploitation of the people. The very existence of the latter is in the hands of the *tshinovnik*, who either as chief of provincial police or governor-general of a province, has the power under the administration to deport without trial a man objectionable to him on private or public grounds to a distant province, and in some cases even to Siberia for a term of from one to five years.<sup>1</sup>

The rapid territorial expansion of Russia and the consequent extension of the radius for independent action of the far-removed governor or civil administrator of a distant province has also largely contributed to an abuse of power on the part of the officials which is unknown in other countries.

Under the firm grip of such rulers as Ivan the Terrible or Peter the Great, and with the then existing social status of the country a *tshinovnitshestvo* of this kind could be brought under the Tsar's own control and work well enough. But since the reign of Nicholas I. the very loyalty of the people to Tsardom has more than once been rudely shaken, not by reason of the autocracy itself, but by the exasperating encroachments of the bureaucracy. The stronger the bureaucracy, the more imminent is the danger of the people drifting away from their inherent loyalty and the sentiment cherished in their hearts of the benign paternal trusteeship of their *batevshka* (little father) Tsar. *Do Boga vyssòko ah do Tsaria dalyòko* is nowadays the frequent ending to the peasant's plaint uttered with a sigh of helplessness—meaning that God is too high, and the Tsar too far.

That the bureaucracy has attained to its present dimensions has scarcely been the fault of any conscious policy of self-effacement on the part of successive sovereigns in Russia; rather is it due to a chain of unfortunate fatalistic, almost inevitable circumstances, with which the individual character of each Tsar has been powerless to cope. Thus Alexander II. began his reign with a solemn declaration of his intention to devote his life's energy to the work of reform, but in the end he had to succumb to the bureaucratic octopus, and deliver himself over to its power hand and foot. For on these terms alone would the bureaucracy accept the responsibility of guarding his personal safety.

(1) It should be mentioned that by his last decree the present Emperor has ordained that measures be at once considered by the council of Ministers for the abrogation of the codicil of the Law Code which legalised this deportation by administrative means.

The state of terrorism brought about by the extremists; the ghastly sight of his murdered father's mutilated body; the rapid spread of Nihilism—had an overwhelming effect on his son coming to the throne. Alexander III. swore vengeance in his own heart on the perpetrators of the murder and on their revolutionary circle, and we can hardly be surprised at the repressive reactionary measures which followed. This Tsar besides was a man of somewhat limited mental endowments and requirements, at least for the Emperor of a country like Russia. With an elder brother for heir-apparent to the throne, he was bred and educated for a soldier rather than for a statesman. A pan-slavist and a Russian to the backbone, he combined an iron will and powerful physique with a lack of system and executive talent. His daily routine was to work hard and conscientiously, indeed, according to his tenets for the welfare of the people bequeathed to his charge. But his labour was to little purpose. His influence remained unfelt. The old paternal faith in the love of the people was shaken. The famous decree promulgating certain constitutional rights signed by Alexander II. on the day of his tragic death was—it is now an open secret—relegated to the Imperial archives, and a policy retrogressive to the hilt, with Pobedonostsev at the head, pulled the strings of government. Alexander III. died, bequeathing to his heir: "the undeviating maintenance of the immutability of the fundamental laws of the empire and the Divine inheritance of the autocratic power of the Tsar." Nicholas II. mounted the throne announcing his determination to follow in his father's footsteps, and on each occasion of addressing his people, he is at pains to repeat this intention. Taking into consideration his antecedents and the gloomy influences which surrounded his childhood and youth, there is perhaps small wonder that he too should be slow and chary in granting wholesale concessions to the reforms demanded of late by his people. To the present Tsar, as to his father, the fact has apparently never occurred, that the very machinery of government employed has worked and is working to estrange the people from the person of the Tsar, and that it is actually weakening instead of strengthening his autocratic power.

With all the present Tsar's benignant and benevolent aspirations, he is unhappily imbued on the one hand with too much sentimentality and vacillation, on the other with a nervous anxiety to be powerful and strong as the Tsar of all the Russias in the full sense of the words. Added to this anxiety is the hereditary ambition to bequeath in his turn to his lately born son an unimpaired autocratic dynasty. At every crisis these conflicting desires appear to be swinging his mind and the dictates of his reasoning powers at the base of his ministerial pendulum. That the autocracy will

be superseded by a constitutional government in Russia even in the distant future seems scarcely feasible.

But if it be allowed to remain in its present unstable, equivocal attitude, it is not improbable that its life and reality will be gradually crushed out of it by the bureaucracy. Should the much prognosticated yet for all that unlikely revolution ever take place in Russia, it will not be an attempt to pull down the ancient tower of autocracy, but a struggle to disarm the hated and despised bureaucracy. If, then, the autocracy is ever again to become the potential factor that it was in the past, it is to the all-overshadowing bureaucratic tree that the axe, or at any rate the pruning-knife, should be rigorously applied. This, however, is easier said than done. To suggest that a growth of centuries can be suddenly uprooted would be a mere fallacy. Although the germs of the bureaucratic appendage to Tsardom constitute an alien importation into Russia, at the same time it is more ancient in its induction than was even that of serfdom, and the precipitate abolition of the latter has in many respects hardly proved to be an unmitigated blessing in the economic transfiguration of Russia. And granted that it were possible with a stroke of the Emperor's pen to remove the red tape government of bureaucracy, what is to take its place? The hypothesis of a self-governing *rex populi* constitution so freely mooted and glibly discussed by the Press of this country during the last few months is obviously untenable to anyone who knows Russia and her people with any degree of accuracy. The English Republic with its hereditary royal president cannot be made to fit into the Russian conception of orthodox Tsardom. Yet impossible as it would be to establish the ideal of a Western constitution in Russia, the paramount difficulties, it must be granted, are not at first sight patent to Western eyes.

The complex elements at work in her polity are altogether too heterogeneous to apply any Western ideas of reform. It would amount to a claim to crown an edifice, before its lower storeys shall have been built. To begin with, the peasant influence, which is that of two-thirds of the population, is out of the question. The claims of Poland and Finland are apart, and not entirely in sympathy with the rest of the empire. The wishes for autonomy expressed by the Baltic provinces would have to be satisfied. In opposition to all of these there is the Slavophil-Panslavist party clamouring to Russianise all the subjects of the Tsar, and for the russification of all the Slavs outside. Universal as is the discontent, the bulk of the nation is too ignorant to even formulate its reasoning, still less to suggest State measures for actual remedies.

With its constant aim of self-aggrandisement in view, the policy

of the bureaucracy has been sufficiently astute in the first place to enact measures for obstructing the ordinary channels of education, enlightenment and intellectual development of the people. In the second to conceal its own omissions and commissions by imposing a stringent muzzling of the Press. According to the latest Report of the Ministry of Education, primary education in Russia for the last years appears to have made no advances whatever. The number of schools has not only not increased, but has actually diminished from 95,073 in 1897 to 84,504 in 1903. The poverty of the rural population in the north and north-west and north-eastern provinces, and in some of the midland districts, as well as in the Caucasus, is so great that, among other privations, the primeval system of burning a wood chip stuck in the wall for lighting the cabins of the peasantry is still in vogue. The bulk of the village population must therefore cease at an early hour, in the long winter and autumn twilight, all kind of indoor work and cottage handicraft, and spend long hours in sleep and idleness. Intellectual improvement by reading is impossible for the most zealous, whether young or old, under such circumstances. Many cottage industries are at a standstill during the greater part of the year; hence laziness and insobriety, the forerunners of distress and starvation, are the prevailing and inevitable twin-evils to which the peasant succumbs. Yet as Dostoyevsky already remarked in his day: "The Russian people in spite of their apparently hopeless ignorance have nevertheless their religion, their language, and even their popular oral-literature, and any scheme for their improvement which is to be useful or acceptable must be founded on this culture and be in harmony with their religious ideas. We have not to create; we have rather to aid and foster the growth of what already exists. It is in consequence of the neglect of these elementary principles that so little success has hitherto attended the ill-organised attempts to raise the low level of their popular education. The people have no need to be told what they want, and if we wish their education to become a reality, and not simply a formal paper scheme—if we wish to overcome their stubborn indifference to learning and instruction which is the result of a suspicious fear that by forcing on them a system of our own, we are pursuing some selfish end rather than seeking their good—we must help them to conduct their schools after their own ideas, with as little interference as possible on our part, and in accordance with their own traditions and necessities." Were he alive to-day Dostoyevsky might have added that Russia requires economic stability more than Imperial expansion. It is the raising of the status of the peasantry by the withdrawal of restrictive measures and the influence of true education, as he de-

scribes it, that is wanting to enable her to meet the exigencies of her agricultural industry—the main asset in her financial resources. Further, the peasant is sorely in need of some system of providing him with material aid which would enable him to improve his antiquated methods of cultivating the land. He also requires some impetus which will instil into him a spirit of self-respect and self-reliance, and help to raise him to a point of equality as a citizen of the empire. Then and only then will there be time to talk of organising deliberative assemblies with executive power, but certainly not without a recognition of the supreme authority of the Tsar. Any scheme of reform in Russia which is to be lasting, must be based on the two great principles of obedience and love as represented by loyalty to the Tsar and fidelity to the Church. And this brings us to the subject, as yet untouched upon, of the Zemstvos. The Act of Emancipation of the serfs in 1861 was followed in the succeeding year by the establishment of the local governing bodies called by this name, which is derived from the word *zemlia* (land), i.e., land-assembly. Hitherto the only assemblies at all comparable to the newly elected bodies were the Provincial Assemblies of the nobles, whose functions were mainly deliberative on local matters, and of very little significance. The governing bodies created by Alexander II. are of two grades—the smaller, District-Zemstvos, and the larger and more important, for whole provinces, called governments or counties, as we should style them here. The electors for the District-Zemstvos consist of assemblies of landed proprietors; rural communes, representing the peasants; and the municipal corporations. The members of the Government-Zemstvos are elected by those of the District-Zemstvos. The functions of the Zemstvo assemblies are somewhat analogous to those of our own county councils, with perhaps presumably greater prerogatives. They have control of the maintenance of roads and bridges; they can build and support schools, provide the rural population with hospitals and medical aid, and may impose rates on landed property. They have no voice in State affairs, and their liberty of action from the outset has constantly been curbed and hampered by the Minister of the Interior through the governor-general of each province. Yet naturally no body of men could be better calculated than the Zemstvos to know the exact needs of the people. It was, thanks to the liberal and impetuous, but much-abused and wing-clipped Sviatopolk-Mirski, that they were last year permitted for the first time in their history to send reform-seeking delegates to the capital. The eyes of the whole thinking world were at once attracted to the appearance of this new star in the administrative heavens of the empire. The Press correspondents flashed message after message from St.



Petersburg, watching eagerly for new developments, and all kinds of rumours of startling changes for Russia were in the air. Then came the *débâcle*. The Tsar remained obdurate and unconvinced. His wavering indecision and his "we shall see" policy of acting under difficulties drove him once more to fall between two opinions. He has neither braved the agitated elements of the reform storm by taking the rudder himself and steering the State ship into the calm waters of concessions recommended by the more conciliatory party of his Council who wished him to meet the demands of the nation by certain changes in the administration, nor has he actually bowed to the blandishing persuasions of the reactionaries who are said to have maintained that the oft-quoted "fundamental laws of the empire" and the interests of the orthodox faith alike forbid the Autocrat of all the Russias to lay down any shred of his absolute power. By this unaccountable and lamentable hesitation Nicholas II. has probably missed the one golden opportunity of his lifetime to establish his position as an autocrat *de facto*, when, as in the words of one of the numerous addresses laid before the Imperial throne, "the whole of orthodox Russia would have risen to defend the one and indivisible autocratic rule, her dearest heritage and the foundation of her power and prosperity." The climax of the Zemstvo appeal was the ominous address of Prince Troubetskoy, in which he declared that Russia is drifting "through a period of anarchy and revolution, and this time the movement is not merely a sign of disturbance on the part of the youth of the country, but rather a reflection of the existing social conditions. The present state of affairs is extremely dangerous and ruinous for every section of Russian society, and particularly menacing to the sacred person of the Emperor. On that account it is the duty of every loyal subject to prevent the explosion of such a catastrophe by every means in his power." Particularly ill-advised and precipitate was the last move of the extreme party of progressives, who, in order to further their own ends, tried to force the hand of the Government by taking advantage of the workmen's strikes, strikes of Government servants which amounted practically to sedition. Had the ringleaders in the St. Petersburg and subsequent riots calmly considered and taken a wider view of the situation, they could hardly have had reason to expect a different issue than the one that followed. In a country accustomed to be governed as Russia is, it would have been nothing short of abject pusillanimity on the part of the authorities to permit an enormous crowd of revolvers—for such they were in spite of the sacred emblems of peace prominently exhibited in their processions—to force their way into the palace. The consequences of such a lawless bursting of the barriers of bureaucracy and by violent means reach-

ing the person of the Tsar would have opened the locks of all the other centres of revolutionary waters, and burst the dams of State control throughout the whole country. The significant attempt to overthrow with one tremendous impulse of the people's will the centuries old bureaucracy was indeed a bold and intrepid act, but wholly impolitic. Desperate isolated efforts after reform have been tried in other countries and have always failed in the end, nor are they likely to succeed better in Russia. What will be the subsequent trend and tide of events it is difficult to surmise, much less to prophesy. Wilhelm II., on his accession to the throne of Germany, saw with the eye of a shrewd statesman that Bismarck was standing between him and the people. He felt that he was able to navigate the State ship himself, discharged the old pilot, and took the helm into his own hands, in spite of the outcry and opposition of the Junker party and its numerous powerful adherents. To steer Russia through her troubled waters both at home and abroad her ruler needs a steady hand of tremendous strength, and a mind and will of equal force such as Wilhelm II. thus displayed at the supreme moment of Germany's political transition.

ALEXANDER KINLOCH.

## IBSEN IN HIS LETTERS.

HENRIK IBSEN's letters, collected in two solid volumes under the careful editorship of Herr Halvdan Koht and Dr. Julius Elias, form the best possible substitute for that autobiography which he again and again thought of writing, but always put aside till it was too late. In a certain sense, the letters are more convincing evidence of his frames of mind than any reminiscences could have been; especially as the poet's declared intention was to make his life and his writings mutually explanatory, and weave them into a consistent whole. His work would have been in some sort an apologia, and open to the suspicion with which we regard all special pleading. Without doubting his sincerity, we should have doubted, now and then, whether his memory did not show him rather the man he wished he had been than the man he was. But letters—such manifestly unaffected letters as these—afford the best possible record of the mood of the moment. The insight they give us is fragmentary, no doubt; but at least it is not warped by the intervention of any refracting medium.

Ibsen was not a born letter-writer. The form was never congenial to him. His pen did not fly over the paper, but travelled over it slowly, laboriously, conscientiously. He did not shine in direct utterance of any sort, but was a dramatist to the marrow. Even his lyrics—the best of them, at all events—are either fables or dramas. In this respect he offers a curious contrast to Byron, whom in some other respects he resembles—notably in his voluntary exile, his passionate estrangement, from his native land. In direct self-expression Byron was always most at his ease—Ibsen, least. Byron tried to write drama and could not; Ibsen could scarcely write anything else. The bulk of these volumes would be considerably reduced if all Ibsen's, apologies for his dilatoriness as a correspondent were cut out, along with all his expressions of distaste for letter-writing and inability to discuss this subject or that except by word of mouth. To his less intimate correspondents, too, his formalities of compliment are oppressive. He is too often the polite letter-writer, and little else.

Nevertheless, the book is extraordinarily interesting, and even fascinating. It throws a flood of new light on the poet's outward and inward life. Like many men who hate letter-writing, he could, when he worked himself up to it, or when a sudden impulse overcame his chronic distaste, express himself with

remarkable freedom and vivacity. All his letters to Björnson and to George Brandes are documents of the utmost value; and the same may be said of many occasional epistles to other correspondents. As he grows older, his habit of reticence gains upon him; yet even in the ceremonious letters of his later life there are many memorable phrases, and character-traits that one would not willingly let die.

The new knowledge conveyed in these volumes may be roughly marshalled in four divisions. It concerns (1) the outward conditions of the poet's life, (2) his artistic development, (3) his political and social ideas, (4) his personal character. I propose to glance at a few salient points under each of these headings.

## I.

There is ample evidence in the early letters of the harassing poverty in which some of the best years of his life were passed. Not until he was nearly forty could it be said that his "bread-sorrows" were over. At Bergen his salary as theatre-poet and artistic instructor was under £70 a year. At the Norwegian Theatre in Christiania his nominal salary was £130, but when the theatre went bankrupt it was considerably in arrears. At the Christiania Theatre his nominal salary was about £6 a month, but it was never paid in full. From *The Vikings*, the most successful play he had written up to 1863, he made in five years just about £50. When it was produced at the Christiania Theatre, he was offered an "honorarium" of £6 15s., and told that if he was not content with that he should have nothing at all. What wonder that, with incomings such as these, and with a wife and child to support, he ran into debt! But even his debts bear witness to the narrow circumstances in which he lived, for in 1863 they did not amount to much over £100. It is pitiful to read his repeated applications to the Government for one of the miserable "stipends" which the Storting sometimes doled out to poets and artists. At last, in 1864, he is allotted a "travelling stipend" of £90, and with that he sets off to Rome. But he leaves debts behind him, and has to borrow here and there from wealthy acquaintances in order to eke out his travelling pittance. What these continual money-troubles must have meant to a man of Ibsen's proud and sensitive spirit, it is only too easy to imagine. His letters (which, however, are scanty during this period) show him less galled and humiliated than might have been expected. Even his first years in Italy were passed in direful straits. His original "stipend" was only a single dole, not a yearly allowance. In 1866 he applies to King Carl for an annual "poet-pension."

"It is not," he says, "for a secure income that I am here contending, but for the life-task which I immovably believe that God has imposed upon me—the task which of all others seems to me the most important and most necessary—that of awakening the people of Norway and inducing them to think greatly." His petition is granted, and he writes to the Minister who informs him of the fact: "My future is now assured, and I can pursue my vocation undisturbed." His future is assured by an allowance of £90 a year!

In the history of the pecuniary arrangements which enabled him to go to Rome and to support himself there, the most interesting feature is the enthusiastic and unwearied help afforded him by Björnson. It was not until 1859 that they formed any close intimacy, but for seven or eight years after that they were the warmest of friends. Björnson, though more prosperous as an author than Ibsen, had little enough money to lend; but he gave a more convincing proof of friendship in persuading other people to come to the aid of his brother-poet. Nor was Ibsen chary in his expressions of gratitude. For instance, in September, 1865, he writes from Ariccia:

The great thing—absolutely the greatest thing for me and my fortunes that has ever happened—is that I have met and really *found* you; and I can never requite you except by an affection which neither my friends nor your enemies shall ever impair.

I shall speak later of the vicissitudes this friendship underwent: they belong to the history of Ibsen's character rather than to that of his outward circumstances. The most enduring benefit Björnson conferred upon him was an introduction to the great publishing house of Gyldendal in Copenhagen. The publication of *Brand* by that firm preceded by about two months the allotment of the annual pension. The poem was a great success, and the pinch of need was over. A few days before *Brand* appeared, Ibsen added a postscript to a letter to Björnson: "For this once I avail myself of your suggestion that I should not prepay my letters. I do so by necessity, not choice." In other words, "My poverty, but not my will, consents."

But in spite of all troubles and anxieties, Ibsen's first years in Italy were probably the happiest of his life. His enjoyment of nature and art—of nature especially—was very keen, and his sense of liberation, in his escape from Norway, was ever present to him. He rejoiced in Rome itself. "Everything here," he writes, "is stupendous, but there is an indescribable peace over it all. No politics, no commercial spirit, no militarism, leaves its one-sided imprint on the population." It was a very different Rome

on which he turned his back twenty years later. In 1865 he wrote to Björnson: "I often lie for half a day among the tombs on the Via Latina or the Via Appia Antica, and I do not think this idling can be called waste of time. The Baths of Caracalla have also a peculiar attraction for me." Did he know, I wonder, that they had been one of Shelley's favourite haunts? For some time after his arrival in Italy he wrestled in vain with the idea of the play which afterwards became *Emperor and Galilean*. But at last, one day in the summer of 1865, business brought him from Ariccia into Rome. He strayed into St. Peter's, and there the idea of *Brand* flashed into his mind. "I suddenly saw in strong and clear outline what I had to say. I have now thrown overboard the thing I had been torturing myself with for more than a year, and in the middle of July I began something new which went as nothing has ever gone with me." He is now hard at work on it (at Ariccia), seeing no one, and reading nothing but the Bible—"which is strong and bracing." "I have a suspicion," he continues, "that my new poem will not ingratiate me with our legislators [on whom his pension depended]; but God confound me if I either can or will strike out a single line of it, to suit the tastes of these waistcoat-pocket souls." In another letter (also to Björnson) he describes the state of exaltation in which, amid all his anxieties and distresses, he wrote *Brand*. "I felt," he says, "a crusader's rapture."

After *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* (which followed close upon it) had made him famous and assured his economic position, the course of his life ran very smoothly. Its main features were his many migrations, the gradual extension of his fame beyond the limits of Scandinavia, and the controversies aroused by his later works. These external facts have long been public property, and on them his letters throw little new light. I pass, therefore, to the glimpses of his artistic development which the letters afford.

## II.

In the first place, it is interesting to note the literary influences to which he was subjected in the impressionable years of his early manhood. We know from one or two of his immature works that the sentimental romanticism of Oehlenschläger must have attracted him for a time; but there is no trace of this influence in his letters. In 1852, when he was sent by the management of the Bergen Theatre to study the Danish stage in Copenhagen, he writes to his employers: "In respect to the repertory we have been very fortunate, having seen *Hamlet* and several other plays of Shakespeare, and also several of Holberg's." The other plays

of Shakespeare which he probably saw at this time were *King Lear*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *As You Like It*. Of these, *Lear* and *As You Like It* must greatly have impressed him, for he cites them years afterwards; but it does not appear that his acquaintance with Shakespeare was ever wide or deep. On the other hand, Holberg, the great Danish-Norwegian comedy-writer of the eighteenth century, was throughout life his favourite author. His letters abound in Holberg quotations; he declares him to be the one writer he never tires of reading; and on the only occasion when I, personally, ever saw Ibsen greatly excited, a phrase from Holberg rose to his lips.

In a former article in this REVIEW, I have shown that his constant employment for several years in mounting the plays of Scribe and his school must have had a determining influence on his technique; but he clearly recognised, at an early period, that it was an influence to be outgrown. When some French critics tried, most absurdly, to class him as an imitator of Dumas *fils*, Ibsen wrote to Brandes: "I owe absolutely nothing to Dumas in respect to dramatic form—except that I have learnt from him to avoid certain glaring errors and clumsinesses of which he is not infrequently guilty." He could never rest satisfied with semi-realism of form; for that his sense of logic was too imperious. Before the appearance of *The League of Youth*, his first prose play of modern life, he wrote to Brandes: "I have been very scrupulous as to form, and have, among other things, achieved the feat of working out my theme without the aid of a single soliloquy, or even aside." This self-denying ordinance he somewhat relaxed on returning to historical drama in *Emperor and Galilean*; but when Mr. Gosse suggested that it had better have been written in verse, he energetically dissented. "The illusion," he said, "which I wanted to produce was that of reality; I wanted to give the reader the impression that what he was reading had actually happened. . . . My new play is not a tragedy in the old sense of the word; I have tried to represent human beings, and therefore I have not allowed them to speak 'the language of the gods.'" Ten years later, when a Norwegian actress, Fru Wolf, asked him for a prologue to be spoken at her benefit, he replied to the effect that a self-respecting dramatic artist ought to be chary of reciting even a single verse upon the stage, so much harm had metre done to the art of acting. This was no doubt the utterance of a momentary fanaticism; but it harmonises with the austere repression of every lyric impulse which reached its height, just about the date of this letter, in *An Enemy of the People*. In his later plays, as we know, poetry regained the upper hand, and more and more encroached upon realism, in spirit, if not in outward form.

The making of a play meant, for Ibsen, an extraordinary effort of mental concentration. He put everything else aside, read no books, attended to no business that was not absolutely imperative, and lived for weeks and months with his characters alone. He writes in June 1884: "I have in these days completed a play in five acts. That is to say, I have roughed it out: now comes the more delicate manipulation of it, the more energetic individualisation of the characters and their mode of expression." This play was *The Wild Duck*. A month or two later he writes: "The people in my new play, in spite of their manifold frailties, have through long and daily familiarity endeared themselves to me. . . . I believe that *The Wild Duck* will perhaps lure some of our younger dramatists into new paths, and that I hold to be desirable." In 1890, when he has finished *Hedda Gabler*, he writes to Count Prozor: "It gives me a strange feeling of emptiness to part from a piece of work which has now, for several months, exclusively occupied my time and my thoughts. Yet it is well that it has come to an end. The incessant association with these imaginary people was beginning to make me not a little nervous."

Of æsthetic theory, other than that which he himself constructed for his own use and behoof, Ibsen was very impatient. One of his first remarks on coming in contact with the art of antiquity and of the renaissance is that "as yet, at any rate, I can often see only conventions where others profess to find laws." Antique sculpture he cannot at first "bring into relation to our time." He misses "the personal and individual expression, both in the artist and in his work." "Michael Angelo, Bernini, and his school I understand better; those fellows had the courage to play a mad prank now and then." He afterwards saw deeper into the nature of antique art; but in 1869, after he had been five years in Italy, he wrote: "Raphael's art has never really warmed me; his creations belong to the world before the Fall." Yet of anything like pre-Raphaelitism, in the English sense of the term, he was entirely innocent. Florentine art, so far as we can see, had nothing to say to him. On his return to Rome in 1879 he bought a number of "old masters," partly from taste, partly as an investment; but he does not mention the name of a single painter. My impression is that the paintings he used to have around him would be but slightly esteemed by English connoisseurs; but, when I have visited him, I have had little attention to spare for his picture gallery. It is noteworthy, by the way, that at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873 he found the English art-section to consist "almost exclusively of masterpieces." In his youth, it will be remembered, he had himself given a good deal of time to painting.



This, however, is a digression: I return to his views on æsthetic theory in general. When he has been a year in Italy, he writes to Björnson that the most important result of his travels has been the elimination from his mind of the æsthetic system, "isolated and claiming inherent validity," which formerly had power over him. "Æsthetics in this sense now appear to me as great a curse to poetry as theology is to religion. You," he continues, "have never been troubled with this sort of æstheticism, you have never gone about looking at things through your hollow hand." Some years later, when a Danish critic, Clemens Petersen, has tried *Peer Gynt* by his æsthetic standard, and pronounced it "not really poetry," Ibsen retorts (in a letter to Björnson) with a splendid arrogance that Dante or Milton might have envied: "The book is poetry; or if it is not, it shall become poetry. The concept 'poetry' in our country, in Norway, shall refashion itself in accordance with the book." In the same letter he continues: "If it is to be war, so be it! If I am no poet, I have nothing to lose. I shall set up as a photographer. My contemporaries up in the north I will deal with individually, man by man. . . . Nothing shall escape me—no thought or feeling lurking behind the words in any soul that deserves the honour of being noticed." This was written in a moment of hot indignation; but it can scarcely be said that when the indignation cooled the purpose had evaporated.

Of criticism in general Ibsen writes: "The majority of critical strictures reduce themselves, in the last analysis, to reproaches addressed to an author because he is himself, and thinks, feels, sees, and creates like himself, instead of seeing and creating as the critic would have done—had he had the power."

Ibsen is never tired of insisting that all his writings—even his romantic plays—stand in intimate relation to his own life. "I have never," he declares, "written anything merely because, as the saying goes, I had 'hit on a good subject.' " He repeats again and again, to different correspondents, a distinction of which the full force escapes me. Everything he has produced, he says, has its origin in something he has not merely experienced (*oplevet*) but lived through (*gennemlevet*). Perhaps he is here repeating in another form the definition of poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquillity"; but this seems scarcely consistent with an idea he more than once repeats, that poetic production purges the system of fermenting elements which would become poisonous if not expelled. A few examples may perhaps make his meaning clearer. *Catiline* was written in the little philistine town of Grimstad, where (as he seems to imply) he stood in very much the same relation to respectable, conservative society in which Catiline stood

to the ruling oligarchy of Rome. "*Lady Inger of Östraat* is founded on a love-affair, hastily entered into and violently broken off. . . . *The Vikings* I wrote when I was engaged to be married. For *Hiördis* I employed the same model who afterwards served for *Svanhild* in *Love's Comedy*. . . . The fact that everyone was against me, that there was no one in the outer world who could be said to believe in me, could not but give rise to the strain of feeling which found utterance in *The Pretenders*. . . . Brand is myself in my best moments—just as, by self-dissection, I have brought to light many of the character-traits both of *Peer Gynt* and of *Stensgaard*." In the latter character (the hero of *The League of Youth*) he was commonly accused of having drawn *Björnson*. Replying in advance to this accusation, he wrote: "People in Norway will perhaps say that I have depicted real persons and circumstances. This is not the case. I have, however, used models, which are as indispensable to the writer of comedy as to the painter or sculptor." Here again I must own that the distinction baffles me. I can only imagine the meaning to be that he takes "composite photographs," not individual likenesses. As a matter of fact, *Stensgaard* was doubtless intended rather as a warning to *Björnson* than as a portrait of him.

The confession that parts of *Peer Gynt* and *Stensgaard* are the result of self-dissection may be compared with Mr. Meredith's similar admission (to Stevenson) with regard to *Sir Willoughby Patterne*. Ibsen not infrequently insists on the sternness of his self-criticism. To a lady correspondent he writes: "You must not think that I am so unkindly disposed towards my countrymen as many people accuse me of being. At any rate, I can assure you I am no more indulgent to myself than to others." And, again, to *Björnson*: "You may be sure that in my leisure moments I probe, and sound, and anatomise pretty searchingly in my own inward parts; and that at the points where it bites the sorest."

### III.

On his political and social utterances I need not dwell long, for the most important of them, occurring in letters to George Brandes, have long ago been quoted by that critic, in his *Ibsen and Björnson*. It was to Brandes, for example, that he expressed his lack of interest in "special revolutions, revolutions in externals, in the political sphere," adding, "What is really wanted is a revolution of the spirit of man." Familiar, too, is his remark that "he who possesses liberty otherwise than as an aspiration possesses it soulless, dead"; and, again, "I confess that the only thing about liberty that I love is the fight for it; I care nothing about the possession of it." These, and all his most noteworthy political deliverances, will be found in Brandes's invaluable essay.

A systematic political thinker Ibsen never was or could be. His views were full of incompatibilities, which he did not dream of harmonising. The one thing he consistently detested throughout life was opportunism. He was, if one may coin a word, an impossibilist. That a course of action was useless and hopeless was, in his eyes, the best reason for pursuing it. His bitter contempt for the inaction of Norway and Sweden when Denmark was crushed by Prussia was one of the forces that drove him into exile and kept him in estrangement from his country. It did not occur to him to inquire whether there would have been any use in their rushing into the quarrel. The humiliation which he then felt was, as appears from one of his letters, a main reason for his abandoning the field of national history and legend. He no longer took any pleasure in evoking the great past of his country, seeing that the men of to-day stood to the men of the sagas in the relation of a modern Levantine pirate to a hero of Homer. His impulse now was to hurl scorn at his degenerate countrymen through the mouth of Brand, and to embody in Peer Gynt their pusillanimity, their egoism, their "halfness." And of this feeling we find a curious echo in the very last letter included in these volumes. It is written in December, 1900, to a Dutch journalist who had upbraided him for some mildly pro-British utterance with regard to the South African War. Ibsen does not attempt to discuss the merits of the case, but answers: "You say that the Dutch are the Boers' natural defenders in Europe: why have not your countrymen chosen a point of more strategic importance for their defensive operations? I mean South Africa. And then, this method of defending kinsmen with books, and pamphlets, and open letters! May I ask, Mr. Editor, if you could not have found more effective weapons?" "Mr. Editor" probably thought the sneer very unreasonable; but it was precisely the reproach which in *Brand*, and in his lyrics at the time of the Danish war, the poet had flung in the teeth of his own countrymen.

One of the contradictions of Ibsen's political thinking lay (it seems to me) in the fact that he accepted the idea of definite national units, while he would fain have denied them all organisation. His hatred of "the State" appears over and over again in these letters. He does not shrink from utterances of sheer anarchism; but he does shrink from—or rather he never attains to—the idea of internationalism or cosmopolitanism, without which anarchism is surely unthinkable. Ibsen is always a tribesman, though as life goes on his conception of the tribe widens. In early life he was an ardent "Scandinavian"—a champion, that is to say, of the political union of the three northern kingdoms. "I began," he wrote to George Brandes in 1888, "by feeling as

a Norwegian, I developed into a Scandinavian, and have now come to rest in all-embracing Germanism. . . . I believe that national consciousness is dying out, and that it will be replaced by race-consciousness." This course of thought is not unlike that which Mr. George Wyndham set forth in his recent Rectorial Address at Glasgow. Much earlier (1872) Ibsen had told Mr. Gosse that the introduction of his works into England was one of his "dearest literary dreams" because "the English people stands so near to us Scandinavians." Without criticising the race-idea, from the point of view either of science or of expediency, one cannot but inquire how a race, any more than a nation, can maintain and assert itself in anarchic incoherence? The race-unit, no less than the nation-unit, must surely be an organism. Anarchism implies the negation of the unit, the absorption of all units in a homogeneous mass. How little Ibsen cared for consistency appears when we find him, in the 'nineties, acknowledging the benefits conferred on Germany by the drill-sergeant, and placing "discipline" in the forefront of the ethical requirements of his countrymen.

Inconsistency of thought need not surprise us in a poet who has so strongly emphasised the relativity and consequent impermanence of truth. "A normally constituted truth," says Dr. Stockmann, "lives—let us say—seventeen or eighteen years; at the outside twenty." But this estimate is only a flourish of the worthy Doctor's. Ibsen himself would probably have been the first to admit that, on the plane of expediency at any rate, five minutes may perfectly suffice to turn a truth into a falsehood. His mind was intensive rather than extensive. He did not profess or attempt to apprehend a thing in all its relations. He saw one aspect of it vividly and stated it forcibly, without denying that there might be other aspects of equal or greater validity. He evidently believed that ideas, like organisms, must be sifted through the struggle for existence, in order that the fittest may survive. Consequently he never hesitated to throw out the thought that for the moment dominated him, and let it take its chance among the rest; well knowing, at the same time, that it might one day be swallowed up by a larger and stronger thought, perhaps emanating from his own brain.

This intensiveness is a symptom or consequence of a slow-moving, brooding habit of mind which is manifest throughout his correspondence. He is not prolific of ideas; he ruminates on one or two at a time, until they embody themselves in dramatic form, and he "gets them off his heart." A letter to George Brandes, dated April 1872, contains the germs of two plays, published, respectively, ten and fourteen years later. "I hear," he says,

"that you have founded an association. . . . How far your position is thereby strengthened, I cannot judge : it seems to me that he is strongest who stands alone." And again, with reference to some controversy in which Brandes was engaged, he thus apostrophises him : "Be dignified ! Dignity [or, better, distinction] is the only weapon in such conflicts." In these two utterances we have the root-ideas of *An Enemy of the People* and *Rosmersholm* ; and similar germs of other plays may be discerned every here and there in his letters, at dates which indicate that he brooded over them for years. That he could, on occasion, warm into conversational brilliancy is proved by two witnesses : Professor Dietrichson, who was with him in Rome in the 'sixties, and the painter Grönvold, who saw a good deal of him in Munich in '77. But Dietrichson admits that these occasions were rare. Thoughts did not, as a rule, flash upon him as he talked ; he was more apt to draw, with great deliberation, on the previously-formed ideas which were slowly revolving in his brain. I happened to be with him frequently at the time when the publication of *Ghosts* had raised a storm in Scandinavia ; and I find his letters of these weeks studded with the very phrases which he used to me in conversation.

#### IV.

There can be little doubt that his slowness of mind and unreadiness of self-expression was a determining feature of his character. In his very first letter to Björnson, on the subject of some trivial misconception that had arisen between them, he says :—

I do not deny that I can understand your suspicion ; and I lay the blame for it, not so much on you, as on myself. I know that it is a defect of mine to be powerless to draw near in intimacy to the people to whom I ought to be able to reveal myself wholly and entirely. . . . I feel that in personal relations I have at my disposal only a false expression for what is in my inmost soul—for my real self. Therefore I prefer to shut it away ; and that is why we have sometimes stood, as it were, observing each other from a distance. But this, or something like it, you must certainly have seen ; otherwise your friendship for me could not have remained so rich and warm.

He detested untruth, and he found it impossible to express the whole truth as to his inner self, except in poetic form ; wherefore he shut himself up in an aloofness which to some people seemed morose and savage. "Do you know"—he writes to Björnson, in vindicating the "earnestness" which has shaped his course through life—"do you know that I have cut myself off for good from my own parents, from my whole kindred, because I could not be at rest in a relation of half-understanding?" As we read

this we think, not without a shiver, of Brand's refusal to bring comfort to his mother on her death-bed, and ask ourselves whether, after all, Peer Gynt was not wiser as well as kinder when he drove the dying Aase to Soria-Moria Castle, to the castle east of the sun and west of the moon? It is pretty clear that Ibsen sometimes put the same question to himself. To two members of his family he did write occasionally—to his favourite sister, Hedvig (the model for Hedvig in *The Wild Duck*), and to a half-brother of his father's. It is evident from these letters that he retained a warm feeling for his home and for the parents who had sent him out into the world at the age of fourteen. But his nature was, once for all, that of the uncompromising Brand, not of the pliant Peer Gynt; and there was probably not a little of the same unyielding mettle in the parents who had bred such a son. It is not for us to judge him, then, in this relation. He was very likely right in feeling that a half-understanding—an attempt to rub along together on the surface of things—would only have meant misery to all concerned.

It is in his relation to Björnson that his character can be best studied and will be most canvassed. Up to the end of 1867, their friendship is still warm, despite sundry interventions of "the devil in person" to make mischief between them. For instance, Ibsen seems to have thought Björnson remiss in not having averted Clemens Petersen's attack on *Peer Gynt*, alluded to in a former quotation; but Björnson explains his conduct, and all irritation vanishes. Ibsen writes:—

The thought of that cargo of rubbish which I unloaded in my last epistle has left me, in the interim, not a single hour of peace or self-contentment. The worst thing a man can do to himself is to do injustice to others. . . . I read your letter again and again every day, and read myself free from the torturing thought that I have wounded you.

But even in this letter a new cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, appears on the horizon; for we find Ibsen vindicating his own principles and conduct in the matter of accepting ribbons and crosses, which are anathema to the dogmatic republican, Björnson. The cloud soon gathers volume and covers the whole sky. Only a year later, Ibsen refuses to contribute to a magazine with which Björnson's name is connected; and six months later again, he writes to Brandes:—

What you tell me of Björnson does not surprise me. For him only two classes of people exist: those of whom he can make use, and those who may stand in his way. For the rest, though Björnson is an excellent psychologist in respect to his own creations, he calculates very badly where real people are concerned.

Though Stensgaard, in *The League of Youth*, was not intended

for Björnson, the play undoubtedly satirised Björnson's party, and he did not hesitate to denounce it as an act of assassination (literally, "sneak-murder"). In 1870, Ibsen thought of making a conciliatory move by dedicating to his brother-poet a new edition of *The Pretenders*; but some news (or gossip) from Christiania caused him to abandon the design. In 1872, Björnson's political action had become so distasteful to Ibsen that he wrote of the Norwegian Ministry: "People who can let Jaabæk and Björnson go at large are only fit to be locked up themselves." At that time Björnson was still an evangelical Christian, and religious as well as political considerations severed the former friends. Before the appearance of *Emperor and Galilean*, Ibsen believed (rightly or wrongly) that Björnson went about denouncing it in advance as "sheer atheism," though he had not read a line of it.

But towards the end of the 'seventies the orbits of the two stars gradually drew together again. On the one hand, Björnson abandoned his religious standpoint; and on the other, after the appearance of *A Doll's House*, the Conservatives could no longer pretend to make party capital out of Ibsen. When the controversy over *Ghosts* broke out, Ibsen wrote (January 24th, 1882): "The only person who in Norway has openly, freely, and boldly taken up arms for me is Björnson. That is like him. He has indeed a great king-like mind, and I shall never forget his action." In August of the same year, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Björnson's first appearance in literature, Ibsen wrote to him:—

Your works stand in the first rank in literary history, and will always stand there. But if I had to determine what should one day be inscribed on your monument, I would choose these words: "His life was his greatest poem."

Two years later, the two poets met at Schwaz, in the Tyrol, and their friendship was fully renewed. It would probably be too much to say that it has since been entirely untroubled, but malicious gossip has vastly exaggerated any little friction that may have arisen between them. In a novel published in 1889, Björnson paid an exquisite, though indirect, tribute to Ibsen's genius; and when he went to congratulate Ibsen on his seventy-fifth birthday, it is recorded that Ibsen said, with tears in his eyes, "Thou art, after all, the man I have most loved." ("Du er dog den jeg har holdt allermost af.")

Which was to blame in the years of estrangement? Both, no doubt, in some degree. Björnson was impulsive and reckless; Ibsen was suspicious and apt to brood, in his loneliness, over fancied, or exaggerated, wrongs. Björnson had too many friends,

Ibsen too few. The fundamental trouble was that Björnson, an ardent, almost fanatical, partisan, could not understand or forgive Ibsen's systematic refusal to cast in his lot with any party. Between two such men it was inevitable that misunderstandings should arise; yet one cannot but feel that, considering the manifold benefits Björnson had conferred on him, a little more patience and tolerance on Ibsen's part would not have been amiss.

One thing is clear—namely, that it was no petty literary jealousy that sundered the two poets. The people who love to read their own littleness into the minds of great men have represented that each of these two grudged the other his genius and the homage it brought him. There is not the slightest evidence of any such feeling on either side. The fact that Ibsen's fame overshadowed Björnson's in the world at large was resented by some of Björnson's Norwegian adherents; but there is nothing to show that the poet himself shared their resentment. Their rivalry in the literary field was never other than noble.

Throughout his letters we find Ibsen notably free from the characteristic foibles of the literary man. Clemens Petersen's attack on *Peer Gynt* is the one criticism that stings him into what may be called personal wrath. For the rest, though he is often indignant, it is with the indignation of the exasperated satirist, not of the fretful author. George Brandes criticised *Peer Gynt* on its appearance almost as unsympathetically as did Petersen; of *Hedda Gabler*, too, he wrote in the most disparaging terms; but neither criticism made any difference in Ibsen's friendship for him. No one could ever guess from these letters that their writer had been, for ten years or so, the most furiously assailed and reprobated of European authors. He resolutely acted up to his own advice to Brandes: "Be dignified!" It was, indeed, one of the contradictions of his nature, that while intellectually an ultra-radical he was temperamentally an aristocrat. This was the source of many of the seeming inconsistencies in his doctrine—inconsistencies which he would probably have said that it must be the task of the future to harmonise. His ideal was a democracy of aristocrats; and his moods of pessimism were those in which he feared that this must for ever remain a contradiction in terms.

In 1874, he wrote to Mr. Gosse that the delicacy of his (Mr. Gosse's) lyrics ought to be specially appreciated by "the English nation, whose practical efficiency is in such a wonderful way combined with a pure and noble habit of feeling, which makes it, as a whole, a nation of aristocrats, in the best sense of the word." Could he have foreseen even a few of the epithets habitually attached to his name by the English Press of the early 'nineties, he might have found something to modify in this panegyric.

WILLIAM ARCHER.



## THE FUTURE OF AIR-SHIPS.

### I.

SUPPOSE that I consider it quite possible to visit the North Pole in an air-ship? Suppose I predict that at no distant date aerial cruisers will threaten fleets, make war on submarine boats, and stampede army divisions?

Suppose I tell you that I hope, as early as the coming summer, to give something to the impetus remaining needful to the aerial effort that will bring such things to pass in Europe? That I fully expect, before the particular experiment be finished, to go cruising for a week at a time over Europe in an air-ship that will not need to touch earth each night because it will be in itself a floating house?

You might reply that such looking into the future is easy. But looking into the past is also a kind of looking into the future. When eight years ago I first proposed to attach an explosive petrolcum motor beneath a balloon filled with inflammable gas, the world cried out against the project.

After I had proved the safety of the automobile motor in the air, I declared that I would build an air-ship capable of making steering-way against moderate winds. I was at once accused of being as ignorant of mechanics as of aeronautics; the elongated balloon would double on itself; and the system would be carried off by the first breeze. To add to the discouragement, the balloon of my second air-ship did double on itself, and I was carried by the wind from the Jardin d'Acclimatation to the Plain of Bagatelle.

Years passed. I built other air-ships. I navigated over Paris; I made evolutions above the Champ de Mars; I accomplished trips to points indicated in advance; I returned to my starting-points. In a word, I enjoyed great pleasure in my air-ships, which I saw to be practical. Yet the accusation that I would be helpless in the wind pursued me; and I heard it from so many authoritative lips that it is a wonder I did not come to fear it myself—such is the world's power of suggestion over the individual.

Then I navigated the air between St. Cloud and the Eiffel Tower against a time limit believed to be prohibitory—not once but twice; not twice, but three times. On October 19th, 1901, I made the eleven kilometres plus the turning of the Tower in 29 minutes 30 seconds. Was it done in a profound calm? No;

the Central Meteorological Bureau reported, at the moment of starting, "a south-east wind blowing six metres per second—twenty-one kilometres per hour—at the altitude of the Eiffel Tower.

At Monaco in the early part of 1902 I dealt so continually with the wind that I was never able to make a satisfactory estimate of my speed. Up and down the Mediterranean coast I sped, sometimes accelerated, sometimes retarded by the wind; and so I came to look on the entire wind-problem as simply one of plus and minus as to speed and of the toughness of superposed silk and varnish with respect to pressure; and my strongest impression of those Mediterranean flights remains that I rejoiced, laughing to see how I outsped and left behind me the steam-chaloupes and petroleum launches that ought to have accompanied me to pick me up in case I fell!

Everything I have thus far accomplished has become commonplace. It is known, it has been seen, it seems natural, not unusual. But let us not forget that the commonplaces of 1902 were the impossibilities of 1898.

I said this to myself. I had tired of straining for speed to gratify the curiosity of others; and so I permitted myself to take some aerial amusement. I built my little "No. 9," in which, day after day, I hopped over the trees of the Bois, kept appointments to lunch, attended a review, and guide-roped down the Avenue des Champs Elysées to my door at the corner of the Rue Washington.

That was one kind of air-ship. Had I at that moment predicted that, within two years, I would go on aerial pleasure-cruises of a week's length, accompanied by friends whom I would lodge, feed, and keep warm, while they should sleep between the constellations and the earth, and exult through golden afternoons spent gliding over Europe, I should have heard all the old objections—and some new ones.

## II.

Why is it that no balloon has ever been able to stay much longer than twenty-four hours in the air, and that the world's record, made in a recent sensational contest, is not quite thirty-six hours?

It is because ballooning has two great enemies—condensation and dilatation. Suppose that you are at equilibrium at five hundred metres. Suddenly a little cloud masks the sun. The gas in the balloon cools and condenses, and if you do not at once

throw out enough ballast to correspond to the ascensional force lost by such condensation, you will begin descending to earth. If you throw out too much ballast, you will become too light again and shoot up too high.

Imagine you have thrown out just enough. All goes well for a time. Then the little cloud ceases to mask the sun. Your gas will heat up again, and by its dilatation will regain its old lifting power; but, having less to lift by the amount of ballast just thrown out, it will dart higher into the air, where the decreasing atmospheric pressure will permit it to go on dilating until a lot of gas escapes through the valve with which every balloon is furnished. Otherwise the balloon would burst!

You have overshot your equilibrium and lost too much gas—because the balloon is an impetuous thing, always exaggerating. Therefore you will find yourself descending—to condense your gas again as the atmospheric pressure increases—when more ballast must be sacrificed, and the balloon shoots up too high again, and the trouble recommences!

The skill of the spherical balloonist consists precisely in maintaining his desired altitude with the greatest economy of gas and ballast; but, be he ever so exact, the time must come when repeated condensations have forced him to throw out his last gramme of ballast and repeated dilatations have lost him so much gas that the balloon sinks to earth—no longer spherical, but pear-shaped, with its lower part hanging flaccid.

From the earliest ballooning times, men have sought to combat condensation by means of heat. Montgolfier's first balloon was filled with nothing but hot air, which is lighter than the cool air of the atmosphere; and it has always been known that an adequate heating of one's gas would be equivalent to saving so much ballast.

Pilâtre de Rozier who, accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, was the first in the world to make a free balloon ascent, finally lost his life in an attempt to cross the English Channel by means of such a contrivance in which heated air was to reinforce hydrogen gas.

Many methods have been since proposed, the latest and most logical being a plan which would allow steam to freely mingle with one's gas—the theory being that such steam will condense in drops on the inside surface of the balloon envelope, to be caught again without loss as they fall into a proper receptacle below the open vent at the bottom of the spherical balloon.

Nothing could be more logical or beautiful than this plan in theory; and the only reasons I have for refusing to adopt it in practice come from my own small experiments, which I do not claim to be conclusive. Only, so far as I have been able to

experiment, the system would require me to take up too much water. The surface of the balloon is so great that the mass of the steam, instead of condensing and falling in drops as it ought to do, seems simply to disappear, to escape through the varnished silk, where gas itself cannot escape. At least this is what happened to me.

Yet such heating of one's gas is too tempting an idea to be abandoned, especially in these days of perfected petroleum fuel. With one kilogramme of petrolcum I am promised by the manufacturers of my boilers and condensers that I can vaporise twenty kilogrammes of water. If I can devise a practical means for catching this water again as it ceases to be steam, the oft-studied problem will be solved. Imagine the balloon to be coming down—the result of gas condensation. Instead of lightening it by throwing out twenty kilogrammes of sand, I will have but to burn one kilogramme of petrolcum! My twenty kilogrammes of water will become steam, itself lighter than the air, and whose heat will dilate my gas to such an extent as to produce *thirty* kilogrammes of new ascensional force!

At first I hoped that the thing could be accomplished by means of a small and very tight steam-bag sewed inside the balloon. I would lead my steam to it, there to condense and fall in drops which could be caught, by means of a tube. This steam-bag, expanding as it filled, would have at the same time served as an interior air-*ballonet* to aid in maintaining the balloon's form. Unfortunately no silk and varnish will resist steam, and after long experiments in which the steam reduced my steam-bags to a sticky mass, I hit upon my present condensers.

Why should I not lead from the boiler directly to a present-day aluminium condenser hung inside the balloon? It had never been done—but that is the distinguishing particular of all new things. Now I have done it. You can call it a condenser or a radiator; in fact, it differs little from the radiator of an automobile in construction or function, though its object is to heat instead of to cool. It consists of half a kilometre of very thin aluminium tubes disposed vertically in the form of a hollow cone, the whole being suspended inside the balloon from its top.

Now imagine the balloon to be in the air—and coming down as the result of gas condensation. I simply turn a faucet, and steam immediately generated by a remarkable little up-to-date boiler begins mounting to the condenser and rushing through its half a kilometre of tubes. This steam cannot possibly mingle with my gas, yet it heats it, re-dilates it, and gives new ascensional power to the balloon. Indeed, the radiation of the half kilometre of tubes is so complete that the steam ceases to

be steam before it has traversed their whole length. So it immediately drops out at the other end in the form of water again!

Now you see what happens. Interrupted at will by the play of the faucets, I keep my twenty kilogrammes of water in a continuous circular movement of water, steam, water, steam, water. The twenty kilogrammes (or more) of water remains always a part of the original weighing of the balloon; yet each time I send it round the circle, at the cost of one kilogramme of petroleum fuel, I gain temporarily thirty kilogrammes of ascensional force: and, thanks to the play of my faucets, I can graduate this force at will.

I repeat, I gain thirty for one—thirty kilogrammes of ascensional force for one kilogramme of petroleum ballast. Therefore—it seems clear to me—if the ordinary spherical balloonist can stay twenty-four hours in the air with a given quantity of sand-ballast, I shall be able to stay thirty days in the air with the same quantity of petroleum ballast.

### III.

The balloon envelope of this aerial yacht—as I may call it—is being sewed. Its car is already built. Its boiler and condenser are being constructed. Its motor is ordered. Its propellers exist. And very soon the aerial yacht will start on its first cruise. In appearance it will more resemble the preconceived idea of a twentieth century air-ship than anything heretofore produced.

Beneath an egg-shaped balloon, slightly less elongated than the balloon of my "No. 9," will be seen hanging what looks like a little house with a balcony window running half its length on each side. The balcony window will characterise the open, or observation, room of the floating house, or car; and in it the motor will have its place. Behind it is the closed sleeping and reposing room; while in front of it you will see an open platform holding the steam-producing boiler. From it steam can also be led, by means of a pipe, to the open room for cooking and to the closed room for heating purposes when needed.

As the floating house is designed to remain for days at a time in the air, protection from the cold, even of moderate altitudes, may become important. Therefore the closed room can be made quite tight, to retain heat, it—like the whole of the car—being composed of a framework of pine, aluminium, and piano wire tightly covered with varnished balloon silk of many thicknesses. It will contain two cot beds. You may ask what will the guests do while the

captain sleeps? The whole idea of the aerial yacht is contained in the 'answer.

My guests may remain at ease while I take my turn at sleeping. The aerial yacht is not designed for high speed. Therefore its balloon need not be cylindrical. I am even making it egg-shaped; consequently the skilled labour and unremitting attention required for the maintenance of a cylindrical form by means of interworking ventilators and valves will not be needed. In this respect, indeed, the aerial yacht can, for hours at a time, be made to assemble very closely a spherical balloon, its motor being stopped, and the system being allowed to float gently through the night—or afternoon or morning—on a favourable air current. The labours of my guests will be limited to a common-sense opening and closing of a faucet as the balloon obviously falls or rises.

We shall do a great deal of such reposeful gliding on favourable currents, floating onward at no great height above the earth, but utterly free from the guide-roping nuisance. For us there will be no darting up into the frigid solitudes above the clouds, no falling into dank mists—after the fashion of spherical balloonists. Nor will there be the strain for speed, or the pressure preoccupation incident to ordinary air-ship flights. A proper handling of the faucets will secure us the level altitude we desire; and we shall float on, watching the great map of Europe unroll beneath us!

We shall dine. We shall watch the stars rise. We shall hang between the constellations and the earth.

We shall awake to the glory of the morning.

So day shall succeed to day. We shall pass frontiers. Now we are over Russia—it would be a pity to stop—let us make a loop and return by way of Hungary and Austria. Here is Vienna! Let us set the propeller working full speed to change our course. Perhaps we shall fall in with a current that will take us to Belgrade?

And now that it is morning again, let us ride on this breeze as far as Constantinople! We shall have time, and shall find means to return to Paris!

#### IV.

The obvious advantage of an egg-shaped, dirigible balloon under slight interior pressure, and furnished with my steam heating system is, of course, its ability to remain thirty days in the air where the ordinary spherical balloon can stay but one day.

Had André possessed it, he might have started off with serious

hopes of crossing the Pole on an air current, and being carried to civilisation in the opposite hemisphere; therefore I see no reason why such an aerial yacht, built for the purpose, should not reach the Pole and get back safely. An Arctic exploration steamship could carry it to the farthest possible point North; and there, on the deck of the steamship, it could be inflated and sent off to make the few hundred kilometres remaining between it and the great goal.

I have always been attracted by the idea of reaching the Pole in an air-ship. When one considers the very few hundred kilometres remaining to be conquered, it seems annoyingly impractical that an aerial machine, capable of racing against a time limit in the teeth of a wind blowing twenty-one kilometres per hour, should be baffled by them. To have recourse to speed would have been my first idea, actually proposed by me in my book *Dans l'Air*:

"Some day explorers will guide-rope to the North Pole from their ice-locked steamship after it has reached its farthest possible point north," I said. "Guide-roping over the ice-pack, they will make the few hundred kilometres to the Pole at the rate of from fifty to sixty kilometres per hour. Even at the rate of forty kilometres per hour, the trip to the Pole and back to the ship might be accomplished between breakfast and supper!"

I would now, nevertheless, prefer to rely on time rather than on speed, and trust the adventure to one of these aerial yachts, built for the special purpose.

Experience that will have to be gained by many cruises in my pleasure yacht would teach us how to build, equip, and handle a stronger and more powerful one adapted to Polar exploration. The size of the balloon would have to be calculated in proportion to the long duration of the cruise, the thickness of the envelope, the quantity of petroleum and stores, the capacity of the steam heating system, and the force of motor and propeller.

I have said that my aerial pleasure yacht will have no great speed. Probably it will not exceed fifteen kilometres per hour. What propeller speed ought to be given to the Polar yacht would be a question for calculation with many elements; but I concede in advance that it might be carried away from its course.

It might be carried from its course; but having, let us say, from thirty to forty days in the air at its disposal, it could always start due north again with its propeller the moment it had found a region of comparative calm. Note, it would have no need to retrace its course after such a blowing aside—it would simply try to start due north again!

When it found a northerly air-current—either by accident

or by hunting for it vertically—it would immediately stop its motor, in order to waste no fuel. Indeed, its propeller-force ought to be exerted only in two cases, for two great uses: (a) to push on straight to the Pole in every period of calm, and (b) to modify the air-ship's course when riding on a more or less favourable air-current.

Such are the two vital advantages of the aerial yacht not enjoyed by André in his balloon—its ability to re-direct its course due north, and time to wait for opportunities to so re-direct its course again and again and again. I will not dwell on the vital comforts of a heated cabin: but to me it is obvious that the closed room of the Polar yacht ought to be constructed very close, to hold all the heat its captain could give it. Its walls of many thicknesses of varnished silk enclosing both motor and boiler might save the expedition; for, apart from the adventure of André, this would be the first time for men to affront the cold of the north without the resources of continual violent exercise. Indeed, I have often asked myself if André and his companion did not simply perish from cold!

Or—another supposition—did it never occur to you that the tragedy of the André expedition might have been due to his balloon descending to earth in those far northern regions? Who knows what practical effect of condensation the intense cold might have had on its gas? A single descent to earth might have occasioned the loss of a great deal of gas. To rise again might have cost André a dangerous loss of ballast: and he would have started off again crippled in both these vital means!

Should the aerial Polar yacht be obliged to descend to earth, its captain could accomplish the manoeuvre by merely turning a faucet and allowing the intense cold to condense his gas. To rise again, he would simply re-heat his gas.

## V.

When the secret history of the Russo-Japanese war comes to be known, the submarine-boat will probably be found to have played a decisive part in the destruction of the first Russian Navy.

It is astonishing how quickly we habituate ourselves to revolutionary inventions. Up to the moment they burst on us as successes, we condemn them; then we accept them nonchalantly, as something natural.

A few years ago the submarine-boat occupied the same category as the air-ship in our consciousness; and it is only yesterday that a British submarine-boat drowned its entire crew while under cautious experiment in protected waters! Yet there are few who



doubt to-day that hostile submarine-boats rather than inexplicable carelessness with respect to their own mines destroyed the Russians' men-of-war and cruisers.

So it will be with the air-ship in war. The first successful one has but to appear, and the world will forget all its unfavourable judgments. And should the first one to appear be accidentally unsuccessful? I answer that, in such case, the world will probably have to wait a little longer for the surprise. There are inventions that have luck, others that have less : or is it simply that we are prone to overlook the small beginnings of the successful ones? The submarine-boat has, for the moment, distanced the air-ship—but in the end it is the air-ship that will be its master!

I have no doubt of it—the twentieth century air-ship is bound to become not only the unique enemy but the sensational master of the twentieth century submarine-boat—and this for a very curious reason, depending on certain optical laws not at all taken account of by the inventors of either!

It is now a well-observed fact that the occupants of balloons and air-ships floating over the surface of the water are able to perceive bodies moving beneath the surface of the waves, to a depth and with a distinctness that is marvellous.

In view of this one fact, imagine the case of a fleet threatened by submarine-boats. Without the aid of an aerial cruiser, it must remain as helpless as were the magnificent Russian war-ships in the harbour of Port Arthur. Protected by an aerial cruiser, observe how its chances change! The air-ship will be seen moving over the waves in long, parallel lines. Beneath the surface of the water moves the submarine-boat. Its speed is little in comparison with that of its adversary in the air. It cannot even perceive that the air-ship is threatening it without rising to the surface at great risk; and it can profit by the knowledge so obtained only by diving to depths in which its usefulness becomes nil.

In a word, the submarine boat can do no harm to the air-ship; while the latter can discover the submarine's presence, indicate its position to warships, and hurl down on it long arrows filled with explosives, and capable of penetrating the waves to depths impossible to gunnery from the decks of men of war or cruisers.

In that day the nation that has submarine boats and no air-ships will find itself in a ludicrous position. Instead of being able to protect its fleet of warships with its submarine boats, it will be obliged to protect its submarine boats with its fleet!

Can you not see small air-ships used as scouts over both land and sea? You reply that they will be shot at by the enemy. Certainly

they will be shot at—and now and then be brought down to earth : such is the fortune and the cost of war, which sees costly artillery abandoned, stores deliberately destroyed—and war-ships sunk ! But other air-ship scouts will obtain information that may decide a campaign.

There will be air-ships and air-ships, small and large, for different uses. In my imagination I see one of the great aerial cruisers of the future ; and lucky will be the army or navy that is first privileged to use it as an auxiliary !

Being constructed with the resources of a nation, and designed for momentous uses, it will be enormously stronger and more powerful than my “ No. 7,” whose sharp elongated form it will nevertheless adopt for the sake of speed. I will suppose it to have a gas capacity of 77,000 cubic metres, to give it a lifting power of ninety-three tons. This is no fanciful picture. I have long and carefully calculated these specifications, and they are in due proportion to each other.

For example, there must be an intimate connection between the capacity, shape, and strength of its balloon, the speed at which it is to be driven by its motor, and the weight of the crew, fuel, munitions, and permanent furniture it is to carry.

The balloon ought to be two hundred metres long and twenty-eight metres in its greatest diameter. It would be propelled through the air by thirty propellers, each worked by a separate petroleum motor of one hundred horse power. This would give a total of three thousand horse power, sufficient to impart to the air-ship a steady high speed of as much as one hundred kilometres per hour. To withstand the exterior and interior pressure corresponding to such speed, the balloon envelope ought to be composed of twenty-six thicknesses of Lyons silk properly superposed and varnished.

With a balloon of such lifting power, enough fuel could be carried to make one thousand kilometres at full speed, or from three to four thousand kilometres at reduced speed, and there would remain enough lifting power to carry a crew of twenty men and a supply of explosives to be hurled at the enemy by means of one or two cannons *genre lance-torpille à l'air comprimée*.

Such an aerial cruiser would have nothing to fear from the wind. With its high speed of one hundred kilometres per hour it could make its way tranquilly in the stiffest breeze ; and when not in use it could be held close to the ground, practically out of the wind's reach, by a hundred cables.

Doubtless in future wars on land and sea the great aerial cruisers, with their crews, will be brought down like simple little air-ship scouts. It will happen less frequently because of their

speed, the vigilance of their numerous crew, and their terrible offensive power. But are not whole sea fleets destroyed in war? Did the Russians give up the sea because of the destruction of their warships in the harbour of Port Arthur?

I concede that air-ships may be shot at and hit; yet it will not follow because they are hit that they must fall like a stone; "full speed ahead" commanded after the fatal puncture will take the wounded aerial craft far from the scene of its wounding. I concede that they may be shot at, hit, and even be brought down; yet the French and English officers who watched the Boers shoot day after day at the captive balloon that rose above Ladysmith have ideas of their own about the practical difficulties of thus bringing down a bag of silk filled with gas.

I concede that air-ships may be destroyed in war; but, at the worst, remember that the crew of a great aerial cruiser will not contain a tenth of the crew of a war-ship; that its construction will cost far less than a tenth in both money and time. Yes, air-ships will be destroyed in war; but reflect also how quickly a 20,000,000 francs war-ship may be sent to the bottom of the sea by dropping a moderate quantity of dynamite on the middle of its deck!

## VI.

How soon are we to enter on the Air-ship Age? Probably the great change will come rapidly: once let an air-ship reach the Pole, once let an aerial cruiser make some action *d'éclat* in war—and within an astonishingly short time you will see hundreds of air-ships gliding overhead. The great change will have begun!

Hundreds of engineers and mechanics will begin competing with each other in the improvement of aerial craft, copying from each other, improving on each other, racing with each other, exhibiting side by side in Air-Ship Salons. Factories will be devoted to air-ship construction, and the models of each succeeding year will be more practical—by reason of the experience gained by a thousand experts in every-day competitive experiment.

At the beginning it will be as it was with automobiles when they bore no numbers, when no *chauffeurs'* certificates were issued, and when the amateur going out for a spin was tolerated as an exception in one sense, and as a pioneer of French industry in another.

Month after month more air-ships will be seen manœuvring over Paris; but as they will not frighten horses, will not run over pedestrians, will not congest traffic, will not pollute the air of Paris with their odours, there will be less crying against them than you might imagine.

Oh, yes, there will be certain complaints against them. Now and again an air-ship, either by design or accident, will come down in the street—by preference in a wide avenue. Crowds will collect around it. Now and again—not often—one of them will fall with painful, but not necessarily fatal, results.

There will be discussions. A portion of the population and Press will take sides against the aerial movement. Others will defend it, if only in the interest of French industry and of Paris as the world's centre of novelties : for Parisians will be once again ready—as they have always been ready—to make greater concessions than other cities to maintain the reputation of their brilliant capital as the “ Ville Lumière,” the enlightened pleasure-city of the world, the capital of new sights and sensations !

Little by little these very accidents and interruptions of street traffic will force certain topographical changes on Paris.

The air-ship people will demand landing spaces.

They will say : We ask nothing of the street. We do not benefit by your expensively maintained avenues. If you will accord us landing spaces, we will keep to them ; and you will have no further trouble from us.

Thus the first landing spaces will be conceded—wide open spaces like parade grounds, free from trees, buildings, poles or fences, to which the air-ship captain may steer his craft in case of accident or desire to alight.

At the beginning they will probably be parts of already existing public squares ; but the topographical change will have begun. Little by little the landing spaces will have to be made in every part of Paris ; and when they begin to be constructed on the tops of houses, the second part of the topographical change will have begun.

Whether or not we who read these lines will ever mount in lifts to spacious platforms in the air to wait for the aerial craft to come and take us, will depend, I fancy, on how much the aeroplane principle will be found able to serve us. Dirigible elongated balloons, even when neither heavier nor lighter than the air, are accommodating craft, perfectly capable of mounting from landing spaces on the ground. Aeroplane air-ships, on the other hand, may find vital advantage in coming to, and especially in starting from, heights.

I have no objection to aeroplanes furnished with motors ; and there are even certain forms *plus lourds que l'air*, which I regard as eventually possible, if not probable. Indeed, were I, Santos-Dumont, to find myself at the head of a great experimental air-ship station with unlimited material and workmen at command, I would be immediately found constructing, side by side,

a dozen different types of aerial craft, being convinced—as I have ever been convinced—that practical experiment must be our only true guide in the air. If, in my own modest experiments, I have thus far held to the elongated balloon, it has been uniquely from my desire to navigate the air at once, without delay, for my own pleasure!

There may be aeroplane air-ships with great fixed wings, which will permit powerful motors to propel them, skimming through the atmosphere. The proportion between motive force and surface may be satisfactorily arrived at; the natural laws of the sizes of such aeroplanes, either simple or combined with balloons, may be discovered. And so quickly do we become habituated to new things, the day when aerial omnibuses begin carrying tourists and business men from Paris to St. Petersburg, you and I will take our places in them as naturally as our grandfathers took the first railway trains.

Then, in addition to the surface landing spaces and the elevated landing stages of the smaller aerial craft, new and highly-organised aerial line stations will complete the topographical change.

They will resemble the termini of railways only in so far as they must have waiting-rooms, restaurants, bars and cab-ranks on one side, and traffic halls, machine shops, gas plants, and a lot of parallel railway tracks on the other. The railway tracks will be for the accommodation of small trucks and locomotives used in the manœuvring of waiting air-ships—for an air-ship on the ground is as clumsy as an eagle!

As clumsy as an eagle! The other day I stood looking at an eagle flopping on his branch in his cage at the Jardin des Plantes. And as his clumsiness grew more and more apparent, I congratulated his Designer and Constructor that He had no mathematicians in frock coats and high hats at His elbow when He began His first experiments with the flying lizards. Their clumsiness and weight would have condemned them in advance as their clumsiness and lightness has condemned the first dirigible balloons!

SANTOS-DUMONT.

## THE RUSSIAN NAVY FROM WITHIN.

IF the value of a navy were calculated by the number and quality of its ships, the physique of its bluejackets, the smart appearance of its officers on shore, or, indeed, by the deeds of bravery of its members in past times, that of Russia would take a high place amongst the navies of the world. But all these things, though doubtless excellent, are not enough to win the way to victory. There must be in a navy, as well as in an army, what the Germans call *der Geist*, the spirit that gives life. I first had the honour of seeing the ships of the Russian Navy at the time of the death of the Grand Duke Cesarewitch, brother to the Emperor Alexander III. Two splendid frigates, perfect in symmetrical appearance, cleanliness, and apparently in the discipline of their crews, were anchored in the bay of Villa-Franca. It was their melancholy duty to convey back to Russia the remains of the heir to the Throne. Since then I have had frequent opportunities of observing the Russian ships and their crews. I have seen them at St. Petersburg, Kronstadt, Sevastopol, Kertch, Batum, Constantinople, Port Arthur, Nagasaki, and in the West Indies. The conditions governing their existence, whether under the sky of the tropics, or in the gloom of the North, were always the same.

Some nations obtain their sailors by an *inscription maritime*, which draws to a large extent on the fishing population. Others place boys for instruction upon training ships. The object of these methods is to profit by certain knowledge, either naturally or artificially, of ships and boats, of the sea, its tides, its aspects under various meteorological conditions : which comes only to those accustomed to the sight of the waves. In Russia no such system exists. A certain proportion of the recruits annually selected for service on attaining the age of twenty-one years, is told off to the sea service. The number taken for the navy in Russia has been some 7,000, out of a total which has varied from 240,000 to 310,000 in the last few years. It may have been thought that Russia would have drawn largely upon the Finns, who are sailors of no mean order, to man her fleets. But Finland, by a charter granted to her by Alexander I., and renewed, indeed, by each of his successors, had until quite lately an autonomous army recruited entirely for home service. Circumstances, that cannot be said to have increased the striking power of Russia, have arisen to modify this autonomy. But the Finns will no more now than in the past

be available to strengthen the navy. Many of the Russian naval officers are of this nationality. Amongst them may be numbered Admirals Kræmer, Avellan, Folkersaam, and others. Whether the Finnish upper classes will continue to furnish this useful *quota* to the State, remains to be proved. The treatment meted out to their nation has not been exactly such as is likely to encourage loyalty and devotion to what is at best but an alien Throne.

As soon, then, as Osip, or Alexci is drawn from the cart-tail in the Black Earth region, or the marshes of Poland, for the service of the Tsar, he may be designated for service afloat. That he has never seen a ship, or, in many cases, either a mast or a sail, does not matter. It may happen on the contrary that he has wielded an oar on the Volga or Dnieper for some years. In any case he is at once told off to one of the twenty or thirty equipages of which the Russian Fleet is composed. There is the equipage of the Imperial Guard at St. Petersburg, composed of good-natured giants with the right to wear the orange and black ribbon of the coveted Order of St. George. In the Baltic are ten others; the Black Sea numbers as many; Vladivostock and Port Arthur each possess one equipage. An "equipage" lives in barracks on shore. Its members march in rhythmical tread to the dockyard, or to divine service, on various occasions. In barracks their interior economy is conducted on the same lines as that of an infantry regiment, and they are similarly instructed in musketry and bayonet exercises. During their visits to the dockyards they are familiarised with the sight of ships in construction, and large accumulations of naval stores. Officers attend in very small numbers only at these performances. When a ship is commissioned in Russia she generally lies a long time alongside the dockyard before proceeding to sea. During that time the sailor no doubt becomes acquainted with her guns, ammunition-hoists, learns boat sailing, &c., &c. The place of his mess, how to stow his kit, and the way from one place to another on his new home, are matters with which he also becomes familiar.

Generally speaking a Russian hates the sea as the devil does Holy Water. A steamboat service between St. Petersburg and Peterhof, excellent in every detail, had to be discontinued for want of support. A well-known Minister, who was desired to accompany the Emperor to Copenhagen on board his magnificent yacht, begged his Imperial Master to allow him to make the journey overland. If you embark at Sevastopol for Yalta, thirty miles off, half the passengers bombard you with fearful anticipations as to the possibility of shipwreck on the journey! Nevertheless a certain number of gentlemen yearly elect to serve in the navy. As far as physique and education go they seem quite

satisfactory. They are first sent to the Imperial Naval School, in the Vassili Island, on the quay opposite the statue of Kruzenstern. There they receive an excellent theoretical education. But there are no boats for them to row or sail in, nor do they ever see a man-of-war, except those on the slips of the *Galernaya*, on the other side of the river Neva. Later on they pass to the full-rigged cruisers and sloops that form the naval cadets' training squadron. Nothing in these ships in any way resembles the surroundings that the young officer will find on his transfer to a battleship. There is a training school for gunners, and a torpedo school at Kronstadt, where is also the divers' school-hulk. Here the instruction afforded is of a practical nature.

It is usual in Russia to launch a ship in a less forward condition than that of those that take the water with us, and a crew is instantly told off to her. But it does not follow that the crew goes on board. In fact, it would be very much in the way of the carpenters, platelayers, riveters, and various other workmen. No. the crew, with *Diana* or *Pallada* inscribed in gold letters on its cap ribbons, and impeccable as to great coats, brass buttons, boots, &c., &c., continues to tramp about the streets of St. Petersburg, Kronstadt, or Sevastopol, living and learning with the other "equipages" in barracks. Then come the ships' trials. It is absolutely necessary that these should give the most favourable results. Consequently the trial is put off day after day, until the sea's surface is without a ripple, and not a breath of wind blows. The coal is all hand-picked, and special crews of stokers are told off who are intimately acquainted with the engines and boilers in all their bearings. And off starts the *Tri Svititelia* or the *Dvenadsat Apostolov*, to witch the world with the account of her noble seaworthiness. The minds of Russian naval officers must be cast in a truly Panglossian mould! Once the ship is in commission she must, if she remains at home, lie idle for six months. It is not the fault of Russian sailors if their seas are closed by ice for a considerable portion of the year. But in the south the record is no better. Ville Franche, Toulon, Algiers, are seldom without a Russian guest. I myself remember the old *Minin* for six weeks in the harbour of Port Royal. And after a three weeks' cruise, in which, of course, several other harbours were visited, back she came again for another month's stay. It may be that coal is too costly, or orders from home imperative, but still it strikes the stranger that the Russian sailor is inordinately fond of life in port. When there the amusements offered for his distraction are not always of a nature to promote his efficiency. In Sevastopol there is a splendid Naval Club, with an excellent library, and every comfort. But only old retired admirals are ever



seen there. At Kronstadt half a man's time is spent in the dreary old *Kotline*, struggling up and down to St. Petersburg at six knots an hour. At Sevastopol there is, or was until lately, a lawn tennis club, with several good courts, on the hill above the Nakhimovsky Prospect, where air and exercise could be enjoyed. But, generally speaking, it is in less agreeable or healthful resorts that the time of the naval officer on shore is passed. At Port Arthur were one or two places only too much frequented, a description of which might astonish, but certainly would not edify, your readers.

The whole conception of his profession by a Russian naval officer is intrinsically false. His idea is to preserve, not to risk, his ships. With this object in view he piles stone on stone, and ranges gun over gun in land fortresses surrounding his naval ports or dockyards. Under these his ships ride silently at anchor. I remember showing a series of articles of great value, that appeared in the *Times*, to a Russian officer of distinction some years ago. My remark to him after their perusal was: "Well, after all, the soundest strategy in naval warfare is to bring your ships alongside those of the enemy." The admiral, who had occupied the post of Minister of Marine for a time, made a truly characteristically Russian reply: "Yes; that is, if you have enough of them." If we consider the history of the Russian Navy we shall see that these vicious opinions have always prevailed. There have been victories at sea it is true. Hango, or Gangut, Hochland, Tchesme, Sinope. Sometimes the admiral in charge was a Scotsman. But this is a detail. Russia has had Nakhimoffs, Istomines, Kornilovs, Lazarevs. But their records have been, as a rule, on land. They were heroes of shore combats, not sea-dogs like Suffren, or Collingwood. The sailor should look on the sea as the mistress he loves, not as a fury to be feared. Success will never follow if we shut up ships in port in war, or teach sailors a soldier's trade in peace. Bravery no one will deny to the Russian officer or sailor. But he must alter his mode of living, his whole training in fact, if he wants to compete with the navies of to-day. He could not do better in this respect than take a leaf out of the book of his neighbour at Kiel. There the science of naval art is understood, both in theory and in practice. Constant use keeps a weapon in good order. But no matter how fine the temper of the blade it will rust if left too long undrawn. Indeed, when the time comes to use it, it will be found impossible to detach it from the scabbard.

CHERSONESE.

## HOW PORT ARTHUR FELL.<sup>1</sup>

PORT ARTHUR'S defences were laid out on the most approved theories. Nature cast the topographical features of the place on lines admirably suited to defence. The harbour is surrounded by two approximately concentric ranges of hills, the crests of which are broken by a series of successive conical elevations. The engineers took the suggestion thus offered, and ran two concentric lines of fortifications around the city, building massive masonry forts on the highest summits, and connecting them by continuous defensive works. The inner line of the forts lay at an average distance of one mile from the city, and constituted the main line of permanent defence; the outer line, at an average distance of a mile and a half from Port Arthur. Beyond these again were the semi-permanent defences. The positions of the various forts were chosen in such relation to each other that they were mutually supporting—that is to say, if any one were captured by the enemy it could not be held because it was dominated by the fire from the neighbouring forts; and, indeed, it often happened that the Japanese seized positions from which they were driven in this way.

In the majority of cases the slope of the hills was very steep, and, what was even worse for the Japanese, smooth and free from cover, so that if an attempt were made to rush the works, a charge would have to be made over a broad, steep glacis, swept by the shrapnel, machine-gun, and rifle fire of the defenders. Once across the danger zone, the attack was confronted by the massive masonry parapets of the fort, over which the survivors, cut down to a mere handful, would be powerless to force an entrance.

The defence of Port Arthur, however, did not stop at the outer line of fortifications, but extended no less than eighteen miles to the northward, to a point where the peninsula on which Port Arthur is situated narrows to a width of three miles. Here a range of conical hills, not unlike some of those at Port Arthur, reaches from sea to sea; and these had been ringed with intrenchments for troops and masked (or hidden) emplacements for artillery. Between Nanshan and Port Arthur the Russians had

(1) In one respect Port Arthur was peculiar—in modern times at least. It had few historians. For months the only news which filtered out from the peninsula came from Chinese refugees. A few correspondents were there, but held tight in the censor's grip. One of these—the only American there—tells above a part of what he saw.—[Ed. F.R.]

built four more lines of intrenchments reaching from sea to sea, all very strong and admirably suited for defence. Now it must be borne in mind that all this wonderful network of fortifications, strong by nature of the ground, strong by virtue of the great skill and care with which it had been built, was distinguished from all other previous defensive works by the fact that in this fortress, for the first time, were utilised all those terrible agencies of war which the rapid advance of science in the past quarter of a century has rendered available. Among these we may mention rapid-fire guns, machine-guns, smokeless powder, artillery of high velocity and great range, high explosive shells, the magazine rifle, the telescopic sight, giving marvellous accuracy of fire, the range-finder, giving instantaneously the exact distance of the enemy, the search-light, the telegraph and the telephone, starlight bombs, barbed-wire entanglements, and a dozen other inventions, all of which were deemed sufficient, when applied to such stupendous fortifications as those of Port Arthur, to render them absolutely impregnable.

The Russians believed them to be so—certainly the indomitable Stoessel did. And well he might, for there was no record in history of any race of fighters, at least in modern times, that could face such death-dealing weapons and not melt away so swiftly before their fury as to be swept away in defeat.

But a new type of fighter has arisen, as the sequel was to tell.

On February 8th the first blow fell upon Port Arthur in that famous night attack by the torpedo-boats. On February 9th occurred the engagement between the remnant of the Russian fleet and the Japanese fleet under Admiral Togo, which ended in the Russian retreat into the harbour and the closing of Port Arthur by sea.

On May 26th the Japanese Second Army, which had been landed at Petsewa Bay, attacked the first line of defence at Nanshan, eighteen miles north of Port Arthur, and gave an inkling of the mettle of the Japanese troops by capturing the position in a frontal attack. The Japanese pushed on to Port Arthur, and there followed, in quick succession, a series of bloody struggles at the successive lines of defence, in which the Japanese would not be denied. The fiercest fight took place at the capture of a double height, Kenshan and Weuteughshan, which Stoessel re-attacked vainly for three days, losing three times as many men as were lost originally in the attempt to hold the position.

On May 29th Dalny was occupied, and became the base of the besieging army. A railway runs from Dalny for three miles to a junction with the main line from the north to Port Arthur.

On August 9th to 11th the outlying semi-permanent works,

Taikushán and Shokushan, lying about three and a half miles from Port Arthur, were taken, and the Russians driven into their permanent positions.

The army detailed for the capture of Port Arthur was 60,000 strong. Stoessel, at the date of the battle of Nanshan, probably had 35,000 men.

Encouraged by their uninterrupted success in capturing Russian intrenchments by dashing frontal attack, the Japanese, particularly after their brilliant success of August 9th to 11th, believed that they could storm the main defences in like manner. They hurled themselves against the Russian right centre in a furious attack upon the line of forts stretching from the railway around the easterly side of the town to the sea. For seven days they battled furiously. But the wave of conquest, that had flowed over four lines of defence, broke utterly against the fifth, and after a continuous struggle, carried on day and night, beneath sunlight, moon, and searchlight, they retired completely baffled, with an awful casualty list of 25,000 men.

On September 1st the Japanese, finding that they could not take Port Arthur by assault, settled down to reduce it by an engineering siege. This latter was carried on by means of "sapping" and "mining," supported by heavy bombardment, its object being to shake the defence by terrific artillery fire, blow up the parapets and other defences by subterranean mines, and capture the fortress by fierce assaults delivered from concealed trenches close to the fortifications. Sapping and mining may be described as a method of attack by tunnelling. The Japanese found that they could not get into the forts by a rush above ground, so they determined to burrow in below ground. The main attack was directed against the line of forts to the east of the city, or the Russian right centre. The first operation was to cut a deep trench, not less than six feet in depth and a dozen or more feet in width, roughly parallel with the line of forts, and at a distance of about 1,000 yards therefrom. From this trench three lines of zig-zag trenches were dug in the direction of the principal forts of Ehrlung, Keekwan, and Panlung. These trenches were about six feet deep (deep enough to hide the sappers from view) and eight feet wide (wide enough to allow the troops to march to the assault four abreast). The zig-zag consisted of an alternate approach and parallel, the former extending diagonally toward the fortification, the latter parallel with it. The angle of the diagonal approaches was always carefully mapped out by the engineers, and was so laid with reference to the enemy's forts that it could neither be seen nor reached by shell fire. The digging was done chiefly at night, and the soil was carried back through the excavated trenches in gabions and on stretchers, and

dumped out of sight of the enemy. As the parallels were advanced across the valley or level spaces they were roofed at intervals with planks covered with soil and grass, so that as the Russians looked out toward the ravine in which the army was supposed to be encamped, there was nothing to indicate that the enemy was cutting a series of covered roadways right up to the base of the forts themselves. Of course in many cases the trenches were located, and desperate night sorties were made in the endeavour to break up the work. But it went remorselessly forward. When the foot of the fortified slopes was reached, a second great parallel, extending around the whole face of the fortified eastern front, was cut—this latter for the purpose of assembling the troops for the final dash upon the forts. From this parallel the Japanese cut tunnels straight through the hills until they found themselves immediately below the massive parapets of such forts as they wished to reach. Here cross-tunnels were cut, parallel with the walls and immediately below them, in which tons of dynamite were placed and the wires laid ready for the great explosion—much of this being done, it must be remembered, entirely unknown to the Russians, secure in their great fortifications overhead. The work of the sappers and miners was now complete.

It must not be supposed that while this slow work was being carried on the garrison at Port Arthur, or the city itself, or even the fleet in the harbour, was being left in peace, or had any respite from the harassments of the siege. For as soon as the investment was complete the Japanese erected hidden batteries in various carefully selected positions, until they had no less than 300 guns trained against the city. All the furious assaults that failed so disastrously were preceded by bombardments, the like of which had never been witnessed in the history of the world. These batteries consisted of regular siege guns of from 5 to 6-inch calibre, a large number of naval guns of 4·7-inch and 6-inch calibre, and the regular field ordnance of the three divisions and two independent brigades composing the Third Imperial Army.

By far the most formidable pieces used in the bombardment, however, were the powerful 11-inch mortars, which were mounted in batteries of from two to four in various positions behind the ranges of hills which effectually screened the Japanese from Russian observation. The pieces are the Japanese latest type of coast-defence mortars, such as are used along the Straits of Shimonoseki and about the Bay of Yezo. They were brought by sea to Dalny, carried by railroad for a distance of fifteen miles to the end of the track, and from thence were hauled by hand over special tracks laid direct to the emplacements. In some cases, indeed, the guns were dragged on rollers through the sand, as many as 800 men

being required to haul a single mortar, for the mortar barrels, without the carriage, weigh eight tons apiece. This task was accomplished under fire, in rainy weather, and in the night, to the accompaniment of bursting shrapnel and other discouragements which would have daunted a less dauntless race. Even when the selected site of the batteries was reached, every one of the eighteen mortars had to be placed upon a concrete foundation eight feet in depth and eighteen feet in diameter. In each case an excavation had to be dug, the concrete prepared and rammed into place, the heavy foundation-plates, traversing-racks, and the massive gun-carriage, weighing much more than the gun itself, erected and adjusted, and the whole of the heavy and costly piece put together with the greatest nicety. All through the long months in which the sappers and miners were cutting their trenches, the engineers were putting in place these huge mortars, which were not originally intended, be it remembered, for such field operations as these, but were designed for permanent sea-coast fortifications around the harbours of Japan.

The mortar itself has a bore of 28 centimetres, or eleven inches. The shells are designed to burst on contact. They are loaded with high explosive designed by the Japanese Dr. Shimose, and corresponding in its terrific bursting effects to the English lyddite, the French melinite, and the American maximate. Each shell weighs 500 pounds. Its cost is about £40, and the cost of each discharge, including that of the impelling powder, is about £100. During the heavy bombardments each gun was fired once every eight minutes, and as the grand bombardments lasted in every case about four hours, the cost for these mortar batteries alone must have been over £50,000, and for the whole of the batteries, including naval guns, machine-guns, &c., the cost of each bombardment was approximately £125,000. The 11-inch mortar has a maximum range, with a moderate degree of elevation, of seven or eight miles, but as none of these batteries were more than three miles distant from the point of attack, they were fired at angles as great as sixty degrees, the huge shells hurtling high into the heavens, passing over two ranges of hills, and falling like thunderbolts out of the blue sky vertically upon the devoted city.

But if the batteries were located behind hills that entirely shut out the object of attack from view, how, it will be asked, could the guns be aimed with such accuracy as to sink, as they did, a whole fleet of warships one by one? It was in this way: For the attack of stationary objects, such as forts, docks, buildings, ships at anchor, &c., the artillery officers were provided with a map of the whole area of bombardment, which was laid out in squares, each square having its own number. The Japanese having, at the

close of the Chinese War, been in possession of Port Arthur themselves, and having possessed during the past few years an excellent bureau of intelligence, knew the exact location of every building or object of importance in and around the city. Consequently, when the artillery officers were directed to attack a building in a certain square, or a particular fort, they knew exactly what angle of elevation to give their gun, and how far to traverse it, so as to cause the shell to fall with mathematical accuracy upon the particular object to be hit.

The attack upon the warships, however, was another proposition, for they could be, and were, shifted from time to time. To make sure of hitting them, it was necessary to have some direct line of vision. The Japanese knew that such a line of vision could be obtained from the top of a hill to the west of the city, known as "203" Metre Hill. The Russians knew too. Hence that awful struggle for possession of this hill, which cost so many thousands of lives. The Japanese won the position. When they had taken it, they placed observers provided with the hyposcope—a telescope that enables the observer to observe the surrounding country without exposing himself above the surrounding parapet—upon the summit, in suitable position, and held the hill with sufficient force to prevent its being retaken. The batteries were then trained at the individual warships, and the effect of the shells was telephoned from "203" Metre Hill to the various batteries, and the errors corrected, according as they were long, short, or wide, until the huge shells commenced to drop with unerring accuracy down through the decks and out through the bottom of the doomed warships. The ships tried to escape observation by hiding on the outside of the harbour behind the Tiger's Tail hills, and in a cove behind Golden Hill; but there was no escape, and ultimately every ship of the squadron was sunk.

That was the beginning of the end. The 11-inch batteries, when directed at the forts, tore gaping holes in the parapets, and according to the testimony of General Stocssel they were simply irresistible. One by one, after furious bombardments, the walls of the great forts were blown up by the explosion of the subterranean mines that had been laid by the sappers and miners, and the Japanese, massed in readiness for the attack in the inner parallels, swept in through the wide gaps thus formed, and seized the fortifications, from which, a few months before, they had been swept back in terrible and crushing defeat.

RICHARD BARRY.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE CENSUS.

"On the night of Sunday, 31st March, 1901"—to quote the phraseology of an official document that gave many of our fellow-countrymen no little brain-racking some four years ago—the eleventh Census of the population of England and Wales was taken. We have, therefore, elaborate statistics affecting each decennial period for exactly 100 years, the first English Census having been taken in March 1801.

Before examining either the results of the 1901 Census, the full report of which has just been issued as a Local Government Board Blue-book, or the contrasts which the Censuses of a hundred years render possible, it may be of interest to say a word or two about the history of census-taking. It was in 1753 that a proposal to count the people was first made. Mr. Thomas Potter, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Member for St. Germans, introduced in that year a Bill "for taking and registering an annual account of the total number of the people, and of the total number of marriages, births, and deaths, and also of the total number of the poor receiving alms from every parish and extra-parochial place in Great Britain." It was inevitable, of course, that directly this proposal was made, the precedent of King David should be quoted. And many were the jeremiads as to the alternative evils which would befall the country. Those submitted to David were mild in comparison. Mr. Thornton, Member for York City, said :—

I did not believe that there was any set of men, or, indeed, any individual of the human species, so presumptuous and so abandoned as to make the proposal we have just heard. . . . I hold this project to be totally subversive of the last remains of English liberty. . . . The new Bill will direct the imposition of new taxes, and, indeed, the addition of a very few words will make it the most effectual engine of rapacity and oppression that was ever used against an injured people. . . . Moreover, an annual register of our people will acquaint our enemies abroad with our weakness.

Mr. Matthew Ridley, another opposing Member, added that his constituents "looked on the proposal as ominous, and feared lest some public misfortune or an epidemical distemper should follow the numbering." However, the Bill passed the Commons, only to be promptly rejected by the Lords. Not until 1800 was the proposal again made, this time by Mr. Abbot, Member for Helston, and on this occasion it was brought to a successful issue.



The first Census of England and Wales was, therefore, as said, taken in March, 1801. (The Censuses for Scotland and Ireland were the result of later statutes.)

Although the fifty-three "County Parts" of the Census of 1901 have long since been issued, the "General Report" has only just been forthcoming. It is a bulky Blue-book, a discriminating study of which reveals facts of the utmost interest. Here, in the first place, is what I will call—

A BRITISH EMPIRE TABLE.

	Area of Square Miles.	Population 1901.
United Kingdom.....	121,392	41,609,091
Colonies, Dependencies, Protectorates, etc.:—		
In Europe .....	3,703	472,502
„ Asia.....	1,849,259	300,604,864
„ Africa .....	2,689,297	45,146,972
„ America .....	4,036,871	7,525,815
„ Australasia.....	3,176,223	5,184,469
British Empire .....	11,876,745	400,543,713

To this I may add that of the population, 358,934,622, of the Colonies and Dependencies, 1,652,050 are natives of the United Kingdom.

I turn now to what I will style—

A UNITED KINGDOM TABLE.

	Area in Acres.	Population 1901.		Total.
		Males.	Females.	
England and Wales .....	37,327,479	15,728,613	16,799,230	32,527,843
Scotland.....	19,459,155	2,173,755	2,298,348	4,472,103
Ireland .....	20,710,593	2,200,040	2,258,735	4,458,775
Isle of Man .....	145,325	25,496	29,256	54,752
Channel Islands .....	48,083	45,080	50,538	95,618
Army, Navy, and Merchant Seamen (natives of U.K.) abroad .....	—	367,736	—	367,736
United Kingdom .....	77,690,635	20,540,720	21,436,107	41,976,827

Still dealing with the United Kingdom, we find ourselves in a position to give some contrasts from 1821 onwards :—

Year.	Population.					Army, Navy, and Merchant Seamen abroad, (Natives of U.K.)	United Kingdom.
	England and Wales.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Isle of Man.	Channel Islands.		
1821	12,000,236	2,091,521	6,801,827	40,081	49,427	289,095	21,272,187
1831	13,896,797	2,364,386	7,767,401	41,000	62,710	260,191	24,392,485
1841	15,914,148	2,620,184	8,175,124	47,975	76,065	202,954	27,036,450
1851	17,927,609	2,888,742	6,552,385	52,387	90,739	212,194	27,724,056
1861	20,066,224	3,062,294	5,798,967	52,469	90,978	250,356	29,321,288
1871	22,712,266	3,360,018	5,412,377	54,042	90,596	216,080	31,845,379
1881	25,974,439	3,735,573	5,174,836	53,558	87,702	215,374	35,241,482
1891	29,002,525	4,025,647	4,704,750	55,608	92,234	224,211	38,104,975
1901	32,527,843	4,472,103	4,458,775	54,752	95,618	367,736	41,976,827

The deplorable decline in Irish population has been so often treated that I do not pause now to comment upon it. I come back now to

#### THE CASE OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

The population at midnight on Sunday, March 31st, 1901, was, as said, 32,527,843 (15,728,613 males, and 16,799,230 females). In the year 1801 the population was 8,892,536. The century, therefore, has seen the population of England and Wales nearly quadrupled. Put another way, for every 100 people in England and Wales in 1801, there were in 1901, 366. The estimate is that by 1911 the population will have reached 36,586,454.

Though the population increased during the last ten years by 12·2 per cent., it varied very greatly in different parts of the country, and in some parts showed an absolute decrease. In ten of the counties (five of them Welsh, by the way),

#### THE POPULATION ACTUALLY DECREASED,

whilst in a number of others the increase is imperceptible. The actual decreases were in Huntingdon, Rutland, Montgomery, Cardigan, Westmorland, Oxford, Hereford, Flint, Merioneth, and Brecknock. The counties showing the highest rates of increase mainly include those around London, as Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, Kent, and Hertford; counties in which the chief industry is coal-mining, as Glamorgan, Northumberland, Durham, Monmouth and to some extent Stafford and Derby; or counties which

are mainly manufacturing, as Nottingham, Leicester, Northampton, West Riding, and Lancashire.

Concomitant with this rural depopulation is, naturally, the urbanisation of the population. How this proceeds apace may be seen from the following table, *which deals with urban districts only* :—

Populations of Urban Districts.	Number of Districts.	Aggregate Population of areas in 1891.	Aggregate Population 1901.
Over 700,000 [London] .....	1	4,228,317	4,536,541
250,000 and under 700,000...	8	3,064,688	3,436,865
100,000 " " 250,000...	24	2,987,841	3,516,789
50,000 " " 100,000...	42	2,449,486	3,016,668
20,000 " " 50,000...	141	3,685,844	4,434,917
10,000 " " 20,000...	220	2,548,706	3,018,218
5,000 " " 10,000...	260	1,611,566	1,843,716
3,000 " " 5,000...	211	773,318	839,838
Under 3,000 .....	215	395,520	414,803
Total "urban" area population.....	—	21,745,286	25,058,355

Of the seventy-five largest towns in England and Wales all show increases since 1891 (the aggregate increase in these cases is 14 per cent., as compared with 12·2 per cent., the percentage of increase for the entire population), save Huddersfield (95,420 in 1891, and 95,047 in 1901).

The following century table is of interest :—

Year of Enumeration.	POPULATION.	
	England and Wales.	London.
1801	8,892,536	959,310
1811	10,164,256	1,139,355
1821	12,000,236	1,379,543
1831	13,896,797	1,655,582
1841	15,914,148	1,949,277
1851	17,927,609	2,363,341
1861	20,066,224	2,808,494
1871	22,712,266	3,261,396
1881	25,974,439	3,830,297
1891	29,002,525	4,228,317
1901	32,527,843	4,536,541

To accompany this let me give—

A CENTURY " DENSITY TABLE."

Date of Census.	Persons per Square Mile.	Acres per Person.	Proximity in Yards.
1801	152	4.20	153
1811	174	3.67	143
1821	206	3.11	132
1831	238	2.69	123
1841	273	2.35	114
1851	307	2.08	108
1861	344	1.86	102
1871	389	1.64	96
1881	445	1.44	90
1891	497	1.29	85
1901	558	1.15	80

The degree of density of population differed widely, of course, in various parts of the country. Taking the administrative counties of England together with the associated county boroughs, the most sparsely inhabited counties were Westmorland, in which there were only 82 persons to a square mile, Rutlandshire (130), Herefordshire (136), Lincolnshire, the parts of Kesteven (143), Huntingdonshire (148), Isle of Ely (173), Cumberland (176), the North Riding of Yorkshire (177), and Shropshire (178); while, on the other hand, there were in London 38,795; Middlesex (3,410), Lancashire (2,346), and in Durham (1,171). In Wales there were five counties having fewer than 100 persons to a square mile, viz., Radnorshire (49), Montgomeryshire (69), Brecknockshire and Merionethshire (74), and Cardiganshire (88).

One of the greatest values of the Census Returns of recent years is the indication it gives us of the extent to which

THE URBAN WORKING CLASS POPULATION IS OVERCROWDED.

The 1901 figures show improvement upon the figures for 1891, though the lack of proper housing accommodation still remains perhaps the most urgent of the many pressing social problems of the day. Space fails me to do more than put in the following table. It represents what may be described as the overcrowded part of the population :—

Rooms in Tenements.	With more than two Occupants per Room.		Total Occupants of such Tenements.		Percentage of Occupants of such Tenements to Total Population.	
	1891.	1901.	1891.	1901.	1891.	1901.
1 Room tenements .....	92,259	66,669	357,707	245,586	1·23	0·76
2 Rooms „ .....	184,231	147,527	1,124,056	884,672	3·88	2·72
3 Rooms „ .....	120,031	102,556	951,877	807,596	3·28	2·48
4 Rooms „ .....	85,132	75,662	824,404	729,652	2·84	2·24
Total under 5 rooms	481,653	392,414	3,258,044	2,667,506	11·23	8·20

This is a movement in the right direction, but far too slow, having regard to the grave national issues involved. We pass now to an examination of

#### THE POPULATION BY SEXES.

There were in 1901, as will be seen, 1,070,617 more females than males enumerated. (In England, by the way, the births of males invariably exceed the births of females, and the deaths of males as invariably exceed the deaths of females). In 1901 there were 1,068 females in England and Wales for every 1,000 males. The reasons why there have always been more females than males in the country are familiar. Firstly, the mortality of males is greater than that of females; secondly, there are always considerable numbers of native-born males temporarily absent from the country; and, thirdly, larger numbers of males than of females are lost to the population by emigration. The sex proportion of the population varies widely in different parts of the country, and these local variations are determined, in the main, by social and industrial conditions, independently of local variations in the sex proportions at birth. The following are the ten counties in which the proportions of females to 1,000 males were lowest and the ten in which they were highest in 1901 :—

Radnorshire ... ..	890	London ... ..	1,118
Glamorganshire ... ..	937	Devonshire ... ..	1,119
Monmouthshire ... ..	947	Surrey ... ..	1,126
Durham ... ..	972	Middlesex ... ..	1,130
Northumberland ... ..	994	Bedfordshire ... ..	1,135
Denbighshire ... ..	996	Gloucestershire ... ..	1,150
Brecknockshire ... ..	1,000	Cornwall ... ..	1,151
Flintshire ... ..	1,000	Somersetshire ... ..	1,159
Staffordshire ... ..	1,009	Sussex ... ..	1,202
Rutlandshire ... ..	1,009	Cardiganshire ... ..	1,260

In Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire the males have exceeded the females at every one of seven consecutive Censuses; in Radnorshire, Durham, and Flintshire the males have been in excess at six, and in Staffordshire and Denbighshire at five, out of these seven Censuses.

The counties with the lowest proportions of females are, almost without exception, the seats of mining industries; among those with the highest proportions—London, Devonshire, Surrey, Middlesex, and Sussex—are to a great extent residential counties in which large numbers of domestic servants are employed; in Bedfordshire there are manufacturing industries which employ considerable numbers of women; Gloucestershire and Somersetshire contain large residential towns, and also industries in which females engage; while in the case of Cornwall, the large excess of women is probably due to emigration of men to South Africa and other mining countries.

The proportion of females, I may say, is appreciably

#### LARGER IN THE URBAN THAN IN THE RURAL AREAS.

(Urban, 1,086 females to 1,000 males; rural, 1,011 females to 1,000 males.)

In a few of the boroughs and other large urban districts, the proportions of females are even lower than in the rural parts of any of the counties; while in others the excess of females over males is very great. Below are lists of the ten boroughs or large urban districts which show the lowest, and of the ten which show the highest, proportions of females to 1,000 males:—

Rhondda ... ..	825	Stoke Newington ... ..	1,264
Barrow-in-Furness ... ..	828	Brighton ... ..	1,278
Merthyr Tydfil .....	869	St. Marylebone ... ..	1,303
Devonport ... ..	881	Hornsey ... ..	1,305
Woolwich ... ..	912	Paddington ... ..	1,336
St. Helens ... ..	935	Hastings ... ..	1,432
City of London ... ..	947	Bath ... ..	1,468
Middlesbrough ... ..	947	Kensington ... ..	1,557
Rotherham ... ..	948	Hampstead ... ..	1,586
Burton-upon-Trent ... ..	958	Bournemouth ... ..	1,709

All the towns quoted as having the highest proportions of females to males are of residential character; in Bournemouth, nearly 46 per cent. of the unmarried females between the ages of 15 and 45 are employed in domestic service either in private houses or in hotels or boarding-houses. I turn to the

#### GENERAL REPORT ON "AGES,"

and give one table only. It shows the number of our country men

and women who have well passed the Psalmist's three score and ten :—

Census.	Sex.	Number enumerated in 1901 as	
		75 years of age and upwards.	85 years of age and upwards.
1851	M.	109,945	—
	F.	143,198	—
1861	M.	119,040	13,004
	F.	154,850	20,587
1871	M.	135,163	14,499
	F.	174,369	23,208
1881	M.	145,680	14,662
	F.	190,540	23,486
1891	M.	161,692	16,221
	F.	221,048	27,505
1901	M.	—	17,971
	F.	—	30,528

From "Ages" I pass to

#### "CONDITIONS AS TO MARRIAGE."

Here I extract the following interesting table for 1901 :—

	Males.	Females.
Unmarried .....	9,566,902	9,835,286
Married .....	5,611,381	5,717,537
Widowed .....	550,330	1,246,407

From this I deduce that to every 1,000 unmarried males there were 1,028 unmarried females ; to every 1,000 married men, there were 1,019 married women ; and to every 1,000 widowers there were 2,265 widows. Further, the following general deductions are possible :—

(1) *Bachelor-Spinster Marriages.*—In more than half of these the ages of both parties are in the same five-year group ; in most other cases the bride is the younger. The proportion in which both ages are in the same group has shown a slight but not very definite tendency to increase during recent years.

(2) *Bachelor-Widow Marriages.*—In rather more than one-third of these the ages of both parties are in the same five-year group ; in most other cases the bride is the older. The changes in age-grouping have been irregular and indefinite.

(3) *Widower-Spinster Marriages*.—In the large majority of these the bride is much younger than the bridegroom. If the returns of ages in earlier years are correct samples, the disparity of age has increased steadily during the last half-century.

(4) *Widower-Widow Marriages*.—In about one-fourth of these the ages of both parties are in the same five-year group; in most other cases the bride is the younger. As in the preceding case, the disparity of age appears to be increasing.

#### THE "OCCUPATIONS" OF THE PEOPLE

present an enormous task to tackle, and I can only glance at it. In the first place, 83·7 per cent. of the male population and 31·6 per cent. of the female are given as "occupied," the remainder being without specified occupations, or, at the moment of the Census, unoccupied. Of the 31·6 of occupied females, 10·1 per cent. are engaged in domestic indoor service.

It is among those county boroughs in which textile manufactures are largely carried on that

#### THE HIGHEST PROPORTIONS OF OCCUPIED FEMALES

are generally found. Of fifteen county boroughs in which the proportions occupied over ten years of age were 40 per cent. or more, no fewer than thirteen are important textile centres, the two exceptions being Bournemouth and Bath, and in these the majority of the occupied females were engaged in domestic offices or services. In the thirteen textile towns the percentage of unmarried females engaged in occupations ranged from 76·5 in Blackburn to 67·7 in Nottingham. Blackburn, with the highest proportions of occupied unmarried females over ten years of age, also had the highest proportion (37·9 per cent.) of occupied married or widowed women. In Burnley, Preston, Bury, and Rochdale, the proportions of the unmarried employed ranged from 75·4 to 73·7, the proportions of the married or widowed being 33·8, 30·5, 25·6, and 23·0 respectively. In Bolton and Oldham more than 70 per cent. of the unmarried were occupied. In the Yorkshire towns of Halifax, Bradford, and Huddersfield the proportions of the unmarried who were engaged in occupations were 72·3, 71·5, and 69·4 respectively; but Bradford was the only one of these towns in which the proportion of the married or widowed who were occupied (18·1 per cent.) exceeded the average for England and Wales. The two remaining boroughs of the thirteen are Leicester and Stockport; in the former 69·8 per cent. of the unmarried and 25·2 per cent. of the married or widowed were occupied, and in the latter the proportions were 68·1 and 23·7 per cent. respectively. These



thirteen textile towns which had the largest proportions of occupied women also stand at the head of the list in regard to the proportion of occupied girls under fifteen years, and at the individual years of fourteen and thirteen. In England and Wales the average proportion of girls of from ten to fifteen years of age who were engaged in occupations was 12·0 per cent. Among the thirteen textile county boroughs under reference it ranged from 24·4 per cent. in Nottingham up to 39·5 per cent. in Halifax, 39·9 per cent. in Burnley, and 40·3 per cent. in Blackburn.

The highest proportions of occupied married or widowed women in the county boroughs are, however, exceeded by those in some of the smaller towns :—

Towns.	Proportion per cent. of Married or Widowed Women Occupied.	Principal Occupations.
Redditch .....	43·3	Needle, Pin ; Fishing Tackle, &c.—Manufactures.
Great Harwood	41·7	Cotton Manufacture.
Nantwich .....	40·1	Tailoring.
Luton .....	40·0	Straw Hat Manufacture (chiefly "working at home").
Darwen .....	39·1	Cotton Manufacture.
Barnoldswick ..	38·6	Cotton Manufacture.

#### AS TO "CLASSES OF OCCUPATION,"

let me take a typical 10,000 males of ten years of age and upwards. 8,370 would be occupied, 1,630 unoccupied. The 8,370 would be found to be thus engaged :—General or local government, 141 ; defence of the country, 139 ; professional occupations and their subordinate services, 257 ; domestic outdoor service, 148 ; domestic indoor and other services, 102 ; commercial occupations, 437 ; conveyance of men, goods, and messages, 1,029 ; agriculture—on farms, woods, and gardens, 883 ; workers in and about mines and quarries, 638 ; workers in metals, machines, implements, and conveyances, 942 ; building and works of construction, 859 ; workers in wood, furniture, fittings, and decorations, 169 ; workers in paper, prints, books, and stationery, 123 ; workers in textile fabrics, 380 ; workers and dealers in dress (including drapers, linen drapers, mercers), 397 ; food, tobacco, drink, and lodging, 638 ; general labourers ; factory labourers (undefined), 357 ; engine-drivers, stokers, firemen (not railway, marine, or agricultural), 88 ; other workers, 455 ; other dealers, 238.

Now take a typical 10,000 females over ten years of age. 3,163

are occupied, 6,837 unoccupied. The 3,163 are thus engaged :—Sick nurses, midwives, and invalid attendants, 51 ; teaching, 131 ; other professional occupations, including general and local government, 61 ; domestic indoor service, 1,009 ; charwomen, 85 ; laundry and washing service, 149 ; others engaged in service, 39 ; commercial, bank, insurance, and law clerks, 43 ; shopkeepers, dealers, and others engaged in commercial pursuits (including assistants) :—Dealers in dress (including drapers, linen drapers, mercers), 66 ; dealers in food, 87 ; others, 68 ; agriculture—on farms, woods, and gardens :—Farmers, graziers, 16, others 28 ; workers in metals, machines, implements, and conveyances, 45 ; workers in paper, prints, books, and stationery, 57 ; workers in textile fabrics, 450 ; workers in dress, 524 ; workers in food, 25 ; board, lodging, and dealing in spirituous drinks, 94 ; other workers, 135.

One of the most striking features of the "Occupations" tables is

#### THE DECLINE IN THE NUMBER OF AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS,

male and female. The following table will illustrate the point :—

Census Year.	Males.	Females.
1851	1,232,576	143,475
1861	1,206,280	90,525
1871	1,014,428	58,656
1881	924,871	40,346
1891	841,884	24,150
1901	715,138	12,002

At the same time it is a fact that the number of *holders of farms* has not appreciably declined in the half-century. (Of course, the decline in the number of labourers is partially compensated by the more general adoption of machinery.)

#### SOME MISCELLANEOUS POINTS.

##### *Parliamentary Representation.*

In view of a possible Redistribution Bill, the following facts respecting Parliamentary areas are interesting. Of the male population—age twenty-one and upwards—of England and Wales, 63 per cent. were registered voters. The number of members for the 468 constituencies in England and Wales (exclusive of the Universities) is 490. An equal numerical distribution of the popu-

lation would therefore give one member to 66,383 persons. How far the actual representation departs in either direction from this average will be seen from the following table :—

Constituencies having the following Population per Representative.	Total Population.	Number of Electors.	Number of Constituencies.	Number of Representatives.
00,000 and upwards .....	5,098,219	758,983	41	42 <sup>1</sup>
90,000 and under 100,000	3,310,690	515,057	33	35
80,000        "        90,000	3,770,451	584,260	45	45
70,000        "        80,000	5,193,455	839,440	66	69
60,000        "        70,000	5,204,854	852,466	77	81
50,000        "        60,000	5,760,025	1,028,434	102	106
40,000        "        50,000	2,614,826	505,037	56	57
30,000        "        40,000	1,016,171	166,115	23	28
20,000        "        30,000	351,727	58,899	14	15
10,000        "        20,000	207,425	63,472	11	12
	32,527,843	5,372,163	468	490

It will be observed that, while there are 77 constituencies in which the representation is approximately in conformity with the average, there are 206 in which the proportion of the population per member is more or less below the average and 185 in which it is more or less above the average. Of those constituencies which, from this point of view, may be said to be over-represented, there are eleven in which the population per member is under 20,000, viz., the County of Rutland (19,709), and the boroughs of Taunton (19,723), Salisbury (19,421), Whitehaven (19,167), Winchester (19,001), Grantham (18,001), Montgomery District of Boroughs (17,791), Penryn and Falmouth (16,312), Bury St. Edmunds (16,255), Durham (15,122), and the City of London (26,923 for two members). On the other hand, there are no fewer than 41 constituencies in which the number of inhabitants per member is 100,000 or more, extreme examples of such amongst boroughs being Wandsworth (179,877), Cardiff District of Boroughs (167,592), and the South Division of West Ham (161,639); and amongst counties, the Romford and Walthamstow Divisions of Essex (217,085 and 185,549 respectively), and the Harrow Division of Middlesex (167,392).

It may be further remarked that, taking 70,000 population as a dividing line, there were 112 constituencies in 1891 with populations above this limit, and 356 below it, the numbers in 1901 being 185 and 283 respectively. Seventy-five constituencies, by increase

(1) Where a constituency is represented by two members, each is reckoned as representing half the population.

of population in the decennium, have passed out of the category of the less populous into that of the more populous, while two, through decrease of population, viz., the Holborn Division of Finsbury and the South-West Division of Manchester, are now included in the less populous category. It is noteworthy that in 1901 there were 41 constituencies with populations exceeding 100,000, while in 1891 there had been only seven.

*The Area—How Utilised.*

The area of England and Wales is 37,327,479 acres—exclusive of 826,709 acres of tidal water or foreshore, but inclusive of 198,317 acres of inland water. The area of land alone, 37,129,162 acres, or 58,014 square miles, was thus apportioned to various uses in 1901 :—

	ACRES.
Corn Crops ... ..	5,886,052
Green Crops ... ..	2,511,744
Clover and Grasses under Rotation ... ..	3,262,926
Flax, Hops, and Small Fruit ... ..	120,683
Bare Fallow ... ..	336,884
Permanent Pasture or Grass ... ..	15,399,025
Mountain and Heath Land used for Grazing ... ..	3,556,636
Woods, Plantations, Nursery Grounds, Houses, Streets, Roads, Railways, Waste Grounds, &c. ... ..	6,055,212

*Wales—Languages and Religions.*

Of the population of Wales, 50 per cent. speak English only, 15 per cent. Welsh only (in 1891 the percentage was 30), and 35 per cent. both English and Welsh (in 1891 the percentage was 24). As a sidelight upon the relative strengths of Nonconformity and Anglicanism in Wales, we get the curious fact that the ministers of other religious bodies exceed those of the Established Church in every Welsh county save Pembroke and Radnor. Indeed, in Carmarthenshire, to every 100 clergymen there are 154·5 Dissenting ministers, in Carnarvonshire 183·7 and in Glamorgan 214.

*Alien Immigrants.*

An examination of the foreign population of England and Wales shows that 48 per cent. of the alien immigrants have settled in one or other of six metropolitan boroughs, and in the three cities of Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds. Foreigners in Stepney numbered 32,284 in 1891; in 1901, 54,310.

*Counties and Towns, Big and Little.*

There are sixty-three "Administrative Counties" in England and Wales. The least populous are the Scilly Isles (2,092). Rut-

land (19,709), and Radnor (23,281). Thirteen others have populations below 100,000, namely, the Soke of Peterborough, Merioneth, Anglesey, Huntingdon, Brecknock, Montgomery, Cardigan, Westmorland, the Isle of Ely, Holland (Lincolnshire), Flint, Isle of Wight, and Pembroke. By far the most populous are London (4,536,541), Lancashire (1,827,436), and West Riding (1,460,982). The county boroughs constituted by the Local Government Act of 1888 numbered sixty-one, each of which was stated to be a municipal borough which was either a county of itself, or to have had, on 1st June, 1888, a population not less than 50,000. By the date of the present Census, six additional county boroughs had been created, viz., Oxford, Grimsby, Newport (Mon.), Bournemouth, Warrington, and Burton-on-Trent, and accordingly sixty-seven county boroughs appear in the tables, the number having since been further increased to sixty-nine by the addition of Rotherham and West Hartlepool. Among the sixty-seven county boroughs dealt with in the tables, the following ten had not at the time of the last Census a population of 50,000 : Bath, Bournemouth, Canterbury, Chester, Dudley, Exeter, Gloucester, Lincoln, Oxford, and Worcester. Included in the list of urban districts are five municipal boroughs, each of which had a population exceeding 50,000, viz., Smethwick, Stockton-on-Tees, Tynemouth, Rotherham, and West Hartlepool (the last two having, as just stated, been created county boroughs since the Census). There are also included twelve urban districts with populations also above 50,000, which were neither municipal boroughs nor county boroughs, namely, Aston Manor, Handsworth, and King's Norton and Northfield, all adjoining Birmingham; Wallasey in Cheshire; Merthyr Tydfil and Rhondda in Glamorganshire; and East Ham, Leyton, Walthamstow, Hornsey, Tottenham, and Willesden, within the Metropolitan Police District.

*The Romance of the Census* includes an endless array of figures from which contrasts, comparisons, and deductions vastly interesting to the statistician and the publicist may be instituted. I have only touched the fringe of the subject. But to go further would be but to weary.

T. J. MACNAMARA.

## THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT IN ITS RELATION TO SOCIAL PROGRESS.

FEW features of modern life strike the philosophic observer as more strange than the convention which, in a scientific age, forbids any discussion of the department of ethics that is concerned with the institution of marriage. Life being based on nutrition and reproduction, human progress must in the final analysis proceed along the channels through which these two processes are regulated. But while the activities directed towards the former have never failed to obtain attention from both the practical and the speculative reformer, reference to the latter is barely permitted. The history of this taboo would form an instructive chapter in sociology. A survival primarily of those mystic ideas which in barbarous societies are always found associated with the phenomena of sex, it has been strengthened in mediæval and modern times by the influence of Pauline Christianity, until at the present day clean thinking and decent speaking on this subject are almost impossible. Hence, although the view is now generally accepted that nothing in the universe has reached a final form, but that all things—whether organic, inorganic, or super-organic—are destined with increasing adaptation to environment to undergo change, an exception is drawn in favour of one department of human activity, in the case of which it seems tacitly to be assumed that as it is now it ever shall be, without change and without improvement.

This attitude of acquiescence is ill-justified by the facts that lie underneath. There is no need to indulge in the vocabulary of sensationalism. Here, if anywhere, there is required, not the hysterical horror of the "unco-guid," but common sense. Yet certain features of contemporary life afford melancholy comment on twentieth-century civilisation. The existence of what has been called "*the social evil*," with its results, direct and indirect; widespread clandestinity, inside and outside marriage; voluptuousness cheek by jowl with repressed instincts, point inevitably to the conclusion that society has not even begun squarely to face the sex question. Nor beyond these darkest patches are other unhealthy symptoms wanting. It cannot be denied that a large proportion of women regard marriage as a profession, and marry for wealth or position; that, when this is not so, anxiety to secure "board and lodging" for life often forms the principal motive; while in the case of the man the dominating impulse is often not

far removed, though disguised by a subtle ritual, from that which reigns in the Oriental slave-market.

The conspiracy of silence which suppresses this part of life has in late years shown signs of being broken. As a modern writer says, "now that the problem of religion has been practically settled, and that the problem of labour has at least been placed on a practical foundation, the question of sex stands before the coming generation as the chief problem for solution."<sup>1</sup> The growing attention paid by current literature to this question, in the works, not only of world-famous writers like Ibsen, Tolstoi, Maeterlinck, but of the rank and file of novelists, affords significant confirmation of this diagnosis. An important factor in pressing these matters into prominence is the change that is taking place in the status of woman. Herbert Spencer has pointed out that there is a direct ratio between militancy and the degradation of woman; but, as settled government and stable conditions supervene, woman tends to regain the position which she enjoyed in early societies, and which she lost at the time of the prehistoric revolution that introduced the institution of private property. To-day the froth of the "new woman" movement has evaporated. The demand for female suffrage has become subordinate to the prior necessity that woman shall be educated. Meanwhile, as a worker, competing with man in almost every branch of industry, she is making herself an economic unit. Economic liberty will lead to moral and intellectual liberty. Freed from the necessity of marrying in order to gain a roof and food, she will no longer be content to accept man's estimate of her as "half angel and half idiot," and the renaissance of woman will correlate itself with the general stream of progress so as to force on a readjustment of sex ethics.

For at the present time two chief tendencies are noticeable in our social organisation, due to the increasing complexity of life, which demand modification of the conventional code, and determine the direction in which that development will take place. Low types of society, like low types of organisms, consist of like parts performing like functions. But in the course of evolution there is a change from a state of simple aggregation to a state in which many unlike parts are mutually dependent. The first result of this in the psychical sphere has been an extension of the moral ideal. Whereas among primitive communities the range of mutual obligation is understood as embracing only members of the family or tribe—even the ancient Greeks did not conceive the idea of duty to a slave—in modern states there is a keen sense of responsibility on the part of the community for the condition of all its

(1) Havelock Ellis, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*.

members, and *increasing co-operation* with regard to matters that affect their life. But at the same time, change from homogeneity to heterogeneity implies increasing individuation. Two flowers of the same kind differ from one another less than do two members of the animal kingdom. These, again, are less differentiated than are human beings; and, as man evolves from the savage to the highly-organised product of civilisation, cerebral development causes multitudinous varieties in mental and moral qualities. There thus arises on the part of the individual a demand for a *widening sphere of freedom* with regard to those things which are most closely connected with him. The claim is advanced that, provided no injury is inflicted on others, a man's actions, like his belief, are the concern of himself.

Although these two tendencies seem at first sight to be antagonistic, the future progress of the race will depend on the success with which a higher synthesis is evolved that combines them; and the inadequacy of the present sex code is due to the manner in which, at various points, it violates the principles underlying both. Modern sentiment serves to obscure the simple fact, that all sex morality revolves round the central point of maternity. Life, indeed, from a biological standpoint, is a "tissue of births." It is, therefore, one of the first duties of the State to provide that the conditions on which children are born shall be favourable. Till this is done, society is obeying a sound impulse in viewing with disapproval any union of the sexes where the maintenance of possible offspring has not been assured; and a neglect of this consideration constitutes the weakest point in the advocacy of "free love." On the other hand, this object once accomplished, the phenomena of sex would no longer enter the field of ethics. Aesthetic considerations, and the laws of decency, would remain valid; voluptuousness would be culpable inasmuch as it implied neglect of other duties: to use Mr. H. G. Wells's simile, an excessive devotion to love-making would inspire the same contempt that is aroused by the sight of a grown-up gentleman spending the chief part of his life in hitting small balls over golf-links. But outside these considerations the claim of the individual to liberty would be supreme. Indeed, a proper system of co-operation, that protected the mother and provided for the children, would involve as a necessary result the freedom of the individual.

The method that society takes in these matters not only leads to a state of things subversive of freedom, but is in many cases inefficacious with regard to the essential condition, and brings in its trail abuses far worse than those which it attempts to avert. Society, in effect, says to women: "It is advisable that a woman and her child shall have the support of a legal father. If you



break this rule, thereby injuring yourself and your child, we will add to the injury by expelling you from the companionship of decent folk, and by branding the child with disgrace." A woman, whose error may have been only ignorance or a too trusting affection, finds the doors of respectable society closed upon her. Perhaps the worst accusation that can be levelled at her so far is, that she has shown herself lacking in business qualities, by which other women, who may be prepared to sell themselves from the beginning, are able to stand out for terms and the *imprimatur* of the church. But cut off from family and friends, possibly untrained to work or dismissed from employment, deterioration is almost inevitable.

It is lamentable that there should be men so selfish as to place a woman in such a position. The fact remains that the evil continues, and that the thunder of a thousand pulpits for centuries has not availed to stop it. Even if the two guilty persons alone expiated the fault, the plea might be urged that their suffering was necessary as a deterrent to others (and, indeed, the "fallen" woman is in several respects her sister's keeper). But apart from the consideration that the man often escapes, and that the punishment meted out to the mother reflects on an innocent child, the woman, in many cases, retaliates and exacts from society a terrible retribution. Not to invoke the names of justice and charity, it is at the lowest calculation inexpedient that it should remain in the power of an individual to sow the seeds of so much private and public misery. Moreover, the deterioration of character with any subsequent injuries inflicted on the State and posterity are not necessary results, but accidental complications, introduced by the attitude which society assumes towards the initial infraction of a law whose *raison d'être* is to protect women and children! A community is within its rights in trying to secure favourable conditions for the birth and nurture of offspring. But the means adopted to accomplish this object belong to the crude legislation of life, which employs the instrument of vengeance and crucifies the offender instead of removing the cause of the offence.

The source of the wrong is to be traced back to the circumstance of woman's dependence on a particular man. It must, therefore, be in the direction of removing this condition that a solution to the difficulty will be found. At the present day it is not unusual to hear concern expressed at the falling birth-rate, and apprehension at the spread of physical deterioration. Full statistics with regard to the latter are not yet forthcoming; in the case of the former, interpretations of the facts differ. But certainly our ideas of morality seem to be inverted, when it is regarded as respectable for worn-out women to bear large families of diseased children to

drunken fathers ; while maternity " in the lusty stealth of nature " drives the mother to the river or the streets. As Mr. Bernard Shaw points out,<sup>1</sup> " Every woman who can produce a citizen, with efficient reason, sound organs, and a good digestion, should clearly be secured a sufficient reward for that national service, to make her ready to undertake and repeat it. Whether she be financed in the proceeding by herself, or by the father, or by the War Office maintaining her on the strength and authorising a particular soldier to marry her, or by a local authority under a by-law directing that women may in certain circumstances have a year's leave of absence on full salary, or by the central government, does not matter, provided the result be satisfactory." Maternity, that is to say, should be made a charge on the State. Every woman might draw an allowance in respect of her children, subject to their being brought up properly, and might herself be entitled to a pension on attaining a certain age. Prostitution would practically disappear, and maternity would gain in honour. With regard to the question of expense, no system could be as extravagant as the present wastage, involving the industrial idleness of thousands of women and the propagation of disease.

Moreover, such a measure would concurrently solve cognate problems. Owing partly to that increasing heterogeneity which is a concomitant of evolution, the chances in favour of happy marriages tend to decrease rather than increase. It is true that the modern substitution of personal choice for the old *mariage de convenance*, arranged by parents, has served to neutralise this ; it may be hoped too, that in the near future sane instruction in matters pertaining to sex, and less restriction of social intercourse between men and women, will make for improvement. But in the best circumstances a large element of risk will never be eliminated. Unfortunately, the existence of passion does not afford a guarantee of happiness. The " Life Spirit," like a wave dashing two swimmers into one another's arms, blinds lovers to everything except their companion's face and the vault of heaven. When nature's purpose has been accomplished, the tumult of desire subsides, leaving them stranded on the bare realities of daily existence. Then comes the ordeal. Small differences, that hitherto were imperceptible, are intensified. Sometimes on the ground deserted by passion affection springs up ; children create a new bond ; compromise and habit blend into resignation. Then all may yet be well. If, however, the two characters are naturally antagonistic, the conditions of married life increase the discord.

Yet practically the sole circumstances in which the laws will

(1) *Man and Superman*.

grant release are infidelity on the part of the wife, or cruelty, in addition to infidelity, on that of the husband. (Moreover, in the case in which there are strongest reasons for assuming that two persons are unsuited to live together—where there is an agreement to provide grounds for divorce—a decree is refused.) A woman, suffering anything short of actual legal cruelty at the hands of an ill-tempered, drunken, and dissolute husband, cannot escape from her misery unless she commit adultery and undergo the humiliation of a public trial, the result of which is to deprive her of her children. Correspondingly, let a wife be everything else that is vile, but not lose her "virtue," and her husband is obliged by law to support her, to grant her conjugal rights *ad mensam et torum*, and to watch his children grow up exposed to her influence. These are extreme cases. But grant merely that the wife be frivolous and extravagant, or incompetent to manage her house and educate her children, or that the husband be indolent, or jealous, or miserly; nay, let each be good of his or her kind, but ill-mated—what endless possibilities lie here for sordid, wrangling unhappiness.

The interest of the offspring is the one consideration that would justify the continuance of co-habitation in these circumstances. At first thought, the disgrace that by reflection attaches to the children in the event of divorce seems to constitute such a consideration. But the disgrace is not essential. It is dependent on the fact that at present the divorce decree implies deceitful or cruel conduct on the part of the respondent. A modification of marriage until it were no more irrevocable than an ordinary commercial partnership would *ipso facto* remove this element from the situation. With regard to the injury caused a child by the loss of one parent, a home indeed where the complementary qualities of father and mother unite in a common effort, and where the inmates breathe an atmosphere of truth and cheerful affection, is the best environment for children. But where variance, discontent, and clandestinity reign, it is opposed to reason and experience to believe that the offspring will be better off with the two parents than with one.

At the same time, careful provision must be made for the custody and maintenance of the children. Various considerations mark out the woman as the natural guardian, except in cases when she can be proved unfit. The child belongs to her more than to the man. Not only is the parental instinct more closely associated with the amoristic impulse in the case of woman, but physiological facts produce in her an ante-natal cognisance of and affection for the child, while the father's love is of later growth. Moreover, up to the seventh or eighth year children's needs make

them more dependent on the mother's care, and after that age the male influence that a boy stands in need of is to a considerable extent supplied by school life. As to maintenance, the adoption of the view that the addition of a healthy member to the community is a public service which deserves recognition by the State would go far towards solving the question, especially among the poorer classes. When means permit, and circumstances demand, the court would impose an additional payment by the father, appropriate to the position of the parties concerned. A divorce suit would no longer take the form of plaintiff accusing respondent of infidelity or cruelty, and suing a co-respondent for damages: it would be a case of dissolution of partnership; and when disgrace were not attached to either side, neither party would consider it consistent with self-respect to force on a partner a continuation of an odious compact.

The objection commonly raised against those who venture to criticise the conventional code is based on the assumption that the only alternative to present conditions would be a polygamous system, which, it is pointed out, truly enough, has been rejected by all progressive nations. Indeed, a reversion of the civilised world to polygamy is as inconceivable as a return to the use of bows and arrows, or to trial by *compurgatio*, and the position which woman has already gained affords the surest guarantee against such a contingency. But from a subjective point of view, what reform does demand is, that love should be freed from the swaddling bands of taboos and formulas, and be transferred to its proper place as a private concern between two individuals. Since the interest of offspring is at stake, this freedom is only possible if woman be granted economic independence. A reform on these lines would span the abyss which has hitherto always divided man and woman, and would automatically cure many social diseases. Prostitution would die out, the chief motive to elandestinity would be removed, and an incalculable mass of private misery would be averted. Even voluptuousness would tend to weaken with the disappearance of restraints which at present stimulate it. Morally and physically the State would benefit, and life generally would gain by an added frankness and purity.

VERE COLLINS.

## A FORGOTTEN SOLDIER-POET.

ROMANTIC periods of history make for romantic figures. A man is coloured by the times he lives in, as a player takes reflections from the lights thrown upon him as he crosses the stage.

Jean de la Taille, Seigneur de Bondaroy, and author of the first original French comedy and tragedy, possesses many salient characteristics of that stormy period between 1533 and 1630, in which he lived. Its story explains his qualities and his defects, as man and as poet. Ardent, impressionable, virile, swayed by the restless spirit of the age, impatient of control, generous, ambitious, at times all poet and at times all warrior, drawn by the mixed forces of hero-worship for a brave man and affection for a friend and king, he spent some years of his maturity upon the battlefield, fighting beneath the standard of Henry of Navarre, only to return to the pleasant valley of the Beauce and his old château, where he died to the echo of the "Requiescat in Pace" of the Catholic Faith.

Born in the reign of Francis I., Jean de la Taille "vit presque naître Louis XIV."<sup>1</sup> Contemporary of half a dozen English sovereigns—from Henry VIII. to Charles I.—he saw, in Italy, the passing of no less than sixteen Popes.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century a curious wave of paganism broke in Europe. The sudden influx of Greek manuscripts diffused in the more cultured cities; the general attempt in painting to imitate the old Greek masterpieces, may have accounted for its rapid spread. Even in Rome itself a man's highest claims to culture lay in his knowing Greek better than his mother-tongue. Until S. Philip Neri formed his Oratory, simple preaching, which the people could understand, had become almost a lost art amongst Italian "religious." The traditions of the Middle Ages were forgotten. More knowledge, not assured knowledge, was the universal cry. In their struggle after independent thought—a synonym in many cases of unbridled action—men overthrew all attempt at authority, arrogating to themselves the divine right of judgment in all questions of belief and morals. The stronghold of faith was challenged by an army of opposing creeds and the secret contests between the civil and religious life of nations ended in open warfare. In those pregnant days the throne of France passed from Valois to Bourbon, and,

(1) M. Gustave Bageunault de Puchesse. The exact dates of Jean de la Taille's birth and death vary in different chronicles: I have given those upon which two authorities agree.

nearer home, our own "dear land, Dear for her reputation through the world," first renounced and then reverted to, and then again renounced the faith under whose guidance she had fought her Crusades and earned her name for probity and strength. The saints of the day were many and they did their best to combat obvious evils. But it is only in looking back that we can gauge aright the worth of work accomplished. S. Ignatius Loyola, S. Philip Neri, S. Charles Borromeo, S. Francis of Sales, S. Francis Xavier, S. Vincent of Paul, and S. Teresa, gathered but few of the fruits of their labours.

War—even religious war—and song go hand in hand. The South African War was voiced by Rudyard Kipling; the Civil Wars of France were partially sung by Jean de la Taille.

The de la Tailles come from one of the noblest Gatinais families, dating from the early part of the twelfth century. The name has an evident origin in the Latin word *tallia* or *talleus*—a curious coincidence in view of the position held by an early member of the family, as Grand-Master of the Woods and Forests in France.<sup>1</sup> The appointment was one of grave responsibility. But the de la Tailles were ever to the front in war and peace. The ladies made marriages worthy of their rank and nobility. Of the sons, some fell upon the field of battle, while others held high positions in the immediate neighbourhood or at the Court. Many were renowned in the Church. In the fifteenth century, one Jean de la Taille gave up his rights as heir to the estate to become an abbot of S. Quentin and founded many charitable bounties with his nephew, Head of the Chapter of Pluviers, including a mass to be said each Friday, with the stipulation that a beadle should stand in the open square of Martroy and demand if any "gentleman of the house of Bondaroy" wished to attend it. Dom Morin, a famous Benedictine chronicler of a later period, writes with special devotion concerning a certain "Martin de la Taille, homme droiturier et devotieux, faisant célébrer la messe en sa maison et en toutes ses autres terres. . . . de bon sens et d'un esprit desbonnaire." Concerning the race itself, he describes the family as "gens devotieux envers Dieu, qui ont fondé Eglises et Chapelles. . . . Au reste, n'ont laissé passer occasiõ de guerre, où ils n'ayent esté."

Such "occaseiõ de guerre" were fatal to many. During the soldier-poet's lifetime eight of his relations died violent deaths. After the battle of Moncontour, Gabriel, a cornet in the army, was found dead upon his horse, his bugle in his hand. At Coutras,

(1) Different "*Tailles*," or notches, were made on the trees to denote rights of way, barriers, &c., as well as obvious directions as to clearing spaces by cutting down wood.

Valentin de Faronville, Mathurin des Essarts, and Charles d'Ossainville were all left dead upon the field. And Jean's great-grandfather, Martinet, had a dramatic history. Taken by the English as hostage and conveyed to England, pending the deferred payment of certain sums levied by them in Beauce and Gatinais (Province of Orleans), he was offered every inducement to change his flag. But no sooner had he got back to France than he raised a body of knights in defence of his country, and proceeded again to make war against his enemies, in reward for which action Charles VII. ordered that the lion of his arms should be crowned with gold. The device was slightly altered by Jean de la Taille, according to a manuscript record of the family, written by his son,<sup>1</sup> who explains how "*à propos de son mérite,*" the poet took "*ung lion rampant, tenant une espée nue en une de ses griffes et ung livre en l'autre avec ung rouleau où est escript pour l'âme, IN UTRUMQUE PARATUS.*"

Jean's great-grandfather, Etienne, Seigneur of Ossainville, as well as Bondaroy, showed a somewhat elastic affection for the opposite sex by marrying three times. By his second marriage with Phillippe de Poiloue, he had an heir, Louis, who married in 1532, Jacqueline de l'Estendart de Heurteloup, by whom he had four sons and one daughter. Jean, the soldier-poet, was his heir; then came Jacques, also a writer of distinction, who died at the age of nineteen; Pascal, who died at thirteen; Valentin, Sieur de Farouville, the head of another branch of the family; and Angélique, the devoted sister whose death at eighteen years of age inspired her brother to write a touching epitaph in "*vers Gaulois,*" which may be still seen near the confessional in the church at Bondaroy, engraved upon a copper plate.

Part of the old Castle of Bondaroy stands to-day. Originally, it was a royal seat. But Philippe-Le-Bel exchanged it, with many other regal possessions, in 1303, and so transferred his own sovereign rights "*de Justice haute, moyenne et basse, dont les appellations ressortissent directement à la Cour de Parlement, avec droict de peeage, tribut, puissance de faire battre monnoye,*"<sup>2</sup> exemption de taille aux sujets, four à ban,<sup>3</sup> rivière, pescherie, et autres droicts tels que le Roy les tenoit en souveraineté, s'en reservât seulement les foy et homage qui relève à ce moyen immédiatement à la Couronne du Roy." In Jean's day, the château was a rambling manor-house, of large acreage, with fine barns and sheds, good stables and sheepfolds. The rabbit warren

(1) This "Mémoire" has descended to the present holder of the title, Alexandre, Comte de la Taille des Essarts, son of Louis Xavier Adolphe, also Comte de la Taille des Essarts, and Garde-du-Corps de Leurs Majestés Louis XVII., Charles X., &c.

(2) Right of coining money.

(3) Bakery.

and the farm-lands were enclosed in high walls, like a Scotch garden.' And in the park itself, precise and trim as were the grounds of the period, under the shadow of the peaceful elms, and looking away from distant fields of ripening corn to where the river flowed out towards the mystery of the unknown, Jean and his brothers played as children. For him, too, there were visions and dreams. To him, too, came the stirrings of those vague desires of glory or nobility which move us, by ways seemingly inconsequent, to our appointed end.

Jean's dreams carried him far into a world of tumult. But in his maturity the poet came back, in search of the peace so seldom to be found in cities, excepting by those who have fought self and overcome. Amongst many jealous mistresses—ambition, pleasure, the quest of wealth or of forgetfulness—love of home seldom loses her sway upon a man's heart. He may travel far and try to stifle, in other countries and in other surroundings, the claims of his own lands and his own people, but their voices compel him so that at the last he is bound either to obey or else for ever cut himself adrift.

Louis de la Taille had travelled comparatively little. But his sons' instincts towards the wider life showed early, and at the impressionable age, the two elder boys were sent to Paris, "l'Athesne Françoise," as it was called. He wished them to be "instruits es arts liberaux, non que fust l'intention du père de transformer aucun de ses enfans en gens d'eglise ou de justice, mais avoit opinion que le scavoir est le seul parement d'un gentilhomme." The culture, the elegance, the independence of Paris charmed both lads. The men with whom they came in contact thought and read widely; but even amongst those whose bent of mind was avowedly literary the de la Tailles held their own. Talent discerns talent where ignorance would pass it by.

The literary standard of the day demanded intimate acquaintance with the classics, but the two lads steeped themselves as well in the heroic verse, the odes and elegies, of the period. Contemporary with Ronsard, his example inspired them. Before long, their own Muse escaped from its chrysalis. But death, in the shape of fever, claimed the younger brother, and to Jean was left the legacy of giving the works of Jacques to the world, and inscribing his epitaph:—

"Mort jeune, mort chétif, mort sans qu'on aye sceu,  
Qu'il ayt sceu quelque chose, et mort sans qu'il ayt peu  
Estre cognu sinon de luy et de son frère. . . .

Qui jure luy servir de vangeur et d'amy,  
Et qui, vivant de pleurs, ne vivent qu'a demy,  
Car tout deux ne vivoient que d'un esprit ensembable."



After three years of college life, Jean returned to Orleans to study law. Orleans was then one of the most famous universities. Some of the most remarkable and learned men of the day lectured there in turn. But the passive life was not suited to one of Jean's ardent temperament. A lover of the romantic, his pulses beat time to the note of war which was echoing through France. The call to sacrifice—under whatever standard—blinds men to other issues. For the time being, the knight-errant and adventurous spirit in this warrior-poet vanquished the contemplative and luxurious side which made for ease and pleasant living.

The religious belief—not of France alone but of all Europe—was trembling in the balance. There had been evils amongst Churchmen, many and terrible; they were recognised, not only in high places,<sup>1</sup> but amongst saints such as "the Apostle of Rome,"<sup>2</sup> and S. Ignatius Loyola. The Church herself had not wavered. But it is easier to destroy than to build. So the would-be reformers sought to destroy and lost sight of the real points at issue in their struggles for personal ambition and emolument. The root of the evil lay in the evil passions of certain members of the Church—not in the Church itself. All Englishmen are not heroes, nor are all Catholics saints. It was as illogical to call England unvalorous, for the sake of her few historic cowards, as to condemn the Church as sinful because of her few unworthy members.

How many years ago did the Athenians cry for "Something new—something new"? The cry re-echoed now, from empire to empire. New doctrines arose to meet it. The old belief was restricted and hampering. The new dogmas gave scope to men's acquisitiveness, for "large spoils were given to princes and nobles from the many possessions of the Church and of monasteries."<sup>3</sup> A more elastic code—leading from slack tolerance to indifference, and thus eventually to lack of vital faith in Christ's Divinity—appealed to many. It condoned and excused so much; it laid so great a stress upon God's mercy as to omit remembrance of His justice; it robbed Hell of all terrors by slurring over such passages of our Lord's teaching as refer to it, allowing a man, to quote a witty divine of the Established Church in England, "to cheat God in his life and the devil in his death." According to the new doctrines the Landgrave of

(1) The Lateran Council, closed just before the world heard of Luther, made canons for the reform of discipline, &c., of the clergy.

(2) S. Philip Neri. Few of us realise how far his work has spread, and that there are more than one hundred and sixty-five congregations of the Oratory in Italy, England, Bavaria, Austria, France, Poland, Malta, Spain, Portugal, Flanders, Brazil, India, Ceylon, &c.

(3) Alfonso Capecehatro, a noted authority.

Hesse might have two wives at one and the same time and be accounted no worse in the world's eyes, under a license given by Luther and seven other leaders of the Reformation.<sup>1</sup> Or he could play tricks with the Missal with impunity, as Cranmer did in England, and change his front according to the hour's necessity, to suit the immorality of a King<sup>2</sup> who, for the authorship of a pamphlet against "the Protestant heresy," earned the Papal title of "Defender of the Faith," which is used in the present day by each succeeding British Sovereign.

In France, matters had come to a climax. A thousand conflicting emotions tore at men's hearts and left them bleeding. News travelled slowly. A man's hand was turned against his brother's in the new strife; family life was decimated. Jean de la Taille, himself of an old Catholic stock, had near relations who were Huguenots, and for Henri of Navarre, his friend, he bore a love less only than that which he had felt for his dead brother. He cast in his lot with the Huguenots for a time and fought with courage beneath their standard.

"Es premiers troubles il estoit a la bataille de Dreux," according to the manuscript record dated 1608. "Es troisieme trouble il estoit a la journee d'Arnay-le-Duc, avecq le Prince de Navarre, a present nostre roy, ou il fut blecé d'un coup de lance dans le visage: au retours du combat encore la salade en teste, tout couvert de sang et de poussiere, ce prince l'embrassa et luy fit l'honneur de le faire panser par ses chirurgiens et le visiter.

Blecé d'un coup de lance au travers la visière  
Eut son roy pour tesmoing de sa vailleure guerrière.

Il a sceu joindre les armes avecq les lettres; estant vaillant et sçavant, il a tesmoigné sa vailleure durant ces guerres, il a tesmoigné son sçavoir par les livres qu'il a faits, tant en prose comme en vers. . . . il a esté secourable et officieux envers ses parans et voisins, leur ayant fait durant ces guerres de bons offices tellement qu'ils sont abstraint de prier Dieu pour la prosperité de sa vie."

But it was not only with his sword that Jean de la Taille served the Huguenot cause for a time. He placed his pen at its disposal. The massacre of S. Bartholomew appalled him as it appals present-day Catholics, to whom the true facts of the case are at last made known.<sup>3</sup> One of his most biting satires is

(1) William Cobbett.

(2) Clement VII. excommunicated Henry VIII. in 1530.

(3) The "Pope's joy" and the general Catholic rejoicing when the news was first heard, is often spoken of as "inhuman." Information at that time was slow in transit and truth hard to sift from falsehood. The Pope acted upon news

directed against "Les Singeries de la Ligue," that bond of Catholics (formed in defence against the Protestant organisation known as "the Common Cause") whose ostensible aims were "la tuition de la religion catholique et restauration d'icelle, et extirpation des hérésies," but which was unfortunately debased by its leader's ambition, in spite of the warning of the Popes.<sup>1</sup> A latter-day critic describes the poem as "warm, but true." Part of the "Satire Ménippée," it is certainly witty and caustic.

Our poet was nothing if not versatile. His books covered a wide range of thought. Pamphlets, satires, elegies, sonnets, epigrams, lyrics, tragedies, comedies—he wrote each in turn. After the fashion of Du Bellay and of Ronsard, whose school he followed, he made Latin odes too, though these are not especially notable. In 1574, two dainty volumes, *La Géomance Abrégée* and *Le Blason des Pierres Précieuses*, were published in Paris, "avec privilège du Roy." Their author, "Jean de la Taille, gentilhomme de Beauce," is at some pains to explain that he himself gives but a limited belief to the attempt to fathom "by means of astrology." "les choses passées, présentes, et futures." "Non que je te veuille induire d'ajouter foy certaine a ceste Géomance, inventée toutes fois par les Caldeens, Hebrieux et Indiens. . . ." he says, "ayant plutost dressé cest art qui nous a servy maintes fois d'adoucir et de tromper l'ennuyeuse fatigue des armes, pour le passc-temps des gentils esprits que pour aucune certainté. . . . En voyant ceste Géomance, tu te gaudiras ou t'emerveilleras de moy. . . . Mais quoy? Mon esprit ne peult estre non plus en repos que le ciel dont il est issu." The "Blason" is a rhythmic list of the virtues with which special stones are supposed to be endowed, preceded by a poem, "De L'Amour et Haine des Sept Planettes contre les Atheistes."

"Comme les Elements en leurs Cieux, les sept Corps,  
Ont amour et discord : Mars porte a tous rancune  
Fors qu'a Venus la belle; eux deux n'ayment Saturne:  
La Lune et le Soleil ensemble ont grans accors;

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forwarded by Charles IX., who with his mother, was in reality guilty of the massacre, saying that a "nefarious plot to murder" himself and the "Royal family, had been discovered, to upset the monarchy and destroy the Church," and that he had therefore inflicted "prompt and well-merited punishment upon the conspirators." The publication of the Papal Nuncio's secret despatches to the Cardinal Secretary at Rome for the information of the Pope, clears the massacre from the charge of premeditation, according to Lingard, Chateaubriand, Ranke, Soldan, &c.

(1) "Vous devez reconnaitre avant tout l'autorité et la dignité du Roi; si on y manquait il y aurait taute grave, et ni le royaume ni les catholiques n'y trouveraient profit" (*Bref de Sixte V.*, 15 Juin, 1585). Gregory XIII. praised the zeal of the "Ligueurs," but when they wrote of his "participation," "il donna à son représentant l'ordre de démentir ce propos, car il 'n'était pour rien dans le mouvement'" (*Vatican Archives*, Letter of 9th April, 1585).

Mais Jupiter et Mars ensemble ont grans discours;  
Tous ont en Jupiter, fors Mars, amour commune,  
Saturne hait Venus et Mercure et la Lune;  
Mais qui n'admiseroit ces discordans accors?

Tous font avec Venus, fors Saturne, en concorde,  
Mesme au Soleil, Venus et Jupiter s'accorde,  
Qui n'admireroit DIEU en tant d'astres divers?

Apprenez donc icy, vous, pourceaux d'Epicure,  
Qui n'avez autre DIEU que Fortune ou Nature,  
Que DIEU de leur discorde accorde l'Univers."

In the verse of the period there was a certain roughness and crudity which later singers polished and refined. The language of the time was less assured. Men's compliments were coarser if as frequent. The Seigneur de Bondaroy has been accused of lack of originality by some detractors. Ronsard and "the French Ovid," were undoubtedly his masters in poetry, while in his play-writing he followed Jodelle's lines. But his ideas often reached noble heights, and he had those robust moments in which, alas! so many modern versifiers are deficient. He never lost his individuality, and he was typically French. As you read his verses, you see the man grow visibly. Certain poems, indeed, are painstaking steps upon the ladder of eternity.

He was a man of moods, but generally virile. In the rhyme below, he shows himself in one manner. An artist has drawn him, but this is his own introduction to his readers:—

Tu peus icy me voir du tout, Lecteur,  
Me voir en face, en l'esprit, et au cuer,  
(A fin que mort, je puisse immortel vivre),  
Par ce portrait tu peus voir mon visage  
Tiré au vif, mon esprit par ce Livre,  
Et par la Guerre, ou je fus, mon courage.

Later, in a moment of despair, he writes:—

"Si jamais gentilhomme ait eu part aux malheurs,  
C'est moy qui n'eut jamais que misère et que larmes;  
J'ayme à vivre paisible et faut suivre les armes,  
J'ayme à vivre gaillard et faut vivre en douleurs;  
J'ayme acquérir honneur et cèlo mes valeurs,  
J'ayme en seurté dormir et n'oy jamais qu'allarmes,  
J'ayme à voir la vertu et ne voy que gensdarmes,  
J'ayme à faire la guerre et ne voy que voleurs. . . .  
J'ayme à voir mon pais et miserable j'erre,  
Par divers temps et lieux, en une longue guerre.  
Je n'ayme l'ignorance et fault l'ouir habler.  
J'oy mille maux, et voudroye plus sourde avoir l'oreille!  
Je n'ayme le pillage, et s'il me fault piller  
Tandis je fais des vers dont chascun s'esmerveille."

It will be perceived that modesty was not his characteristic !

In love, Jean de la Taille followed the fashion of his day. He sings the charms of a dozen beauties and dedicates his verses to many reigning "toasts." Perhaps he reached his own highest point of sincerity on the eve of departure to the war, when he explained to his friend, "Au lieu de moy, je vous laisse mon cœur." His constancy was not imperilled. The lady died during the last months of his absence in camp.

"Avant souffert autant d'ennuys et de malheurs,  
Que pauvre gentilhomme oncq souffrit en sa vie,  
Comme un jour je pensois la fortune assouvie  
Et posant le harnois voir quelqu'une en tout heur  
Voici pour m'achever, nouveau sujet de pleur,  
C'est qu'au camp j'ay sceu que mort me l'a ravie."

With mere *tours de force* in the shape of anagrams, he had a happy knack. In view of Mary Queen of Scot's tragic end, a pretty conceit dedicated to her on the death "du Roy François II., son Mary," strikes a prophetic note :—<sup>1</sup>

Jeune à fin, las ! que je fusse en la fleur  
De mes beaux ans d'espoux, veufve et de mère,  
Que j'eusse ici dueil sur dueil, pleur sur pleur,

Hors de ma terre, orfeline de père !  
Las, ma devise est donc : *Tu as martire*,  
Comme à l'emvers mon nom me scait bien dire.

But it is primarily as a dramatic author and satirist that Jean de la Taille takes his stand and deserves remembrance. Monsieur Vialet-le-Duc, author of *L'Histoire de la Satire en France*, quotes one of his works as being "non seulement une véritable satire, mais encore une excellente satire." M. Baguenault de Puchesse, in an important paper read before three learned French societies, said : "Personne n'avait songé à examiner en lui la moraliste et le satirique. C'est à ce point de vue surtout qu'il se montre penseur original et de vrai mérite." In 1573 he published a volume called *Manière de faire les vers en François comme en Grec et en Latin*—"c'est à dire mésurés et sans rimes"), from which Voltaire himself borrowed the scheme of his own "vers blancs." *Les Corvivaus* was the first original French comedy and *Saul* the first original French tragedy ever written. Modern French dramatists, whose fame has spread across Europe, may remember the neglected pioneer of their successes,<sup>2</sup> but it is

(1) The Queen herself acknowledged the receipt of this poem.

(2) M. Sainte-Beuve has written concerning Jean de la Taille, whose portrait is still preserved by his descendants.

doubtful if, until the present, English playwrights have heard the name of Jean de la Taille. Were his methods universally practised the English drama of to-day had not perhaps fallen so low. Of comedy, he says it should be "une comédie pour certain . . . non point une farce ny une moralité, car nous ne nous amusons pas en chose ne si basse ne si sotté." Concerning the theory of dramatic art, he describes its "vraye et seule intention" as being "d'esmouvoir et de peindre merveilleusement les affections d'un chascun, car il faut que le sujet soit si pitoyable et poignant de soy, qu'estant mesmes et bref et nument dit, engendre en nous quelque passion. . . . Il faut tousiours représenter l'histoire en un mesme jour, en un mesme temps et en un mesme lieu."

Playing as he did a part of some importance in the politics, the wars, and the literature of a day in which political changes were frequent and wars common and literature at a high level—the exact grade of the Seigneur de Bondaroy's religious opinions takes a special interest. French Protestant writers have ranked him high amongst their leaders. That he abjured Catholicism for some time is evident. Still, "nous pouvons affirmer qu'il n'y a pas dans ses ouvrages un seul mot qui soit une injure ou même une attaque indirecte contre la religion romaine," declared M. de Puchesse, at the Assembly General of learned Societies at Orleans. The only poem to which exception could be taken from a Catholic standpoint is "Le Prince Nécessaire," which was never published. In 1572 he had announced its forthcoming publication. But in 1575, "sous le giron du catholicisme," he married Charlotte du Mollin, daughter of the Seigneur de Bouville, Briecernon, &c. In 1611 their son Lancelot, a devoted Catholic, in turn married Antoinette du Monceau, daughter of Christien de Savigny, Seigneur du Rhosne, one of the most prominent members of the League.

"Le Prince Nécessaire" is a long poem: its author ranked it high. The full significance of its remaining unpublished has passed unnoticed. The writer admits only two classes, the Nobility and the People: "he guarantees the interests of the nation by making the King nominate two Councils—one, the High, or Secret Council, formed of the flower of French nobility, to the exclusion of all ecclesiastical dignitaries: the other, a popular council, addressing itself to the King through the intermediary of the first council. In other words, an end to "*bourgeoisie*," parliaments and clergy; the people effaced, the nobility, sorted out by the king, according to his own desires. Above all, at the apex of the pyramid—should we not rather say, himself constituting the pyramid—the King!"<sup>1</sup>

(1) René de Maulde.

The personal note sounds throughout this warrior-poet's verses. One sees it, very strongly marked, in what might almost be termed his challenge to Death.

Puis qu'au moins j'ay parfait ce mien petit ouvrage,  
Je ne dois plus, ô Mort, de toy me soucier.  
Vien, vien quant tu voudras, je te puis deffier  
Que tu puisses jamais à mon nom faire outrage!

Quoi? me pensois tu donc laisser sans tesmoignage  
De n'avoir onc'vescu, et de moi trionfer?  
Donques me pensois-tu, ô meschante, estouser,  
Comme mon jeune Frere, au plus vert de son age?

Maugré toi, nous vivrons! car, publiant ses vers,  
Je le pourray vanger de toy, fausse Chymere,  
Puisq'au moins par ta faulte icy je vis encor!

Maugre toy je diray tel meurtre a l'univers,  
Departant ce que j'ay d'immortel a mon frere  
Ainsi que fit Pollux à son frere Castor.

It is given to comparatively few to recognise the claims of affection so closely as did Jean de la Taille. Stern and rugged in appearance, his biting words companioned kindly acts. He grudged no man such praise as he had earned legitimately, in war or peace: he guarded his dead brother's literary honour with the utmost jealousy. In the dedication of "*Daire, Tragedie du feu Jacques de la Taille, du pays de Beauce,*" published at Paris in 1750, he writes, "Si vous l'eussiez cogneu autant par hautise, come vous pourrez faire par le peu de ses escripts abortifs, que vous eussiez jugé qu'il avoit desia en soy la gravité de Ronsard, la facilité de Du-Bellay, et la promptitude de Jodelle. Il vous plaira donc en l'honneur de Noblesse estre protecteur de ce Daire, où je m'assure que voyant un si grand Monarque trahy, et bouleversé du haut en bas de son Empire, avec la perte de sa vie, et des siens, vous en pourrez au moins recueillir ce fruit, d'apprendre à supporter plus patiemmet (par le malheur d'un plus grand), toutes nos adversitez ensemble, toutes les piteuses et sanglâtes Tragedies, qu'on a depuis dix où douze ans jouées sur l'eschaffault de France, et, durant le commun malheur de nos folles Guerres civiles, où les ons et les autres avons porté les armes malheureuses, teinctes en nostre propre sang."

Jean de la Taille's love for "*Le Béarnais*" led him to many sacrifices. But though the king showed him numerous marks of affection during his lifetime, and though his most intimate friends were all men and women in high positions at the Court, the poet always retained his independence of spirit. "Vous êtes entourré

de courtisans," he said, on one occasion : " Moi, je n'en suis pas." "His conversion preceded that of Henry of Navarre.<sup>1</sup> The rôle of leader rather than follower appealed to him throughout. "Ever a fighter," he would have chosen rather to tilt at windmills than to remain passive and acquiescent.

Stormy as was his life—he battled, remember, not only against politics but poverty—its end was peace. His epitaph may still be seen at Bondaroy. He died in his own castle, at the age of ninety-seven, "fortified," according to his descendants, "by the rites" of the Church of which S. Augustine wrote, "Too late have I known Thee, O Thou Ancient Truth, too late have I found Thee, First and Only Fair."

MAY BATEMAN.

(1) Concerning Henry IV.'s conversion, it is not generally understood that he publicly declared that he had acted "pour la satisfaction de sa conscience," and that his conviction rested "sur les vrais et solides fondements qui est la parole de Dieu et l'intelligence qui lui a plu lui en donner" (*Bibl. Nat.* MS. f. fr. 3,988, Fo. 101, Letter of 22nd December, 1594 (?).



## WAS BACON A POET?

“ LORD BACON was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost super-human wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect. It is a strain which distends, and then bursts the circumference of the reader's mind, and pours itself forth together with it into the universal element with which it has perpetual sympathy. . . . Plato exhibits the rare union of close and subtle logic with the Pythian enthusiasm of poetry, melted by the splendour and harmony of his periods, into one irresistible stream of musical impressions, which hurry the persuasions onward, as in a breathless career. His language is that of an immortal spirit rather than a man. Bacon is, perhaps, the only writer who, in these particulars, can be compared with him.”

This eulogy on Bacon's poetical faculty was not written by a modern Baconian, but by no less a poet than Percy Bysshe Shelley, who had read the works of the philosopher, as certain of his modern critics have failed to do to any useful purpose.

Nor does Shelley stand alone in his splendid tribute. Macaulay, no general admirer of Bacon, declared :—“ The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind, but not, like his wit, so powerful as occasionally to usurp the place of his reason, and to tyrannise over the whole man. . . . Much of Bacon's life was passed in a visionary world.” Bulwer Lytton held that “ Poetry pervaded the thoughts, it inspired the similes, it hymned in the majestic sentences of the wisest of mankind.” Coleridge asserts :—“ Bacon was not only a great poet, but a great philosopher ”—actually placing the “ poet ” first.

Is there any solid foundation for these statements? They certainly refer to Bacon as a prose poet. But what about his compositions in verse? In 1624—two years before his death—he published a volume entitled *A Translation of Certaine Psalmes into English Verse*, which, written on a bed of sickness, have been treated with a considerable amount of ridicule, the quotations given being the worst that could possibly be extracted to show that “ they do not give us a high notion of Bacon's poetic powers.” The fact is carefully forgotten that Bacon was translating Psalms, not writing original verse, and that the nature of the subject was against any extensive poetical flights. Still, Bacon could not help

himself falling into verse even in his philosophical works. The following is an extract from Bacon's translation of the 137th Psalm :—

When as we sate, all sad and desolate,  
 By Babylon upon the river's side,  
 Eased from the tasks which in our captive state  
 We were enforced daily to abide,  
 Our harps we had brought with us to the field,  
 Some solace to our heavy souls to yield.  
 But soon we found, we fail'd of our account :  
 For when our minds some freedom did obtain,  
 Straightways the memory of Sion Mount  
 Did cause afresh our wounds to bleed again ;  
 So that with present griefs and future fears  
 Our eyes burst forth into a stream of tears.  
 As for our harps, since sorrow struck them dumb,  
 We hanged them on the willow trees were near, &c.

Of this Spedding, Bacon's biographer, says :— " For myself, at least, I may say that, deeply pathetic as the opening of the 137th Psalm always seemed to be, I have found it much more affecting since I read Bacon's paraphrase of it . . . Of these verses of Bacon's, it has been usual to speak not only as a failure, but as a ridiculous failure : *a censure in which I cannot concur.*" Nor can any man who has an ear for poetry, he might have added, except Dr. Engel, perhaps, whose opinion was " made in Germany."

The Baconian translation of the third verse of the 90th Psalm reads :—

Thou carriest man away as with a tide :  
 Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high ;  
 Much like a mocking dream, that will not bide,  
 But flies before the sight of waking eye ;  
 Or as the grass, that cannot term obtain  
 To see the summer come about again.

" The thought," writes Spedding, " in the second line could not well be fitted with imagery, words, and rhythm more apt and imaginative ; and there is a tenderness of expression in the concluding couplet which comes manifestly out of a heart in sensitive sympathy with nature, and *fully capable of the poet's faith*

' that every flower  
 Enjoys the air it breathes.' "

Of other Psalm translations, which are worth close examination, the same authority maintains :—" The whole of the 103rd Psalm seems to me grand in thought, autobiographic in certain allusive words, and sustained and sonorous in its versification. . . . Take, again, as a sample of versification, the opening of the 104th

Psalm. The heroic couplet could hardly do its work better in the hand of Dryden. The truth is that Bacon was *not without* the 'fine phrensy' of the poet; but the world into which it transported him is one which, while it promised visions more glorious than any poet could imagine, promised them upon the express condition that fiction should be utterly prohibited and excluded. Had it taken the ordinary direction, I have little doubt that it would have carried him to a place among the great poets." This is the testimony of a critic who studied the works and letters of Bacon more closely than those who maintain that Bacon's acknowledged verses are "unmitigated doggerel."

Another of the translations reads :—

Teach us, O Lord, to number well our days,  
 Thereby our hearts to wisdom to apply;  
 For that which guides man best in all his ways  
 Is meditation of mortality.  
 This bubble light, this vapour of our breath,  
 Teach us to consecrate to hour of death.  
 Return unto us, Lord, and balance now,  
 With days of joy, our days of misery;  
 Help us right soon, our knees to Thee we bow,  
 Depending wholly on Thy clemency.  
 Then shall Thy servants, both with heart and voice,  
 All the days of their life in Thee rejoice.

Then we have other lines in the Baconian Psalms which are not altogether despicable poetry :—

The vales their hollow bosoms opened plain,  
 The streams run trembling down the vales again.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Why should there be such turmoil and such strife,  
 To spin in length this feeble line of life? "  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 The moon, so constant in inconstancy  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Thou buriest not within oblivious tomb.

It is worth while comparing these much-abused translations of the Psalms with those of an admired English poet, who wrote :—

Thy gracious ear, O Lord, incline,  
 O hear me I Thee pray;  
 For I am poor, and almost pine  
 With need and sad decay.

Blest is the man who hath not walked astray  
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way  
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
 Of scorers hath not set; but in the great  
 Jehovah's law is ever his delight.

The author of these two extracts from translations of the Psalms

was John Milton, who composed *Paradise Lost* and *Lycidas*. It is fortunate that Milton's poetical distinction does not depend on his versions of the Psalms, as has been the fate of Bacon's reputation as a poet. Neither Vaughan's nor Sidney's translations are any better than Milton's.

Did Bacon ever acknowledge himself to be a poet? In his *Apology for Essex*, he writes :—

"It happened, a little before that time, that her Majesty had a purpose to dine at Twickenham Park, at which time I had (although *I profess not to be a poet*) prepared a sonnet directly tending and alluding to draw on her Majesty's reconciliation to my Lord, which I remember I also showed to a great person." This sonnet has never been found in Bacon's papers. The words "I profess not" are significant.

In 1603, on the accession of James I., in a letter to Sir John Davies, Bacon spoke of himself as "a concealed poet," an allusion which Spedding could not explain, except under the assumption that Bacon referred to his authorship of the *Devices* written for the Earl of Essex, among them *A Conference of Pleasure*, edited by Spedding, and re-edited by Douse and Burgoyne. In one of these masques, performed at York House in 1595, the following lines appear—acknowledged by Spedding to be the work of Bacon :—

Seated between the old world and the new,  
A land there is no other land may touch,  
Where reigns a Queen in peace and honour true;  
Stories or fables do describe no such.  
Never did Atlas such a burden bear,  
As she in holding up the world opprest;  
Supplying with her virtue everywhere  
Weakness of friends, errors of servants best.  
No nation breeds a warmer blood for war,  
And yet she calms them by her majesty;  
No age had ever wits refined so far,  
And yet she calms them by her policy.  
To her thy son must make his sacrifice  
If he will have the morning of his eyes.

This poem is, in expression and idea, not unlike the famous eulogy of England by John of Gaunt in *Richard II*.

That there must have been poems written by Bacon which are not extant is proved by the fact that Bacon is included by Stow and Howes, his contemporaries, in their *Annales*, "among our moderne and present excellent poets." This statement could not be founded on Bacon's translation of the Psalms, as this translation was not published till many years later. What was the

poetry to which Stow and Howes referred? How can a man be a "poet" if he has written no "poetry"?

Then Waller, in the Dedication of his works to Queen Henrietta Maria, speaks of "Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Francis Bacon as nightingales who sang only with spring; it was the diversion of their youth." What were the nightingale songs Bacon sang in his youth? To what does Waller refer?

In 1629—three years after Bacon's death—Thomas Farnaby produced another poem by Bacon—and accepted by Spedding as Bacon's work—an expansion of a Greek epigram attributed to Poseidippus, which runs:—

The world's a bubble; and the life of man  
 Lesse than a span.  
 In his conception wretched; from the wombe,  
 So to the tombe;  
 Curst from the cradle, and brought up to yeares,  
 With cares and feares.  
 Who then to frail Mortality shall trust,  
 But limnes the water, or but writes in dust.

Then follow other three similar verses respectively ending:—

And where's a city from all vice so free,  
 But may be term'd the worst of all the three?  
 What is it then to have or have no wife,  
 But single thralldom or a double strife?  
 What then remains, but that we still should cry  
 Not to be born, or being born, to die?

To my ear these lines sound somewhat poetical.

So much for Bacon's efforts as a poet as displayed in his acknowledged *verse*. Can any poetry be extracted from his prose?

There are hundreds of passages in the prose works of Bacon which can be transposed into excellent verse, without the interpolation of a single word. For example:—

They even fly by twilight.  
 Redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in half.  
 It is as natural to die as to be born.

There is a peace or unity

Grounded upon implicit ignorance.

Faces are but a gallery of pictures,  
 And talk but a tinkling cymbal where  
 There is no love.

I have, though in a despised weed,  
 Procured the good of all men.  
 The south wind blows from presence of the sun.

They flocked about him as he went along :  
That one might know afar off where the owl  
Was by the flight of birds.

The ocean—solitary hand-maid of eternity.  
It was a race oft dipped in their own blood.

And Perkin,  
For a perfume before him as he went,  
Published a proclamation.  
Words are the footsteps and the prints of reason.

By kindling this new torch  
Amid the darkness of philosophy.  
Both knee and heart did truly bow before him.

If you listen to David's harp,  
You shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols.  
Religion sweetly touched with eloquence.

Have you ever seen  
A fly in amber more beautifully entombed  
Than an Egyptian monarch?

To procure the ready use of knowledge  
There are two courses.  
The sweetest canticle is 'Nunc dimittis.'

Truth may come, perhaps,  
To a pearl's value that shows best by day,  
But rise it will not to a diamond's price  
That showeth always best in varied lights.

It is not death man fears  
But only the stroke of death.

Virtue walks not in the highway  
Though she go heavenward.

Why should we love our fetters, though of gold?

There is nothing under heaven  
To which the heart can lean, save a true friend.

Why mourn, then, for the end which must be  
Or spend one wish to have a minute added  
To the uncertain date which marks our years?  
Death exempts not man from being  
But marks an alteration only.  
He is a guest unwelcome and importunate,  
And he will not, must not be said nay.  
Death arrives gracious only  
To such as sit in darkness,  
Or lie heavy burdened with grief and irons.  
To despairful widows, pensive pensioners, and deposed kings;  
To them whose future runneth backward  
And whose spirits mutiny.  
Unto such death is a redeemer,  
And the grave a place of retiredness and rest.

What rareness of conceit, what choice of words, what pace of  
utterance.

These wait upon the shore, and waft to him  
 To draw near, wishing to see his star  
 That they may be led to him,  
 And wooing the remorseless sisters  
 To wind down the watch of life  
 And break them off before the hour.

Bud in the cells of gross and solitary monks.

In this theatre of man's life it is reserved  
 Only for God and the angels to be lookers on.  
 It is as natural to die as to be born.  
 The breath of flowers is sweeter in the air.

A word inserted here and there would convert these passages into fairly good blank verse.

Bacon's *History of the Reign of Henry VII.* abounds in striking examples of metre, e.g.,

A great observer of religious forms.  
 He was not without secret trains or mines.  
 He would be but a king of courtesy.  
 To beat down upon murmur and dispute.  
 An act merely of policy or power.  
 All eminent persons of the line of York.  
 At which time Innocent the Eighth was Pope.  
 Therefore during the Parliament he published  
 His royal proclamation, offering pardon  
 And grace of restitution to all such  
 As had taken arms or been participant  
 Of any attempts against him.  
 So long expected and so much desired.  
 So this rebellion proved but a blast.  
 The dregs and leaven of the northern people.  
 Thus was fuel prepared for the spark.  
 And none could hold the book so well to prompt  
 And instruct this stage play as she could.  
 Their great devotion to the house of York.  
 And her two sons deposed of the crown,  
 Bastarded in their blood, and cruelly murdered.  
 That if his grace be forced to make a war  
 He do it without passion or ambition.  
 But by the favour of Almighty God,  
 Try our right for the crown of France itself;  
 Remembering that there hath been a French  
 King prisoner in England, and a king  
 Of England crowned in France.

It came unto this priest a fancy,  
 Hearing what men talked and in hope to raise  
 Himself to some great bishopric, to cause  
 This lad to counterfeit and personate  
 The second son.

Stirring both heaven and hell to do him mischief.

This ambassage concerned no great affairs.

It was the two-and-twentieth of June.

And in this form was the law drawn and passed.  
 Which statute he procured to be confirmed,  
 By the Pope's bull the following year.

The wreath of three was made a wreath of five.

There was a subtile priest called Richard Simon,  
 That lived in Oxford and had to his pupil  
 A baker's son named Lambert Simnell,  
 A comely youth, and well favoured, not without  
 Some extraordinary dignity and grace of aspect,  
 And for Simnell there was not much in him  
 More than he was a handsome boy,  
 And did not shame his robes.

As for the times while he was in the Tower.

There are much worse lines than these in the historical plays of Shakespeare.

The purely philosophical works of Bacon are not the soil from which poetry could be expected as a crop but if we take the literary works, the verdict of Shelley and Macaulay can be more than confirmed that Bacon was "a poet."

The *Essays* especially abound in true poetic language. Take this from the essay *Of Adversity*:—

Virtue is like precious odours,  
 Most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed;  
 For prosperity doth best discover vice,  
 But adversity doth best discover virtue.

Not a word here has been altered from the prose form in which it appears in the original.

Then in the essay *Of Simulation* we read :—

It is the weaker sort of politicians  
 That are the great dissemblers.

Again :—

As for equivocations or oraculous speeches,  
 They cannot hold out long.



In other essays :—

All rising to great place is by a winding stair.  
To be master of the sea  
Is an abridgment of a monarchy.

To show how readily Bacon's prose can be transformed—as he himself might have transformed it—into respectable verse, I submit the following specimens :—

Who taught the raven, in a drowth, to throw pebbles into an hollow tree, when she spied water, that the water might rise, so that she might come to it? Who taught the bee to sail through such a vast sea of air, and to find the way from a field in flower, a great way off, to her hive? Who taught the ant to bite every grain of corn that she burieth in her hill, lest it should take root and grow?—*Advancement of Learning.*

Surely there is poetry even in this prose. If Bacon had chosen to put his prose into verse, the following might have been the result :—

Who taught the thirsty raven in a drought,  
Espying water in a hollow tree,  
To throw in pebbles till it reached her beak?  
Who taught the bee to sail through seas of air,  
And find her far-off hive from fields in flower?  
Who taught the ant to bite each grain of corn  
She buries in her hill, lest it take root?

Then Bacon writes—in prose :—

Pragmatical men may not go away with an opinion that learning is like a lark, that can mount and sing, and please herself, and nothing else; but may know that she holdeth as well of the hawk, that can soar aloft, and can also descend and strike upon the prey.

Bacon in verse might have put these poetical ideas in this form :—

Let not dull plodders in affairs conceive  
That learning, like the lark, doth mount and sing  
Only to please herself, and nothing else;  
But let them know she holdeth of the hawk,  
That not alone can soar aloft, but stoops  
From heavenward flight, to strike upon the prey.

Take, then, the following close paraphrase of Bacon's *Essay of Great Place* :—

Thrice servants those who dwell in greatest place :  
First, for their Sovereign, or the State, they toil;  
Then fame and business hold them fast in bonds.

Gone is the spiritual franchise of themselves;  
 Nor know they freedom in their acts or times.  
 How strange the passion which will seek for power,  
 And yet lose liberty! and no less strange  
 To seek for power o'er others, and to lose  
 The nobler power over a man's own self!  
 The rising into place is labour vast;  
 By pains men rise and come to greater pains.  
 Sometimes 'tis base, and by indignities  
 The foolish climber comes to honour great.  
 Slippery the standing on the height attained,  
 And the regress is downfall or eclipse.  
 Alas! that life should yet prolong its course  
 When will from being severed is and torn!  
 Nay, when they would retire they know not how,  
 Nor will they turn when reason bids them cease,  
 When age and sickness ask for shadowed rest.  
 Still the tired placeman shrinks from privacy,  
 Like some old townsman, sitting at his door,  
 Though, seated thus, he offers age to scorn.

To anyone with whom time hangs heavy on his hands, I would advise its employment in paraphrasing in verse the prose *Essays* of Bacon. The task he will find an easy one, and the result will be a confession that Shelley clearly recognised in Bacon one of his own kindred when he made the deliberate statement, without qualification, that "Bacon was a poet."

GEORGE STRONACH.

## EUGÈNE FROMENTIN.

WHEN a foreign writer of real and admitted excellence is nearly unknown in England, it is usual to express surprise and to search about for the reasons. In the case of Eugène Fromentin, the explanation is simple. His genius was of the sort that appeals to the relatively small public which cares for the work of a sensitive temperament and of a keen and thoughtful intellect. To make the matter worse, his best book is about pictures, and it is irksome for people who have not the visual imagination to read detailed criticism of pictures they have not seen, or, having seen, have forgotten. But the reason that accounts for not reading "*Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*" does not apply to a novel. The neglect of "*Dominique*" was most likely due to its having appeared between two fashions, that of Octave Feuillet and the society novelists, and that of Zola and the naturalists. Feuillet and Zola do not fully represent the French fiction of the years immediately before or after the publication of "*Dominique*," but they probably do represent the contemporary English idea of it. All that, however, is a thing of the past. The English public is quite up to date with French fiction, and there is a drawback to that from which Fromentin has suffered. The date of a book is not necessarily the date of the author. It certainly is not with Fromentin, and that should be a good reason for bringing him to the notice of the English public who are reading French literature.

Happily, there is not much to say about him apart from his pictures and his books. He was born in 1820, and died in 1876. His father practised as a doctor at a village near Rochelle. Eugène was sent to Paris to study law, and he gave most of his time to writing poetry, till his other passion, the love of art, conquered literature, and he entered, too late, the studio of Rémond. His painting was always weak in drawing for want of the long study from the "life" which makes the great draughtsman. Fromentin was in the current of Romanticism, with Delacroix and Décamp as his idols. And he went romantically to Africa. His first visit was in 1846, his last in 1852. His Algerian pictures made him famous; he became the accepted painter of Arabs and the gorgeous East, and the public would not let him paint anything else. His most severe critic, who wrote a memoir of him, admits the excellence and distinction of Fromentin's work. That is all that can be said of it in an article concerned with his literary

work, which originated in the visits to Africa. In 1856 he published "Un Été dans le Sahara," and in 1858, "Une Année dans le Sahel." In 1844, Kinglake had published "Eothen," his book of Oriental travel. It is curious to find that it is the Englishman who talks about himself, and the Frenchman who describes the people and the country. Not that we do not get Fromentin, but that he "comes out," as the painters say, and does not describe himself. And what most particularly comes out is the man of the wonderfully fine senses, the man who, as Fromentin said of himself, had such singularly keen perceptions and such a memory for physical impressions.

It is said that men are less willing to concede superiority in intellect than in anything else. They will more readily admit that other men are more beautiful, more virtuous, richer, or of loftier station, perhaps because these distinctions may be arbitrary, like rank, a matter of luck or succession, like wealth, the gift of heaven, like virtue, or something the man had nothing to do with, like beauty. Some of these objections apply to intellect, but there is no denying that every man has a great deal to do with the use of his intellect, and it is the use that demonstrates the superiority which men find disagreeable in other men. They search about for means to put themselves on the same level, and one of the best is a phrase that implies that every one, if he had the mind, could do what the intellectually superior man has done. One of the most current of these phrases is aimed at the novelists, a class whose services to the community might have given them exemption. But things are what they are, and not what we wish them to be, and we must make the best we can of the popular notion that "every one can write one novel." The terms are not exact, for if any one can write one "novel," he can write more than one. The saying is interpreted as meaning that any one can produce a formless, incoherent, and unoriginal account of a commonplace life and undistinguished emotions. For that is what would be, and must be, produced, if the eight million Parliamentary voters were each to write his novel. Moreover, it is unnecessary, for that kind of novel is written every year, and what "every one" reads is what "every one" would write. A very different statement—that most men of fine natures have in them the material for a book worth reading—is probably true. It was so with Fromentin, who wrote but one novel, "Dominique," which made an instant success in 1862, and has since acquired a permanent reputation in French literature for the sincerity and fulness of its revelations, and for the precision and delicacy of its style, though Fromentin, the *littérateur*, is better seen in "Maîtres d'Autrefois." "Dominique's" attraction lies in its intimacy.

Like all the books—novels, diaries, or letters—which express the emotional experiences of an individual under a conventional disguise, it is effective by exactly so much as it makes us feel that the passion and sentiments had been felt by the writer. The form in such cases is often badly managed; the novel has no plan; the letters are not epistolary, and the dates of the diary have been filled in to fit the story. But people who care for the real thing make light of these defects so long as they get the heart-beats. A false commonplace opposes the sensational, objective life to mere book-reading. Literature is the vast repertory of human thought, passion, and sentiment, and the true reader turns to books because they give life in its depth and fulness and at its height. And these readers have a fine scent for the living books, like Rousseau's "Confessions," "The Letters of a Portuguese Nun," and "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford." France has been fertile in such books; a racial gift for keeping the head while feeling the sentiments enables the French to discriminate more finely, to enjoy with more understanding, than those nations whose feelings are too violent for observation, and too little distinguished for recording.

"Dominique" has only story enough to present the people. M. de Bray, a country gentleman in a small way, who lives at Les Trembles, near Villeneuve, loses his wife soon after his son is born. M. de Bray is an invalid; the boy is allowed to run wild in the fields of Les Trembles, and to make friends of the village children, till, when his father dies, an aunt comes to take charge of the house, and puts Dominique under the care of a conscientious tutor. Four years later Dominique and his aunt go to Ormesson, for the sake of the school. There his friend is Olivier d'Orsel, and through him Dominique gets to know Olivier's uncle, and his cousins, Madeleine and Julie. The boys and girls associate after the fashion of their kind. Madeleine is a year older than Dominique. When she is nearly eighteen M. d'Orsel takes his family to some watering place, and in a few weeks Madeleine returns grown up and virtually contracted in marriage. Dominique finds that he is in love with her when she is Mme. de Nièvres. Madeleine, in time, makes the same discovery, and tries to cure him by friendship, the least effective and the most painful remedy in such cases. It fails with Dominique and with Madeleine, for through friendship she comes to love. Then the story ends; there is no intrigue, no separation, no scandal. Dominique marries, goes back to Les Trembles, and settles down to a life of usefulness and of never-silenced regret.

Such a bare abstraction is not fair to the book, and I have used it only to show that readers of "Dominique" must not expect

the kind of interest of the ordinary novel. It will also show that the interest of the book is emotional, firstly and mainly, and in the next place that it is moral, *un cas de conscience*. But the moral question is on the second plane, more than hinted, but not developed, and consequently impressive, but not deliberately made so by Fromentin. He had not set out to write a novel on a question of casuistry. He wanted to express a personal experience, or, rather, he had to express it. A dying convention ridicules the confidences of lovers and the confessions of men and women who have felt deeply and have not been happy. But expression is the natural relief for strong emotion. In the happy cases the love is expressed to the natural object, and usually goes no further. In the others the need is greater, so great, indeed, that people will confess to strangers, and that the old dramatists invented a whole class of characters, who had nothing to do but listen to confidences. It is scarcely saying too much to declare that the rule is no expression, no emotion.

With Fromentin there was added the artist's desire for the final form, and also the artist's wish to see whether his work had been well done, whether other people thought as well of it as he did. That, very likely, was the reason for the publication of a book so intimate and so frank. This does not derogate from the artist's dignity. An artist must think well of his work, and must want other people to like it, and will be disappointed or angry if they dislike it. The Stoics, who are founts of unconscious humour, condemn the artist's need for approval, and at the same time condemn his self-satisfaction. These judgments explain why Stoic art is not a success. Milton and Wordsworth, though one was Calvinistic and the other Pantheistic, are called Stoics, but as artists they had to the full the belief in their work and the delight in its appreciation which are almost invariably associated with the creative temperament.

This is why Fromentin made public a personal experience. He was a man whose delicacy of sense repeated itself in thought and feeling, and that is not always the case with men of fine sense perceptions. He doubted gravely whether it would be honourable to quote George Sands' praise of "Dominique." "Vendre la louange," he exclaimed, and had great trouble on the point. But the practical genius of his publishers settled it, and his readers get the profit of his delicacy of seeing, feeling, and thinking. Without those gifts the theme of "Dominique" is not particularly attractive, and it is as old as the institution of marriage. Fromentin gives the old story the impress of an individual experience. The boy Dominique lives, or rather grows up before us; he becomes the young man, the lover, and the man of maturity, not

that we expected him to be, but that we are convinced he would be. Sensitive, shy, clever, strong, dreamy and tenacious, he is a faithful and complete presentation of the character the author knew best. Fromentin writes about feeling without being sentimental or embarrassed. He is not ashamed of being in love, and he tells all there is to tell. It is, as the phrase goes, a boy and girl love affair, and for a love affair a boy and girl are the best. For a contract of marriage, a company director, an M.P. rising to an under-secretaryship, a Wesleyan solicitor, or something of that sort will do very well. But Fromentin was not a novelist, and he was treating the matter of poetry, and showing how the greatest of natural instincts is transformed by temperament. For, at the last, this is not the love affair of a boy who will become a company director. It is the passion of a fine and tenacious character of a man who has the nerves of an artist and the deep conservatism of a peasant. This sort do not take things lightly, and if they have known and loved a woman when she had just left the convent school, they will love her when she is married, and when they are married, like Dominique. He saw Madeleine first when she wore dresses that had the marks of kneeling on the convent floor; he had a great shock when she came back from a holiday and he saw her a young and beautiful woman, and he had a shock that lasted his life when she married. Natures like Dominique's take those shocks seriously, and not after the manner of an under-secretary. And that, as Dr. Smiles pointed out, is foolish. It is foolish also to expect poets to behave like Wesleyan solicitors, almost as foolish as it would be to expect the men of business to write the poetry and paint the pictures. They do write poetry, Lord Sherbrooke did, and if the pictures of that sort are like its poetry, then, in heaven's name, let the business men and politicians leave art and literature alone. Let them have the common sense to see that a special organisation is required for art and poetry, and that if we are to have pictures and poems, they must be produced by the men with that organisation. Fromentin's extreme sensitiveness would be out of place in Parliament or in the city, but it is that sensitiveness which perceives and renders the love, suffering, and trials of Dominique and Madeleine. Only a rare gift for refinements of emotion could have expressed and portrayed the growth and course of Dominique's passion, and only a sincere genius could have made it sympathetic. It is not the banal story of the other man's wife, nor the brief passion of puberty. It is a boy's companionship grown into a man's love, and the man's nature is strong and loyal with the strength and immutability of men whose fathers have lived close to the steadfast earth. And Dominique had found his right mate in Madeleine. At first a little abstracted

and remote, in spite of her *gracieuseté*, and a little of the saint enskied by a young lover, she is slowly revealed by the pressure of life. There are few women like her, but they are the women who would spend themselves to help their lover to endure his love. They would not know of their own danger, and they would suffer as she did. There is a true and singular pathos in the scenes where Dominique and Madeleine exchange their parts, where he has to strengthen her fortitude. The *mariage de convenance* has some admirable effects; it protects property and inspires comedy. But it is rather a tragic business when it leads to love instead of *galanterie*. That was never the alternative for Madeleine; she is, and always would have been, the *digne épouse*, the honoured mother, the woman who did not seek after love. But with these women it goes hard when love comes too late.

Fromentin has been as successful with Madeleine as with Dominique, perhaps more because she is individual, and there is a class for him. She is the kind of Frenchwoman who can make good sense charming, whose nature is kindly and gracious, who has principles and is intelligent. She belongs to the company of heroines who stay with us because they give the accent of their individuality to the general emotions. It is an achievement in any art to express truthfully the great passions, but the last distinction is to individualise the universal, to characterise emotion. It is so rare that it is seldom attempted where it is easiest, and that is on the stage. Whatever character the actor is playing has not only the same emotion but the same kind of that emotion. The jealousy of Leontes is the jealousy of Othello; Romeo's passion is like Antony's infatuation. It is a wonder if an actor knows there are degrees of the same emotion, but few actors know that the love or jealousy of Mr. Smith does not take the same form in him as in Mr. Brown. The stage seems to be limited to expressing the primary instincts and the obvious externalities, and it is only in the novel, where emotion is not separated from intelligence, that we find any instances of characterised emotion.

Fromentin is delightful, exactly because in "Dominique," as in "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois," there is a constant interaction of feeling and intellect. His scenery is said to be too pictorial, addressed to the eyes instead of the mind. A painter who writes a novel must expect that sort of criticism, but if "Dominique" had been published anonymously, its pictorial precision would have been attributed to a novelist with eyes. Fromentin knew his country as Constable knew the valley of the Stour, and he expressed its calm, its homeliness, its grey skies, and grey seas with fond accuracy. The opening scenes have the breath of a Corot; the description of the *vendange* should be compared with



Mr. Hardy's apple harvest. The scene by the lighthouse shows Fromentin's talent for giving a memorable picture in a few lines, and for rendering the atmosphere of place and time. There are other scenes and characters, which will be enjoyed, if I achieve my object, which is to bring Fromentin to his English public, for there is a public in England who can appreciate his union of analysis and emotion.

In the books of travel, in the pictures, and in "Dominique," we get Fromentin as the observer and the artist, and as the man who has felt, and can present, an emotion. They do not entirely reveal him. In the last resort there are, with few exceptions, no complete revelations. The essentials of a personality do not incline towards an expressiveness which is in opposition to their function, the preservation of the individual character. There are a great many people who are communicative, as well as shallow, who, it is said, give themselves away. It is a mistake; there is nothing to give. Every one may have an immortal soul, but there are very few individualities. The other sort who give themselves away are the egoists with vanity, Rousseau, Châteaubriand, Byron, invaluable documents for the psychologist, if the vanity could be precipitated. Montaigne talks about himself a great deal, Rabelais expresses himself in figures made in his own fashion, and we say that we know them. They know better, they have told us much, but they kept back, they did not yield the essentials. No one was less likely than Fromentin to reveal himself entirely, and as for doing so publicly, he would rather have gone to the stake. Ultra-sensitive natures like his, which are at the same time sympathetic and intelligent and reflective, never give themselves away, but, having the malady of thought, they are driven to speech. Fromentin did, what people like him must do, he made confession to a few intimates whom he had tested and proved. If the opinion of these confessors, who were not directors, could be obtained, we should have the material for understanding Fromentin. As that is not possible, we must be content with the book which is, no doubt, to a large extent, a *résumé* of these intimate talks.

"Les Maîtres d'Autrefois" is a book of pure delight, and a god-send to the Anglo-Saxons, if, through the curse of Babel, it had not been written in a foreign tongue. There are few more saddening spectacles than the rush of the Anglo-Saxons through the galleries of Europe. Little has been done for them, we have been so busy producing artists that we have quite forgotten the people who are to appreciate and support the artist. The appreciation of art does not come by nature, and surely it would be worth while to smoothen the path of the learner, and give him some idea of what a painter sets out to do when he puts paint on canvas.

In the meantime "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois" is at the service of any one who cares for art and French literature. It meets both tastes. It is written by a painter, so the technical knowledge is there; it is written by a man of letters, whose culture was sufficient, and by a critic whose judgment was fine, sound, and courageous. Fromentin visualises the pictures he has seen, and describes them so that they take form and colour, and become visible. There is no coarse word-painting in hot tones, no phantasmagoric confusion of colours, no forcing one part of the picture into false prominence and leaving the rest indistinct. Fromentin makes a palette of language, and it serves him to convey all varieties of tone, all qualities of values, the nature of forms, and the effect of mass. And he puts the words together so quietly, with a choice so discreet, that as we read, a picture we have never seen is before us, true and complete to its finest stroke, its softest touch. That is the test of such writing. Nothing is more tedious than descriptions of pictures where the enumeration of qualities is not composed, where the details are not related. To people who have not the power of visualisation they are almost unreadable. But these people can read Fromentin, and as this power of reviving the image of what has been seen is fairly common, he gets the readers who can see, as well as those who cannot see. Practically, we are determined by sense development, general or special. The strongest will in the world cannot make a man, without specially fine auditory nerves, into a great composer. The gift of visualising, which is not restricted to form, but includes colour, is the foundation of the pictorial imagination. Without other qualities, the gift of seeing images is the sign of the unimaginative, of the people who are positive and definite and limited. With them it is memory coming out through the best developed sense. Not until this memory is directed by the intellect, not until a choice is consciously made, do we get anything artistic, and not until emotion and thought have been brought to bear on the choice, do we get that union of the poetic and the philosophic which the word imagination now implies. The practical, literal imagination can reach a high degree of technical, and, indeed, of artistic, attainment, as it did in the art of Holland. Excluding Rembrandt, where he was most himself, most personal, it is scarcely too much to say that the craftsmanship of Holland was fine enough to produce the highest sort of imaginative art. Except for Rembrandt and Ruisdael and a few others, the Dutch practitioners painted themselves into a *cul-de-sac*, into a back alley, which they rendered with a brush worthy of Paradise. There, in that case at all events, was the end of the seeing eye. Take, for instance, the portraits of Hals,

with all their mastery and vividness. Nothing is left out, nothing slurred, nothing missed, and the man is alive. And too often the last impression, or, rather, the conviction, is that the man is so little important, so ordinary and trivial, that if Hals had not painted him he would never have been noticed. He is an exterior, and all his external qualities, his surfaces, his texture, his behaviour against colour, and under light, are, beyond question, accurate and vivid. And the man is alive. Not the man, the animal; the human animal who is called man to distinguish him from the wolf and the ape. The man who belongs to humanity is in Rembrandt's pictures, and perhaps the artist gave him his humanity, but it is there, he is separated from the wolf or the ape by something that is not a matter of anatomy or the nervous system, by a quality that escapes definition, by the spirituality that differentiates poetic and imaginative art from the other kind. Rembrandt may have seen what did not exist, Hals may have seen all there was to see, but the one had a spiritual and the other had a literal imagination.

The perception of that truth influences Fromentin throughout his æsthetic criticism. Artist as he was, prompt to seize every proof of artistry, frank in praise of it, he does not forget that the consecration comes from another source. His distinction is in the use of imagination, sentiment, and spirituality, which have been made the vehicle of so much that is extravagant, irreflective, and merely personal. He uses them sparingly and with a thoughtful sincerity. His criticism, like Sainte-Beuve's, persuades because it is meant, and because it is careful not to say more than is wanted. An eloquent writer would expand a page of Fromentin into a volume. But three hundred pages of Chateaubriand would be a bad exchange for the clear and exact summary of the man who thought. He has the kind of intelligence which is genius when it is French. Its keenness, its justness, its moderation, its impartiality, its vision without apocalyptic attitudes, are combined to produce a work of intellectualised art, which is as much genius as the works which rest upon an energy that seeks to display itself. Turn to Fromentin's study of Rubens, and the *exposés* of the "Descente de Croix" and the "Mise en Croix," to the study of Rembrandt and the "Ronde de Nuit," and see how the pictures and the artists and the critic are displayed. They have been quoted, and they are better read entire if only for the reason that they are to some extent and unavoidably technical. The use of technicalities in art criticism frightens, and bewilders, and revolts the ordinary reader, and has had very much to do with keeping him ignorant of much in art that can be learnt. The recipe for making any art, subject, or calling a mystery, is to shroud it in

technical terms. With religion it is a device, with science a necessity; literature has relinquished it, and in music it is only feasible because it is learnt with the rudiments. But the average man, who is ready to get all he can from art, will not learn a new vocabulary except for a new game. And so, until lately, he looked upon art as a mysterious affair reserved for its practitioners and professors, and lost a great deal by that mistake. The more serious objection Fromentin saw and stated. He hates us, he says, "parler métier," and scrupulously apologises if he has to do it.

"Si j'employais les mots du métier, je gâterais la plupart de ces choses subtiles qu'il convient à rendre avec la pure langue des idées pour leur conserver leur caractère et leur prix."

And on the question of manual dexterity, of craftsmanship, a difficult question because, like faith and works, it involves the reconciliation of necessary principles, he speaks the language of intelligence :—

"Le travail de la main n'est pas que l'expression conséquente, adéquate, des sensations de l'œil et des opérations de l'esprit. Qu'est-ce en soi qu'une phrase bien tournée, qu'un mot bien choisi, sinon le témoignage instantané de ce que l'écrivain a voulu dire et de l'intention qu'il a eue de le dire ainsi plutôt qu'autrement? Par conséquent bien peindre, en général, c'est ou bien dessiner ou bien colorer, et la façon dont la main agit n'est plus que l'énoncé définitif des intentions du peintre. Si on examine les exécutants sûrs d'eux-mêmes, on verra combien la main est obéissante, prompte à bien dire sous la dictée de l'esprit, et quelles nuances de sensibilité, d'ardeur, de finesse, d'esprit, de profondeur, passent par le bout de leur doigts, que ces doigts soient armés de l'ébauchoir, du pinceau ou du burin."

The two great parties among painters are made up of those who have not "les sensations de l'œil," and of those who neglect "les opérations de l'esprit." In the same key and with a note of personal experience are these sentences, which will be approved by every one who has worked in any artistic material.

"L'art de peindre est peut-être plus indiscret qu'aucun autre. C'est le témoignage indubitable de l'état moral du peintre au moment où il tenait la brosse. Ce qu'il a voulu faire, il l'a fait; ce qu'il n'a voulu que faiblement, on le voit à ses indécisions; ce qu'il n'a pas voulu à plus forte raison est absent de son œuvre, quoiqu'il en dise. Une distraction, un oubli, la sensation plus tiède, la vue moins profonde, une application moindre, un amour moins vif de ce qu'il étudie, l'ennui de peindre et la passion de peindre, toutes les nuances de sa nature et jusqu'aux intermittences de sa sensibilité, tout cela se manifeste dans les ouvrages du peintre aussi nettement que s'il nous en faisait la confidence."

Fromentin, skirting a commonplace, brings out a fact in painting which is æsthetically and psychologically worth bearing in

mind. He does not restrict himself entirely to the pictures. His summary of Rubens ranks with the *Caractères* that are so well done in French literature. He turns from the painter to the man, and says :—

“ Il est réglé, méthodique et froid dans la discipline de sa vie privée, dans l'administration de son travail, dans le gouvernement de son esprit, en quelque sorte dans l'hygiène fortifiante et saine de son génie. Il est simple, tout uni, exemplairement fidèle dans son commerce avec ses amis, sympathique à tous les talents, inépuisable en encouragements pour ceux qui débutent.

“ C'était une âme sans orage, sans langueur, ni tourment ni chimères, . . . il appartenait à cette forte race de penseurs et d'hommes d'action chez qui l'action et la pensée en faisaient qu'un. Il était peintre comme il eût été homme d'épée; il faisait des tableaux comme il eût fait la guerre, avec autant de sangfroid que d'ardeur, en combinant bien, en se décidant vite, s'en rapportant pour le reste à la sûreté de son coup d'œil sur le terrain. . . . Il imprime partout la netteté de son caractère, la chaleur de son sang, la solidité de sa stature, l'admirable équilibre de ses nerfs, et la magnificence de ses ordinaires visions.

“ Il a tous les caractères du génie natif, et d'abord le plus infaillible de tous, la spontanéité, le naturel imperturbable, en quelque sorte l'inconscience de lui-même et certainement l'absence de toute critique. . . .”

That is an analysis of Rubens, rather than a criticism of his pictures. Fromentin did not understand that a critic of art was to be limited to the work, and warned off the worker, nor did he dose his readers with the soothing syrup of infantile psychology. Study and reflection, and an intelligence naturally fine, made him exempt from serving at the altar of cheap morality, or from frequenting the side chapel of petty *personalia*. Throughout “*Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*” there flash from the pictures lights strong or faint, simple or composite, signalling at Fromentin's call the characters of the painters. Rubens hangs out a lamp of rich colour, of intense ardour, of renewed clarity. And if you group the interesting men you will place him in the class which includes Marlborough and culminates in Goethe. Marlborough had *le naturel imperturbable* when he was on his ground, the field of battle. It was no credit to him, it was not of his doing certainly; but there it was, and it places him in the class with the men of the same gift. He had not certain other qualities, so he is not high in the list. Fromentin, writing of Rubens as a portraitist, calls him “un homme qui s'occupait peu des autres, beaucoup de lui-même, au moral comme au physique un homme de dehors. . . . qui fait servir la vie des autres aux besoins de ses conceptions, subordonne ses modèles, ne prend d'eux que ce qui lui convient. . . .” Impersonal, dispassionate criticism, which is not trying to fit the subject into a ready-made shroud, which is not anxious about his agreement with established conceptions. But it brings

out "the man who troubled himself little about others," and who by that is linked again to Marlborough, and who, if he had lived in the eighteenth century, and had been a poet, might have been Goethe. Would that some one would do for the children of art what Herbert Spencer did for the races of man, and classify them by temperament also! Every one who cares for writers and for artists does part of that work for himself. The satisfaction of literature is in giving us the acquaintance and sometimes the intimacy of the finest spirits of humanity, and because Eugène Fromentin is among the finest it is worth while to know of him.

C. G. COMPTON

## HAS PAUPERISM DECLINED?

ONE of the stock arguments against Mr. Chamberlain's proposals is "the great decrease in pauperism."

Time after time, speakers who are opposed to tariff reform urge upon their audiences not only that our commerce is in a thoroughly sound condition, but that one of the things that prove our commerce to be in a sound condition is the decrease in the number of paupers relatively to population.

These speakers seem content to look merely at the crude fact that lies on the surface of our records of pauperism—the crude fact (and it is a fact) that there are now fewer paupers per thousand of our population than there were in former years. This bald fact suits their line of argument, and if they have looked below the surface of this fact these speakers are careful not to disclose the results of their closer inspection.

The official returns of pauperism, like those which relate to so many of the other features of the present controversy, have to be examined and analysed with considerable care if we wish to see the true meaning of the facts, rather than to score a mere political point.

My present purpose is to set out the condensed results of a full investigation I have made into the facts of pauperism in England and Wales during the twenty years 1883–1902.

I have chosen a clear run of the most recent twenty years, so as to get a broad fact-base, and to avoid the inevitable and misleading bias of statement that must result when individual years are picked out. Nearly all the controversial statements concerning this trade question that are thrust upon us are based upon the selection of this or that year, or years, the selection being carefully made with the view that it shall support the argument desired to be sustained by the selector of the facts. This "picking-out" process has always seemed to me to be utterly worthless, and I will have none of it.

I propose to observe my facts during two periods of ten years each. This will enable a comparison to be made in regard to progress or regress in pauperism that will be free from the fluctuations of individual years, and which will afford a convenient and strong condensation of the many facts that must be shown. My authority for the facts is the Thirty-first Annual Report of the Local Government Board.

But, first, I will show the crude facts that are used by the opponents of tariff reform. (These figures relate to the twenty years 1882-1901, as the table in the Blue-book does not give the ratio of pauperism for 1902.)

A.—NUMBER OF PAUPERS (EXCLUSIVE OF LUNATICS AND VAGRANTS) IN RECEIPT OF RELIEF IN ENGLAND AND WALES ON THE LAST DAY OF THE LAST WEEK IN JANUARY, 1882-1901. WITH, ALSO, THE RATIO OF PAUPERS TO POPULATION.

*These crude facts are absolutely misleading.*

The Ten Years 1882-1891.			The Ten Years 1892-1901.		
Year.	Number of Paupers relieved. <sup>1</sup>	Ratio of Paupers per 1,000 of Population.	Year.	Number of Paupers relieved. <sup>1</sup>	Ratio of Paupers per 1,000 of Population.
	No.	Ratio.		No.	Ratio.
1882	751,000	28·8	1892	704,000	24·2
1883	750,000	28·5	1893	714,000	24·3
1884	726,000	27·3	1894	741,000	24·9
1885	744,000	27·6	1895	789,000	26·3
1886	771,000	28·3	1896	752,000	24·7
1887	779,000	28·3	1897	755,000	24·6
1888	778,000	28·0	1898	738,000	23·8
1889	756,000	26·9	1899	723,000	23·0
1890	730,000	25·7	1900	705,000	22·2
1891	714,000	24·8	1901	707,000	22·0
Average ... 750,000 27·4			Average ... 733,000 24·0		

(1) Stated to the nearest thousand.

These results are summarised from the official table, which, like so many more of our official returns, gives information that is absolutely and seriously misleading to persons who do not take the trouble to look beyond the bare facts stated.

One can hardly blame the opponents of tariff reform for thinking that the facts shown in Table A do really indicate a "great decrease in pauperism," and a corresponding increase in the welfare of the working classes.

But, as I shall proceed to show, it is, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful whether either of these two benefits is shown to exist when we look below the surface of the facts.

Here are some of the reasons why we may suspect the validity of the inferences that are drawn from the facts in Table A—or from facts similar to them.

In the first place, pauper lunatics and vagrants are excluded.



B.—THE NUMBER OF PAUPERS, &C., IN RECEIPT OF RELIEF IN ENGLAND AND WALES  
ON THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1883-1892 AND 1893-1902.

Description of Paupers, &c.	The Ten Years 1883-1892.	The Ten Years 1893-1902.	Increase or Decrease in 1893-1902.	
			INCREASE.	DECREASE.
	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.
<b>INDOOR PAUPERS, &amp;c.</b>				
<i>Able-bodied and their Children.</i>				
Males .....	126	209	83	—
Females.....	141	183	42	—
Children under 16 .....	159	148	—	11
<i>Not Able-bodied.</i>				
Males .....	578	647	69	—
Females .....	378	418	40	—
Other Children under 16 .....	384	379	—	5
<i>Insane.</i>				
Males .....	71	72	1	—
Females .....	92	89	—	3
Children under 16 .....	10	12	2	—
<i>Vagrants.</i>				
All .....	53	111	58	—
			295	19
<b>Total INDOOR PAUPERS, &amp;c.</b>	<b>1,992</b>	<b>2,268</b>	<b>NET INCREASE.</b>	
			276	—
<b>OUTDOOR PAUPERS, &amp;c.</b>				
<i>Able-bodied and their Children.</i>				
Males .....	161	138	—	23
Females .....	609	535	—	74
Children under 16 .....	1,673	1,440	—	233
<i>Not Able-bodied.</i>				
Males .....	774	708	24	—
Females .....	1,898	2,008	110	—
Other Children under 16 .....	337	297	—	40
<i>Insane.</i>				
Males .....	237	315	78	—
Females .....	301	394	93	—
Children under 16 .....	5	7	2	—
<i>Vagrants.</i>				
All .....	3	3	—	—
			307	370
<b>Total OUTDOOR PAUPERS, &amp;c.</b>	<b>5,998</b>	<b>5,935</b>	<b>NET DECREASE.</b>	
			—	63
<b>Total INDOOR AND OUTDOOR PAUPERS, &amp;c. ....</b>	<b>7,990</b>	<b>8,203</b>	<b>NET INCREASE.</b>	
			213	—

The above are stated to the nearest thousand.

Now, vagrancy has increased enormously, and the number of pauper lunatics has increased very largely.

In the second place, the facts in Table A tell us nothing as to where the decrease in pauperism has occurred. Has it occurred among outdoor paupers (these are distinct from vagrants) or among the more costly indoor paupers?

In the third place, these crude facts tell us nothing as to increase or decrease of the period spent in the workhouse by indoor paupers. Nor do we learn anything as to the increase or decrease in the amount of the relief given to outdoor paupers. For this information, we shall have to look at the cost of pauperism.

And, more important than all the other omissions of information, these crude facts do not tell us whether the decrease in pauperism has occurred among men, women, or children.

Also, these bare facts tell us nothing as to the increase or the decrease in the cost of pauperism, which is perhaps the most reliable single test we possess.

These are some of the things that must be examined if we wish to see how we are going in regard to pauperism.

Here begins my investigation of the facts during the twenty years 1883-1902. The first thing to do is to collate all the facts for each separate group of paupers, &c., and to throw the condensed results into a table that will enable us to get a bird's-eye view of them.

This is done in Table B.

Let us look at the condensed facts in Table B.

We get here *all* the leading facts that are recorded in the Blue-book under the head of Pauperism—with the exception of cost, which I shall deal with later on.

We see at once that the decrease has occurred in the number of outdoor paupers, there having been a large increase in the number of indoor paupers—who are the most important and the most significant class. Not the most important numerically, but the most important in regard to cost per pauper, and the most significant in regard to the incidence of pauperism.

Another important feature of Table B is the fact that the decrease is nearly all in children.

Regarding all paupers, &c., there were 7,990,000 in receipt of relief on January 1st, 1883-1892, as compared with 8,203,000 in receipt of relief on January 1st, 1893-1902, an increase of 213,000, or 21,300 per year.

Here is a summary, in regard to men, women, children under sixteen, and vagrants:—

C.—THE NUMBER OF PAUPERS, &C., IN RECEIPT OF RELIEF IN ENGLAND AND WALES ON THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1883-1892 AND 1893-1902. DISTINGUISHING MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN UNDER 16, AND VAGRANTS. [See Diagram 1.]

Description of Paupers, &c.	The Ten Years 1883-1892.	The Ten Years 1893-1902.	Increase or Decrease in 1893-1902.	
			INCREASE.	DECREASE.
	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.
Men .....	1,947	2,179	232	—
Women .....	3,419	3,627	208	—
Children under 16 ..	2,668	2,283	—	285
Vagrants ...	56	114	58	—
			498	285
Total .....	7,990	8,203	NET INCREASE. 213	

Table C shows very plainly that the large decrease has occurred in children. Why?

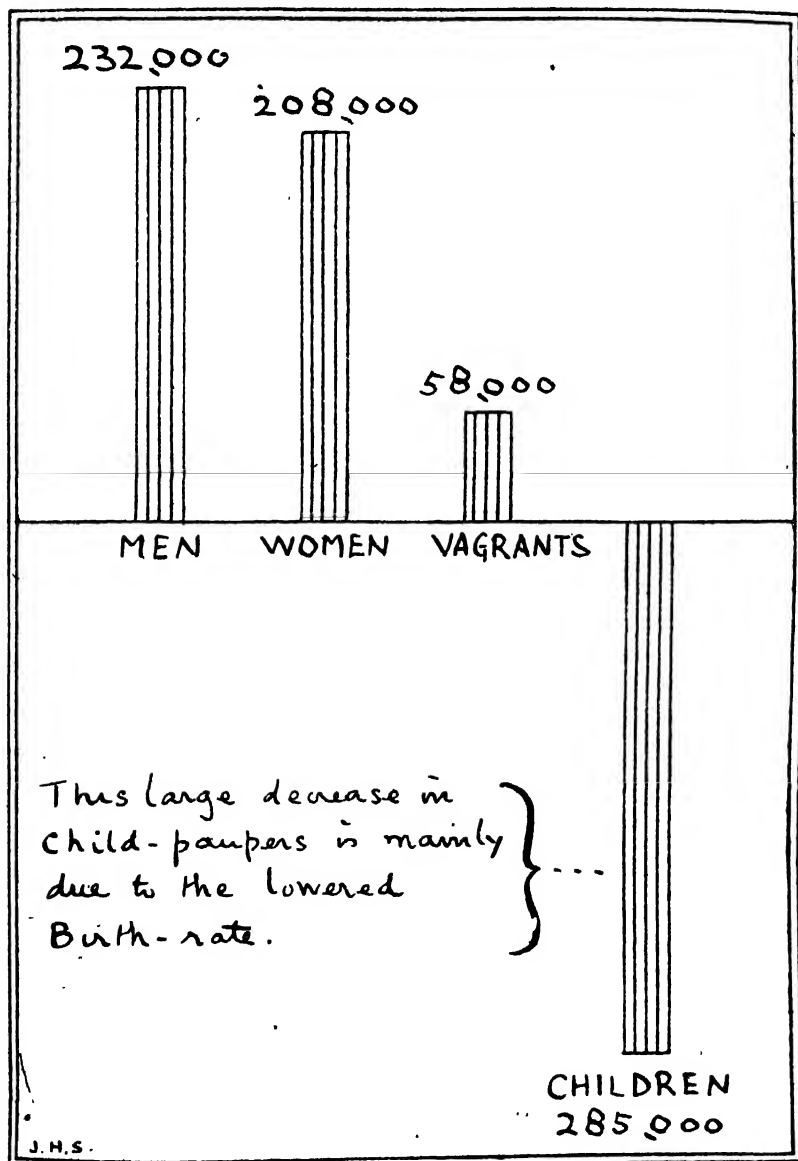
For some years past, I and other statisticians have directed attention to the considerable fall in the marriage-rate and in the birth-rate, facts that have resulted in a much smaller number of children being born, in relation to population, than would have been born if this decline in the birth-rate had not occurred.

It follows, as an absolute necessity, that during the last ten years there has been a much smaller number of children who could possibly become pauper children than the number who might have become pauper children if this fall in the birth-rate had not occurred. This is the leading cause of the decline in child-paupers shown in Table C, and this is also the leading cause of "the great decrease in pauperism" so much in evidence in the speeches of those who are opposed to tariff reform.

The thing is as plain as A B C when one takes the trouble to look into the facts; but even Lord Goschen, whose words are always worthy of great respect and attention, has been completely misled by observing only the crude facts set out in the Blue-book. His words in the House of Lords on June 15, 1903, were most misleading in regard to pauperism. Quite unintentionally misleading, of course.

There has been a large increase in men-paupers, women-paupers, and vagrants; the decrease has occurred in children, and for the reason just now stated—a low birth-rate.

But we must apply to the results in Table C the rate of growth of the population during 1893-1902 over 1883-1892. This has been a 12 per cent. rate of growth.



1.—THE INCREASE OR THE DECREASE IN EACH CLASS OF PAUPERS, &C., RELIEVED IN ENGLAND AND WALES DURING THE TEN YEARS 1893-1902, OVER OR BELOW THE NUMBER RELIEVED DURING THE TEN YEARS 1883-1892. [See Table C.]

By applying this rate of growth to the results of pauperism observed during 1883-1892, we can ascertain whether the actual number of paupers during 1893-1902 exceeded or fell short of the "expected" number of paupers during 1893-1902. This expected number being computed at the same rate of growth as the rate of growth of the population, without any account being taken of the lowered birth-rate, which would, of course, lower this "expected" number.

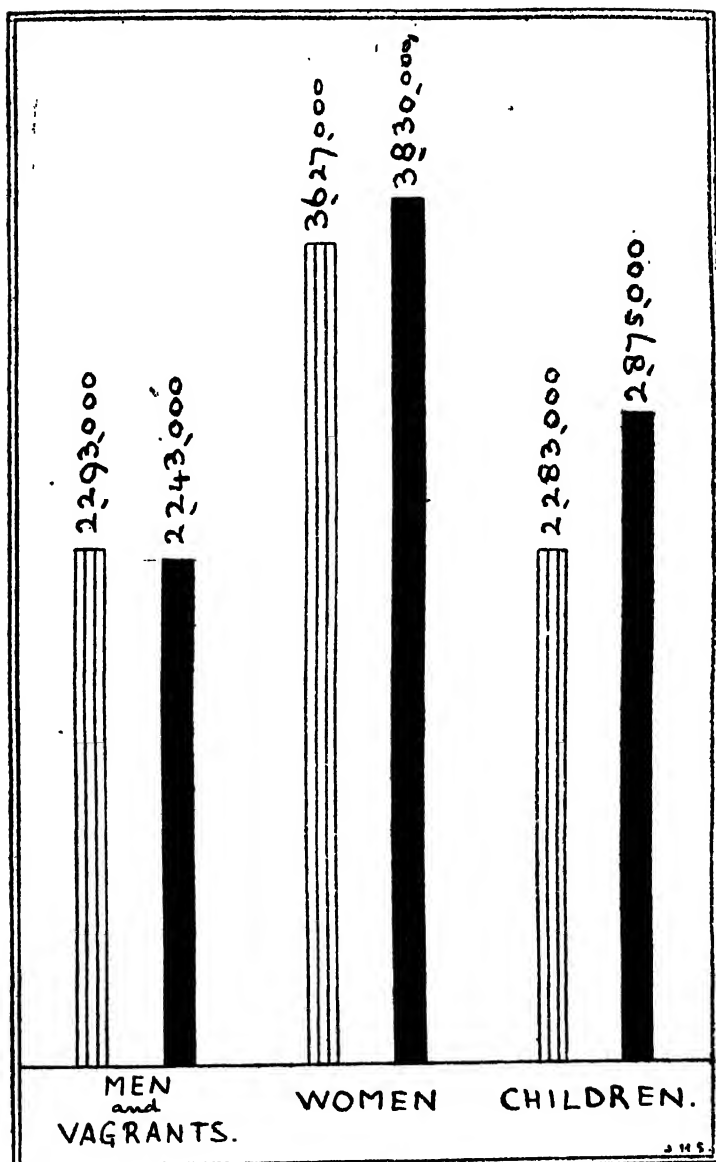
D.—THE ACTUAL NUMBER OF PAUPERS, &C., DURING 1893-1902, COMPARED WITH THE "EXPECTED" NUMBER OF PAUPERS, &C., DURING 1893-1902. DISTINGUISHING MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, AND VAGRANTS. [See Diagram 2.]

Description of Paupers, &c.	ACTUAL Number during 1893-1902.	'EXPECTED' Number during 1893-1902.	Excess of Actual Number over Expected Number.	Excess of Expected Number over Actual Number.
	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands
Men .....	2,179	2,180	—	1
Women .....	3,627	3,830	—	203
Children under 16 .....	2,283	2,875	—	592
Vagrants .....	114	63	51	—
			51	796
Total .....	8,203	8,948	NET EXCESS of EX- PECTED over ACTUAL Number. — 745	

Table D shows that as regards male paupers over sixteen years of age, there were 2,179,000 relieved during 1893-1902, as compared with 2,180,000 "expected" to be relieved during 1893-1902, upon the basis of growth of population. Practically identical results. There has been no decline in this, the most important group of our paupers, in relation to population, not even when we give full weight to the growth of population factor.

And let us bear in mind that as these males are those over sixteen years of age, a good many of them were very young males, scarcely removed from childhood, and thus subjected to an appreciable extent to the cause that rendered the total number of paupers actually relieved to be smaller than the expected number, namely, to the operation of the lowered birth-rate.

If it were practicable to measure the effect of this most potent cause of a diminution in the younger men-paupers, we should find that the "expected" number of 2,180,000 men in Table D would be materially smaller. However, let the facts stand as they are. They show to us very plainly that the growth of men-



Striped columns—Actual number relieved during 1893-1902.

Black columns—Expected number to be relieved during 1893-1902.

2.—THE ACTUAL NUMBER OF PAUPERS, &C., RELIEVED DURING 1893-1902, COMPARED WITH THE NUMBER "EXPECTED" UPON THE BASIS OF THE GROWTH OF OUR POPULATION. OBSERVE THAT THE DECLINE IN THE ACTUAL NUMBER HAS BEEN IN WOMEN AND CHILDREN. FOR THE CAUSE, SEE TEXT. [See Table D.]

paupers has kept pace with the growth of our population. There has been no decrease of pauperism in this—the most important—group of our paupers. And if we include vagrants—who are mostly able-bodied men—with the men-paupers, we see that there has been an actual excess of 50,000 men-paupers over and above the number to be expected, after giving full weight to the growth of our population in the computation of the expected number of men-paupers.

Table D not only adds emphasis to the important result disclosed in Table C, as to the decrease in child-paupers, but it shows that, relatively to population, the alleged great decrease in pauperism is also partly due to the decline in women-paupers.

Of these women-paupers, at ages above sixteen, 3,627,000 were relieved during 1893–1902, the expected number being 3,830,000. Thus the actual number fell short of the expected number to the extent of 203,000.

This falling-short in the actual number of women-paupers relieved during 1893–1902 is due in part to the operation of the lowered birth-rate in connection with the younger of these women-paupers, those aged 16–20. There have been fewer girls to become young women-paupers than there would have been if the fall in the birth-rate had not operated during many past years. Also, this falling-short is partly due, probably, to an increase in female employment. I cannot be sure upon this point, because there has been an important change in the census classification of women in regard to employment and non-employment.<sup>1</sup>

We see that 2,283,000 children were actually relieved during 1893–1902, as compared with 2,875,000 expected. A falling-off of no fewer than 592,000. But, as I have said, this falling-off in child-paupers is due very largely to the lowered birth-rate. In relation to population, there are not so many children who can possibly become pauper-children as there were in the earlier years.

The analysed facts that are now being disclosed prove that if we are content merely to take the crude facts as they are shown in the Blue-book, we are led into very serious error in regard to the alleged great decline in pauperism.

Let us look now at the facts of pauperism in regard to able-bodied males, and vagrants, who are mostly able-bodied men. This is another important distinction of the crude facts which must be made if we wish to see true—if we wish to go beyond

(1) See the remarks on pages 76 and 77 of the General Report on the Census of 1901, qualifying the tables of employment there shown.

the mere clap-trap scoring of a political point based upon deficient information.

E.—THE ACTUAL NUMBER OF PAUPERS, &c., DURING 1893-1902, COMPARED WITH THE "EXPECTED" NUMBER OF PAUPERS, &c., DURING 1893-1902. DISTINGUISHING ABLE-BODIED MALES AND VAGRANTS, AND OTHER PAUPERS, &c.

Description of Paupers, &c.	ACTUAL Number during 1893-1902.	EXPECTED Number during 1893-1902.	Excess of Actual Number over Expected Number.	Excess of Expected Number over Actual Number.
	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.	Thousands.
<i>Able-bodied Males—</i>				
Indoor Paupers .....	209	141	68	—
Outdoor Paupers .....	138	180	—	42
Vagrants .....	114	63	51	—
			119	42
			NET EXCESS of Actual over Expected Number.	
Total Able-bodied Males	461	384	77	—
All other Paupers, &c. ....	7,742	8,564	—	822
All Paupers, &c. ....	8,203	8,948	—	745

The facts in Table E show that in regard to able-bodied males and vagrants, the number of these actually relieved during 1893-1902 was 461,000; the expected number being only 384,000. Thus, the excess of actual able-bodied males relieved, over and above the normal expectation based upon the growth of our population, was no fewer than 77,000, and of this number no fewer than 68,000 were indoor able-bodied male paupers.

Bearing in mind that the "All other paupers, &c.," in Table E consist of women, children, insane paupers, and non-able-bodied males, I suggest that this large increase in the number of able-bodied male paupers, relatively to population, is another strong fact that stands in direct confutation of the current statement as to the "great decline in pauperism," and as to this alleged fact being quoted as a proof that all is well with our trade. If our able-bodied men become paupers, and especially indoor paupers, to a materially greater degree than is to be looked for upon the basis of the growth of our population—a condition that has actually occurred during 1893-1902—then I say that



we are not justified in instancing the alleged "great decline in pauperism" as a proof that all is well with our trade.

I come now to the matter of the cost of pauperism during 1883-1902. The amount spent upon the relief of the poor is perhaps the best of all the single tests that we can have as to the increase or the decrease of pauperism. No one single test is adequate, as may have been gathered from the facts now shown, but as the money spent takes into the account a number of facts pertinent to the growth or to the decline of pauperism which are, as I have stated, wholly overlooked if we regard only the total number of paupers, the single test of cost is probably the best of all the single tests that are available.

Here is the cost of pauperism during 1882-1901, set out in a form similar to that used for the number of paupers during 1882-1901, shown in Table A.

F.—THE TOTAL EXPENDITURE ON RELIEF OF THE POOR, ENGLAND AND WALES, FOR THE TWENTY YEARS ENDED AT LADY-DAY, 1882-1901. WITH, ALSO, THE RATIO OF EXPENDITURE TO POPULATION. [See Diagram 3.]

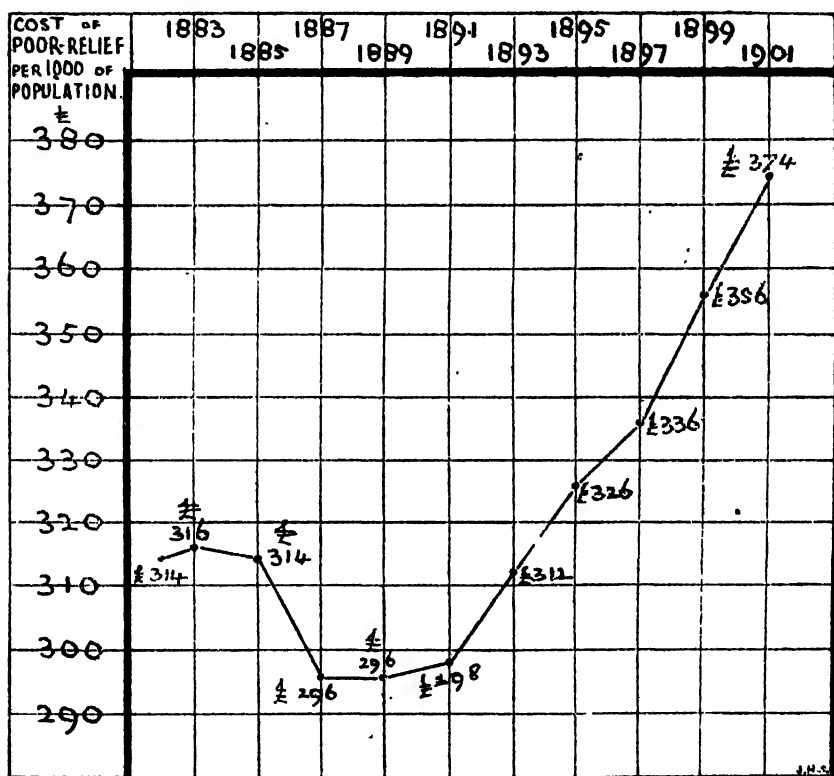
The Ten Years 1882-1891.			The Ten Years 1892-1901.		
Year.	Cost of Poor Relief.	Ratio of Cost per 1,000 of Population.	Year.	Cost of Poor Relief.	Ratio of Cost per 1,000 of Population.
	Millions of £'s.	Ratio. £		Millions of £'s.	Ratio. £
1882	8·23	314	1892	8·85	303
1883	8·35	316	1893	9·22	312
1884	8·40	314	1894	9·67	323
1885	8·49	314	1895	9·87	326
1886	8·30	303	1896	10·22	333
1887	8·18	296	1897	10·43	336
1888	8·44	302	1898	10·83	345
1889	8·37	296	1899	11·29	356
1890	8·43	295	1900	11·57	361
1891	8·64	298	1901	12·12	374
Average ...	8·38	305	Average ...	10·41	337

Table F tells us that the cost of pauperism has increased from 8·23 millions in 1882 to 12·12 millions in 1901. That the ratio of the cost of pauperism, per 1,000 of population, has increased from £314 in 1882 to £374 in 1901. And that there has been a constant rise in this ratio of cost during 1890-1901.

Compare these facts with those in Table A. Both are what I call rough tests. But the facts in Table F do at any rate take

in all the facts, whereas those in Table A omit many most important facts—as I have shown.

And yet, it is upon the facts in Table A, and upon those alone, that the opponents of tariff reform base their statements as to the great decrease in pauperism. I have been at some pains to show how utterly worthless the crude facts in Table A are, as an indication of our progress or regress in pauperism, and these crude facts serve as a good example of many other crude facts that are set out in Blue-books—like so many traps to catch the unwary.



3.—THE EXPENDITURE ON RELIEF OF THE POOR, ENGLAND AND WALES, 1882-1901, PER 1,000 OF THE POPULATION. [See Table F.]

Unfortunately, the unwary are content to be caught, especially when, as in this notable instance of pauperism, the crude facts seem to back up the argument they wish to enforce. But surely the immensely important question now awaiting our decision ought to be handled in something like a sound way. The solution of this question rests so largely upon matters of statistical fact, that it is an affair rather of scientific statistics than of politics—as politics are usually understood.

The great majority of the opponents of tariff reform—even

those from whom one might expect some attempt to handle their facts truly—seem to use the Blue-books for the purpose of picking out the facts of trade, &c., of this or that year for no better purpose than to score a platform point. What, for one example, could be more essentially misleading than the following words quoted from Sir Henry Fowler's speech at Glasgow on October 12th, 1903?

"What was the proportion of our trade per head of the population? In 1893 it was £17 14s. 3d. per head, and last year (1902) it was £20 18s. 4d. per head." (Cheers.)

If you turn to page 55 of the fiftieth number of the *Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom*, you will find those figures quoted by Sir H. Fowler—which are, of course, absolutely worthless.

Here are the reasons why these figures are worthless.

In the first place, imports are added to exports—the old stock fallacy which will never be killed. We all know that our imports are rapidly increasing; it is our export trade that needs our attention.

Secondly, Sir H. Fowler has picked out the year 1893, for the reason that it happens to show the lowest total of any of the fifteen years mentioned in the book. And he then compares this one lowest year, 1893, with the one highest year, 1902.

Thirdly, as I have shown over and over again in my writings on statistical subjects, quite apart from this present controversy, no sound deduction can be drawn from a comparison of this year with that year. You must compare periods. Periods of continuous years, and preferably long periods.

One can hardly think that Sir H. Fowler could listen to the cheers that came upon his utterly misleading statement without a qualm of self-reproach. And yet this instance of the gross misuse of statistics is only one of hundreds that could be quoted.

Finally, I claim that the analysis of the pauperism records which has now been made renders quite unjustifiable the further repetition of the alleged "great decline in pauperism," either as a fact, or as an illustration that proves our trade to be in a sound condition. And I appeal to all men who desire our country's welfare, whether they are on my side or on the other side, to have no traffic in the misuse of facts as an aid to the support of the opinions they wish to prevail. Let us all fight fair, and may the right side win!

JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING.

## HARRISON AINSWORTH.

HARRISON AINSWORTH has been the friend of almost every critic's boyhood, so that one is glad to "judge him by the standards of his time," or make any other reasonable concession which may excuse him a portion of the responsibility for his limitations. His work is at once very good and very bad; but one of the reasons why it is just what it is may doubtless be found in the fact that he began to write before novelists in general—at any rate in England—had begun to take themselves seriously, or to view their art as anything more than a means of popular entertainment. The greater writers of his generation—the example of Dickens may serve—grew up to higher aims. From *Oliver Twist* to *A Tale of Two Cities* there is a great evolution, not only of the technique, but also of the point of view. There has been a similar, if a less complete, evolution between *Paul Clifford* and *Kenelm Chillingly*. But there is no corresponding development between *Jack Sheppard*—which was more popular than either *Paul Clifford* or *Oliver Twist*—and any of Harrison Ainsworth's later novels that the reader likes to name. Whereas Dickens and Bulwer Lytton evolved, Harrison Ainsworth went on as he began. Or perhaps one should rather say that, beginning as a precocious schoolboy, he grew up, not into an artist, but into an old fogey, confined by his limitations to the last, and also to the last unconscious of them.

He had, of course, his personal limitations: a lack, in the first place, of any sense of humour, and, in the second place, of any true perception of beauty; but these were defects which rather directed than obstructed his success. We will return to them presently, noting first the limitations which he shared in common with his group. What these were we can see easily enough by considering what have been the aspirations—we need not speak of the achievements—of novelists of more recent periods.

Matthew Arnold, it will be remembered, once prophesied that poetry would, in the course of time, take over the functions of religion. It is doubtless doing so for some of the few who read poetry, inducing in them a "feeling about the infinite," without making specific demands on their powers of belief; and the most representative of our modern novelists appear to feel that what poetry does in this regard for the few fiction should do for the many. They are not satisfied merely to interest their readers

by the relation of a string of incidents. They desire to interpret life to them—to illuminate its dark places, or to bring their darkness into relief—to see and show man in his relation to the world and to the universe—to climb, if it may be, a little way up the ladders which the infinite lets down, and, descending, to indicate, since they cannot precisely report, what they have seen. We see something of this sort attempted, if not always accomplished, in almost all the notable novelists since the rise of the Romantic School in France. We see it in George Sand's philosophy of love and Nathaniel Hawthorne's philosophy of sin; in Zola's optimism; in Flaubert's and Mr. Thomas Hardy's pessimism; in Hugo's and Tolstoy's humanitarianism. We see it even, to take the most recent instances, in Mr. Hall Caine's energetic endeavours to keep the Pope up to the mark, and in Mr. Robert Hichens' demonstration that the proper place for a Trappist monk is a Trappist monastery.

The first fact that helps us to "place" Harrison Ainsworth is the fact that, in all his long series of writings, he never achieved or even attempted anything of this kind. Not only did he never attempt it on purpose; he never even came near to attempting it by accident. Everything is a matter of course for him—even the supernatural. His "feeling about the infinite" amounts to no more than a general interest—not always a very intelligent interest—in ghosts and haunted houses. He is neither concerned to explain the ghosts away, nor to view them as links between the invisible and visible worlds. They are merely a part of his stock in trade, like his foundlings and his changelings. Like the foundlings and the changelings, they help to furnish incidents; so, finding them useful, he uses them and asks no questions. For a novel to him is a string of incidents and nothing more—unless it be perhaps a lecture on English history; and it is almost idle to attempt to criticise his work from any other point of view. Yet the fact remains that his work was once very popular, and, within its limitations, is quite good. Perhaps, building an epigram on a familiar model, we may say that he was the greatest of the commonplace and the most commonplace of the great.

His life was absolutely commonplace. One feels obliged to say that, even at the risk of seeming to reproach him for his virtues. The paucity of the gossip that exists concerning him, as well as the nature of it, is evidence that his individuality excited no remark. He was a lawyer who gave up the law for literature. He married young, and lived uneventfully; and the only fact about him that impressed his contemporaries seems to have been that he was vain of his personal appearance. A sketch

of him, written by a Manchester friend in 1823, speaks of "his handsome person, of which, by the way, I imagine Will is by no means insensible"; and Mrs. Byrne's *Gossip of the Century* strikes the same note, though not in admiration, comparing him with another notable contemporary, Count D'Orsay. This is the passage :—

Harrison Ainsworth had also (and with more reason) a strongly developed and practical fancy for modelling his style after that of the elegant French Count. It is true he was a fine, well-proportioned fellow, and possessed chestnut curls on his head, and hair on his face in sufficient abundance to adorn it after a similar fashion, but it was a mistake all the same. He spared no pains and no expense to get himself taken for D'Orsay; in the Row, and passing rapidly on a mount of the same hue, he actually did contrive now and then to get a hesitating recognition from some of D'Orsay's slighter acquaintances; and when wearing evening dress he arrived, by careful study, at the exact angle at which his coat should be thrown open, to display a gorgeous waistcoat *en cœur*, with a snowy, bediamonded shirt front beneath it; but somehow it wasn't at all the same thing, and only seemed to call attention to the vast difference between two individuals who, nevertheless, had so much in common. It was simply that grace, refinement, elegance, and *chic* were wanting in the imitation. Here was the illustration of another old fable—the ass donning the lion's skin.

Exact or inexact, this is almost the only graphic pen picture of Harrison Ainsworth that has come down to us. Allowance must be made for the malice apparently inspiring it; but descriptions which are based on malice are also as a rule founded upon fact; and this description rings plausibly, and suggests something more than it says. It is the picture of what Guy de Maupassant, in one of his short stories, calls *un chic de province*—*un chic de notaire*; and the appearance of this peculiar vein of vanity in the blameless life of a respectable family man speaks as eloquently of his limitations as of his ideals. It imperiously suggests the suburbs and the second rate. It carries instinctive conviction that when this blameless vain man takes to literature, he will tread its paths with an exceedingly flat foot. And this is just what Harrison Ainsworth does. His foot on the paths of literature is sometimes sure and firm, it is occasionally even swift; but it is always flat—fit only for progress on the lower levels.

This depreciation may seem excessive—may seem to prove too much—may even appear to be confuted by the fact that Harrison Ainsworth succeeded, and kept his success for a long time, and, to a certain extent, so far as the "general reader" is concerned, keeps it still. But that is hardly so; and depreciation may fairly go a good deal further before the critic pulls himself up, and turns round to face the question: How then did Harrison Ainsworth come to succeed? What was his secret?

As has already been said, he had no humour. What passes for such is the clumsiest knockabout farce : two scullions fighting a duel with bags of flour on the table of the royal kitchen at Windsor Castle, and that sort of thing. He never drew a character worthy to be remembered, like D'Artagnan and Private Mulvancy, apart from any particular exploit. Dick Turpin assuredly is not such a character ; he is not distinguishable from any other rascal with a taste for disguises who might ride to York. Solomon Eagle, perhaps, is better ; but even he is not so much a character as an opportune apparition. So let characterisation go. A still graver charge that can be made and sustained is of clumsiness in the telling of his stories. There can be few clumsier stories in the world than *Windsor Castle*. In the first place it is hardly a story at all, but only a disjointed series of historical tableaux. In the second place the author actually stands still in the midst of his story, such as it is, to relate the history of the Castle from the earliest times, and give particulars of its measurements and its cost. In the third place, he actually interrupts this superfluous description to inform the reader that he himself has been to Windsor, and seen Queen Victoria walking on the slopes, that her Majesty was "taking rapid walking exercise with the prince upon the south side of the garden terrace," and that "a thousand kindling aspirations were awakened by the sight." Nothing, one would say, could be more fatuous. It would be impossible to find a critic anywhere to approve. Yet, in spite of the fatuity, Harrison Ainsworth was conspicuously successful. He had his secret ; and that secret largely resided in his personality, which it is so easy to cover with derision.

That personality, it is true, is not in the least interesting in itself. Harrison Ainsworth could never have posed before the world as the successor of the Werthers, the Renés, and the Adolphes. If he had tried to do so, he would have failed even more egregiously than Sainte-Beuve ; and it never occurred to him to try—not even in the days when it was his innocent ambition to be mistaken for Count D'Orsay in the Row. But his personality was none the less a cause which produced effects, as causes will ; effects profitable to Harrison Ainsworth to the extent, at one time, of about £2,000 a year. It is a personality, therefore, which we must endeavour to seize and define.

We have already said that Harrison Ainsworth was a clever boy who grew up to be, not an artist, but an old fogey. The definition, however, can be made more precise. He became a particular kind of old fogey, and he began by being a particular kind of clever boy ; and, to a certain extent, though not altogether.

the terms of his boyhood and his fogeyhood ran concurrently. The truest way of putting it is perhaps to say that he was, with half his nature, the sort of boy who improvises blood-curdling tales in the dormitory at the dead of night, and with the other half a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. His reputation rests upon his earlier work, in which the boy was the predominant partner—upon such books as *Rookwood*, *Jack Sheppard*, *Old Saint Paul's*, and *The Tower of London*. The later books by comparison are tedious. That is really all that need be said; and it only remains to prove the statement.

The proof, in fact, must needs leap to the eyes of all who read. The first thing that one instinctively exclaims in reading is: "This is a boy's book." But there follows the second exclamation, not less instinctive: "This is a very different kind of boys' book from those of Ballantyne and Henty." They, and W. H. G. Kingston, were persons of adult, though limited, intelligence, consciously stooping to what they conceived to be the boy's point of view, confining their purview to subjects in which they thought it good for him to be interested, mingling instruction with entertainment, avoiding crime, avoiding even love, as if it were the unclean thing. There is, it is said, only one kiss in all the Henty series; and the author never ceased till the end of his life to receive letters of protest about it from parents, and guardians, and schoolmasters, and the ministers of all denominations.

It was excellent work of its kind that Henty and the others did within these limitations. But they are restrictions which, however desirable from the parents' and guardians' standpoint, by no means represent the true limits of a boy's romantic interests. Boys, beyond question, are interested in fur-trading, and marooning, and fighting, and scalp-hunting, and running away to sea; but they are interested in other things as well. Crime and its detection always interest them—they often want to be detectives. Love interests them—they do not usually think the better of a story because it is without a heroine. Of course they do not understand such matters. Of course they approach them fumblingly and unintelligently. But they do approach them, alike in the stories which they tell each other in the dormitories, and in the stories which they laboriously write for those manuscript magazines which pass from hand to hand in the school-room; not comprehending the things of which they speak and write, not swept by the passion of the most passionate situation, but vaguely perceiving that such interests make life richer and fuller, and are essential to it as a drama and a spectacle. And that is just the Harrison Ainsworth point of view. The voice



is never that of the grown man unbending to entertain the boys. It is the voice of the boy himself, endowed indeed with the knowledge of the Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, but handling his material with all a boy's limitations—realising, that is to say, his situations, but not realising the emotions on which they depend.

Perhaps the chief boyish traits are the lack of humour already referred to, and the surfeit of simple melodramatic surprises. A boy's humour, as we all know, is rather exuberant than subtle. The joke which he thoroughly enjoys is the joke of sitting down on wet paint, or rather of seeing someone else sit down on it. Harrison Ainsworth's jokes are all of that rough-and-tumble order, typified by the duel with flour bags in the kitchen; while his wit consists of puns, which are also a notable part of the jocular apparatus of youth. A boy's notion, again, of dramatic surprise in fiction is that somebody shall pull off a wig and turn out to be somebody else; and Harrison Ainsworth works that machinery with an untiring hand, and, if not with supreme skill, at least with skill sufficient to deceive the inexperienced. You always have to read his books to the end before you can be quite certain of the true identity of any character presented in their pages. For, if they are not wandering through the world in disguise, they have probably been changed at birth or stolen by the gipsies in early childhood. You soon discover that Jack Palmer is in reality Dick Turpin in *Rookwood*; but you are startled at a later stage to learn that the Sexton is really the younger brother of a baronet, lying low and vowing vengeance. The many disguises of the Earl of Rochester and Major Pillichody in *Old Saint Paul's* are penetrated almost as fast as they are assumed; but the secret of the identity of Nizza Macascree with Lady Isabella Argentine is reserved until the last. The disguises of Jonathan Wild are not of a nature to delude; but on the top of them comes the mystery of the birth of Thames Darrell, who is really the Marquis de Châtillon, and the disclosure that the mother of Jack Sheppard is really "heiress to the Trenchard property, one of the largest estates in Lancashire."

In so far as Harrison Ainsworth's stories can be said to have plots at all, these disguises and concealed identities constitute the machinery that works them; but, strictly speaking, they are plotless. It is not merely that, in the severely historical works, like *The Tower of London* and *Windsor Castle*, the plot is covered up by the tableaux taken from Hollinshed's and other chronicles. Even in the novels in which history is kept more or less in the background we find no plot in the sense of the gradual push of forces towards an inevitable close, but only a series of

exciting incidents, not linked as causes and effects, but strung together like beads upon a thread. The impression always is that the story was not thought out but improvised: that the author, at certain given moments, reflected, and said to himself:—"What shall happen next? It must be something startling, or the reader will go to sleep. Oh, yes. I have it. Suppose Mrs. Sheppard was really, &c. . . . That will keep them awake." And so the surprise is sprung, and is the more surprising because the author has not himself contemplated it or prepared for it, or led up to it, but has merely had a happy thought at the eleventh hour.

This air of extemporisation, not less than these disguises and these deceptions, suggests the dormitory. So do the machine-made ghosts, and the habit of handling the supernatural with no eye to anything but stage effects. But it is perhaps in the prose style that the suggestion is strongest and most striking. One has only to open one of the novels at random, and copy out a few sentences to make this point. For instance:—

"The important secret remained locked in my breast, but I resolved to be avenged. I swore I would bring your husband to the gallows. . . ."

"Consent to become my wife, and do not compel me to have recourse to violence to effect my purpose, and I will spare your son."

"It is my death warrant," said he, gloomily. And so it proved; two days afterwards his doom was accomplished.

"You know not as yet—nor shall you know your destiny; but you shall be the avenger of infamy and blood. I have a sacred charge committed to my keeping, which, hereafter, I may delegate to you. You *shall* be Sir Luke Rookwood, but the conditions it must be mine to propose."

"I am directed to provide for him—ha, ha! I will provide—a grave. There will I bury him and his secret. My son's security and my own wrong demand it. I must choose surer hands. The work must not be half done as heretofore. And now I bethink me, he is in the neighbourhood, connected with a gang of poachers—'tis as I could wish it."

"Never, vile traitor," shouted Dick. "'Tis thou art *sold*, not *he*; and almost ere the words were spoken, a ball was lodged in the brain of the treacherous ferryman.

Gathering together his remaining strength, he dragged himself towards the niche wherein his brother, Sir Reginald Rookwood, was deposited, and placing his hand upon the coffin, solemnly exclaimed, "My curse—my dying curse—be upon thee evermore!" Falling with his face upon the coffin, Alan instantly expired. In this attitude his remains were discovered.

One could multiply such extracts indefinitely. There is no need to search for them, for they bloom upon every page; and if the diction with its flat fall from the high falutin' to the conventional is not that of the story-teller of the dormitory, then the story-teller of the dormitory has no diction of his own. Nor is it a diction which he learned from Harrison Ainsworth, though

Harrison Ainsworth's influence may have perfected and confirmed him in it. It is the diction which is natural to the young when they are fumbling after style. All story-tellers began by writing like that if they began early enough; and Harrison Ainsworth never arrived at writing otherwise. His case is one of arrested development. He grew in knowledge of history; and it is inconceivable that he did not also grow in knowledge of the world. But the knowledge of the world which we are bound to assume him to have acquired never found its way into his books. The treatment of the subjects, far more than the subjects themselves, divorces literature from life. The conventions of Surrey side melodrama lord it in his pages. They are not redeemed, as Bulwer Lytton's use of the melodramatic conventions is sometimes redeemed, by the influence of the habit of contact with great affairs. The emotions, therefore, are to every critical reader, if not to every adult reader, as unreal as the situations and the characters.

For the critical reader, indeed, Harrison Ainsworth has one merit only, though he possesses that merit in an eminent degree. He can use incident—can compel incident, in fact, into vivid cinematographic pictures. However unreal the figures composing it, the pictures themselves, if we confine ourselves to the best examples, are real and effective. The picture of the burning of the Hot Gospeller in *The Tower of London* is hideously real. There has never been in fiction a picture at once so graphic and so well-sustained as that of the Great Plague in *Old Saint Paul's*. The story of Dick Turpin's ride to York is one of the finest stories ever written of a ride for life. The story of Jack Sheppard's escape from Newgate is the finest of all prison-breaking stories. It does not matter that Jack Sheppard, and Dick Turpin, and Leonard Holt, and Amabel, and the Hot Gospeller are the merest cardboard puppets. The picture is the thing—that and the press of incident. These appeal, in the first instance, to all boys, and, in the second instance, to the eternal boy who lingers, however deeply buried, in the breast of every man. They are related as the boy himself would try to relate them—from the boy's point of view, and with the boy's methods, but with the grown man's greater knowledge and technical skill. That is Harrison Ainsworth's secret.

We must remember, moreover, that the unreality of which the critical reader is conscious goes unperceived by a large public. A large public, in fact, does not ask for reality as the critic understands it. It is not merely that it is well content to be confined with him within the four walls of the finite, careless of the more subtle meanings of life and of the relation of man to

the universe, letting its heart go out far more readily to the "raconteur" than to the interpreter. Instinctively it restricts the functions of the story-teller far more than this, feeling that psychology only gives the reader unnecessary trouble, and that elaborate characterisation only fetters the free play of his fancy.

Such readers like, of course, the externals of characterisation : red noses, cadaverous cheeks, strange oaths, gigantic or dwarfed stature, a Scottish or Irish accent. These things are convenient labels serving as aids to memory. And characters must also, of course, be broadly distinguished for them as young or old, virtuous or vicious, beautiful or ugly, attractive or unprepossessing. But that is all they want. Any deeper characterisation—any attempt to fill a book with definite individuals doing the things which it was inevitable for them to do, being what they are—is resented. It challenges intellectual combativeness instead of reposing the mind. A reader of the sort indicated does not want to be set wondering whether such and such a person—a person probably of a type outside his experience—would or would not act in such and such a way. He or she—perhaps more often she than he—prefers simply to be told that such and such things happened, and to imagine himself or herself, and his or her friends or enemies, playing their appropriate parts in the situation which the novelist provides. The boy likes to imagine himself breaking out of Newgate in Jack Sheppard's place. The tradesman's daughter likes to credit Amabel Bloundel with her own emotions—whatever she supposes that these would be—if some modern Earl of Rochester were to obtain access to her bedroom by a ladder and ask her to step round to Saint Paul's and get married. This particular emotional debauch, however, would be impossible if Amabel Bloundel or Jack Sheppard were too definitely individualised ; and consequently for such readers the reality of the drama largely depends upon the unreality of the *dramatis personæ*. That is how their point of view differs from that of the critic. They ask the writer not for psychology but for situations. It is essential to their enjoyment of the feast of fiction that they should provide the psychology themselves. Harrison Ainsworth lets them do so—that is his second secret.

It is a secret, not a trick. The thing is not deliberately done, but happens. Harrison Ainsworth undoubtedly supposed himself to be realising his characters as clearly as he realised his tableaux. One can divine that from the care with which he describes their personal appearance. He writes as if he considered the whole art of characterisation to consist in saying that such a man had red hair and bandy legs, and that such a young woman had teeth like pearls and lips like coral. It was the

common delusion of the English novelists of his age. Even Dickens began with it, though his genius carried him beyond it. But it was a delusion which helped Harrison Ainsworth instead of hindering him. He was incapable of psychology, and if he had attempted it he would have stumbled clumsily. Avoiding it, he walked, as has been said, with a foot that was sure and firm, and sometimes swift, though flat. A limited man, writing for limited people, he never taxed their intelligence with intellectual subtleties, but merely shook the kaleidoscope, leaving them to do the rest. They did it, and were pleased with the result.

A writer so limited could not, of course, exert an influence or found a school. He might be imitated, since he was obviously supplying a commodity in great demand; but he could not hand on a torch, because he carried none. Smaller men might copy him, but greater men could not learn from him. The history of his followers must be a history not of growth but of declension. That is what the critical reader of Harrison Ainsworth's novels would expect, and that is what he finds. The true successor of the creator of *Jack Sheppard* is the creator of *Jack Harkaway*. In the evolution of the novel that is the highest place that can be assigned to him. That is the penalty which he was bound to pay in the end for being commonplace—for dealing not with ideas but with events—for seeing life as a picture without any particular meaning. But among commonplace men he ranks very high indeed; for he had the gift of expressing himself, whereas most commonplace men have not. He was a *raconteur*, and he was well-informed and well read, if not precisely learned. So that the epigram suggested at the beginning of this article may be justified, and he may be classed definitely as the greatest of the commonplace and the most commonplace of the great.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

## FRENCH LIFE AND THE FRENCH STAGE.

"LA MASSIÈRE," BY JULES LEMAÎTRE; "HÔTEL DE L'OUEST,  
CHAMBRE 22," BY JEAN LORRAIN; "L'ESCALADE," BY  
MAURICE DONNAY.

AFTER seven years of "reactionary" politics, M. Jules Lemaître has resumed his former dignified and distinguished career of dramatist and literary critic. Let the Nationalist papers rage together, and M. Henri Rochefort imagine a vain thing: the public rejoices. And one cannot but believe that M. Lemaître rejoices also, and breathes with renewed enjoyment his natural air. For how could a true artist and humanist live at ease in the atmosphere of violence and vindictive passions where MM. Drumont, Millevoys, and Rochefort are at home? How could so robust an "intellectual" escape depression in the neighbourhood of M. François Coppée, who, having been converted by an illness some years ago, has been afraid to take healthy views of things ever since? How could a critic with a sense of proportion, a playwright with a sense of humour, keep up a serious and respectful attitude towards a chief so incoherent and unbalanced as M. Paul Déroulède, the exile of S. Sébastien; whose consuming preoccupation has ever been to dispatch, for no earthly reason, passionate telegrams of "Vive l'armée" and "Vive la patrie" to his followers in Paris. What a spectacle, what a position! Even when he held it, and was "cher maître" to the members of his party, his name, an occasional speech, and an occasional newspaper article, were all he gave them. And now the reaction has come—but not in a manner the "reactionaries" would have wished. M. Jules Lemaître, the "intellectual," has had enough of politics, and suddenly, with quiet dignity, he has stepped out of the fray.

Moreover, he has come through the ordeal unscathed, unscratched. If anything, his experiences in the Nationalist camp have made him simpler and gentler than of yore. Often, in his earlier plays, was a note of bitterness, of irony; but in "La Massière" M. Lemaître has given us a comedy above all remarkable for its tenderness; and for the subtlety and sympathy shown in the elucidation of a little drama enacted among artists: that is to say, within the enchanted circle where, by general consent, in France at any rate, a chosen people is permitted to live naturally, profoundly indifferent to, and independent of, the strife, vulgarity, and conventional restraints of politics, commerce, and the fashionable life. . . .

"Adorable"—to adopt the fair young art-student's favourite enthusiastic epithet—is the painter Maréze. Although famous, handsome, and grey-headed, he is nevertheless as simple and naïve

as a child; and he is the idol of a young ladies' atelier, which he visits twice a week. Not much genius among his pupils. Indeed, when first we meet him, Marèze is engaged in inspecting many a dreadful "study" of the patriarchal model who occupies the throne; and as he passes amongst the easels, he gives vent to exclamations, sighs, and groans. The atmosphere is perfect: you might be in Julian's atelier of the Rue Cherche-Midi. However, before the easel of Mdlle. Juliette Dupuy, Marèze pauses in admiration. She is the *massière*: the oldest and most accomplished pupil—the monitor as it were—who, in return for her small services, receives her instruction for nothing, and occasional special lessons in the professor's private studio. "Je n'ai rien à vous apprendre," says Marèze. And the pupils titter. They have noticed Marèze's sympathy and admiration for the *massière*. Invariably, when arriving at her easel, he declares, "Je n'ai rien à vous apprendre." Invariably, also, when the class is over, Marèze remains behind to gossip with the *massière*. In fine, a friendship between the two.

So, when the model and pupils have departed, Juliette and Marèze carry on an easy, a familiar conversation. Deeply interested is the painter in Juliette's circumstances. She is poor; has to give lessons; help her mother keep house; make both ends meet somehow or another. With his hands in his pockets, Marèze listens, sympathetically, paternally. A certain shyness about him, even a certain *gaucherie*. No less than three times does he inquire after Madame Dupuy's health; three times, also, does he inquire after the health of Juliette's young and quite uninteresting brother. But—the *tête-à-tête* is interrupted all of a sudden by the appearance of Madame Marèze, a middle-aged woman, and undoubtedly a *bourgeoise*. Her acknowledgment of Juliette's bow is curt. And when Juliette leaves the studio, Madame Marèze, ere accepting her husband's arm, reproaches him sharply for his "singular" interest in the *massière*.

A suspicious soul is Madame Marèze. In the second act we find her fretting against Juliette's visits to her husband's private studio. Let the other pupils come, but not the *massière*. She is an intrigante, she is —. But Marèze stops his wife's harangue by impatiently leaving the studio, and without giving the promise demanded of him that Juliette's private visits shall cease.

A few minutes later, after Madame Marèze too has retired, her son, Jacques, enters in the student's eternal corduroys. A tap at the door, and then enters the *massière*. A very young and enthusiastic painter is Jacques. In the delightfully amusing scene that follows he airs his views on art. The painter sees more than other people; therefore, he knows more; consequently he should be greater, loftier, nobler than the rest of his fellow creatures. A torrent of the most naïve eloquence from Jacques—but again his mother appears to break a *tête-à-tête*. The spectacle is too much for her. The *massière* pursues both her husband and her son! Turning upon Juliette, Madame Marèze forbids her entrance to her

house. Jacques indignantly intercedes on Juliette's behalf; and the curtain falls as the massière, humiliated and confused, takes her leave.

A restless, short-tempered Marèze do we behold in the third act. His wife's treatment of Juliette he ignores; and so he cannot account for the massière's timidity and coldness, nor understand why she refuses to visit him in his private studio. The good Marèze is hurt. Angrily he tells his wife that Juliette is fickle and ungrateful; and still angrier does he become when he learns from Madame Marèze that Juliette and Jacques visit the Louvre and Cluny together, and even stroll about among the trees and statues of the public gardens. Dreadful to say; the excellent Marèze almost dislikes, is certainly jealous of, his son; and his reception of him a few minutes later is, to say the very least, surly. A veritable bear is Marèze. And a veritable fury is Marèze, when Jacques informs him that he loves the massière and desires to marry her. Stamping up and down the room, Marèze declares that Jacques has behaved basely, criminally. Poor Jacques is aghast at his father's outburst, begins to suspect his feelings towards Juliette, and finally asks him whether it can be possible that he (Marèze) loves her. "Oui, je l'aime," shouts the painter; but—from his passionate harangue one gathers that it is but the love of an artist for his favourite pupil, who has been the joy and pride of his life, and his consolation in troubled moments. Marèze cannot bear the idea of losing Juliette. She has been his *camarade*, his confidante. She has become necessary to him. The ——. "Sortez," shouts Marèze to his son. "Oui, sortez."

And the solution?

In the last act we find Madame Marèze seeking the solution. She has sent for Juliette; and when Juliette, timid, confused, unhappy, appears, Madame Marèze informs her of the breach she has caused in the household. The most satisfactory solution is that Juliette shall disappear, shall give up her post of massière; but no sooner has this been suggested, than Juliette bursts into tears, emotionally shows that she has been in no way to blame, and finally succeeds in winning Madame Marèze's heart. So, another solution. Peace and happiness can only be restored by the marriage of Jacques and the massière. And this Madame Marèze announces to her husband, who comes sulking into the room. Yes; the simple, excellent Marèze sulks like a child. He speaks not a word, he refuses to be consoled; and only will he listen when his wife proceeds to explain that by marrying Jacques to Juliette he will win a daughter. Thus, she can still be his *camarade*, still be his confidante, still be his consolation in troubled moments, and still be the pride and joy of his life.

Appears Jacques; and Marèze's reception of him is friendly.

Then appear, all of a sudden, and with infinite commotion and fuss, the pupils from the atelier, with a huge bouquet and a lengthy address.



"Cher maître," begins the youngest pupil,—then, from nervousness, breaks down.

It is the *massière* who must proceed with the address, which congratulates Marèze, the "cher maître," on having been elected a member of the institute. But when she arrives at the passage that thanks the "cher maître" for his patience and devotion and kindness, the *massière* also breaks down.

Gently Marèze embraces her. Cheers are sent up by the pupils when he announces the engagement of his son Jacques and Mademoiselle Juliette Dupuy. And then does the simple Marèze good-humouredly shrug his shoulders, and pass out of the room with his wife on his arm.

Through dim streets, over cobbled squares, past theatres and brilliant *cafés*, past hovels and drinking dens, to the base of the Montmartre hill: the Hectic Hill, with its stifling *cabarets* and noisy night restaurants, its blaze of gas and electricity, its strong odours of *poudre de riz*, musk, and patchouli, its prevailing nervous condition of morbidness and acute hysteria. Much madness in Montmartre: but our mission does not take us into the midst of it. Half way up the Hectic Hill comes the Rue Chaptal, our destination: a dark little street, where one vivid light marks the site of the Grand Guignol. The light burns at the entrance to an *impasse*, something of an alley; and at the end of the *impasse* stands the Grand Guignol, studded with dull red lamps that cast a glow on the theatre boards and on the faces of the fashionably dressed people who gossip at the doorway. Here, one feels at once, is originality. Here, one feels, too, is the bizarre, the uncanny. And one's first impression is right: the Grand Guignol has a note—a *genre*—entirely its own, which sometimes amuses but more often appals and terrifies.

Only a small audience occupies the Grand Guignol. Says someone behind me, "It's like a chapel." And the comment is just. Not much of the theatre is there about this little *salle*; where the boxes resemble pews, where the attendants flit about silently, where the woodwork is severe and sombre, and where the whole atmosphere is simple and subdued. But the audience is fashionable. It has paid Comédie Française prices for its *fauteuils*; it has brought its smelling-salts and fans. And it has come to be amused and scandalised by *Petite Bonne Sérieuse*, and *Contrainte par Corps*, two audacious one-act plays; and to be appalled and terrified by M. Jean Lorrain's grim, sinister tragedy, "Hôtel de l'Ouest, Chambre 22." Actuality, at the Grand Guignol. Unadulterated realism, in this bizarre "chapel." Before us, single episodes out of the lives of the poor, the rich, the weird, the disreputable, the criminal. Before us the work of dramatists who desire no more than that the audience shall take away with it vivid imperishable "impressions." And of these particular dramatists, whose method is not to unwind a plot, but to reveal, in a sudden flash of light, unfamiliar experiences, unspoken emotions, and

the hidden abodes and strange forms that haunt the mist-shrouded terrain vague upon the outskirts of modern civilised life, none succeeds more triumphantly than the author of *Hôtel de l'Ouest, Chambre 22*.

The place is Nice, at Carnival time. The scene is a private supper room, in a fast night restaurant. And the characters we first behold are two men in dominoes who have finished supper and are about to leave the room. After paying the waiter, and without speaking a word, they hurry out.

Arrives, a few moments later, a gay supper-party,—three women in handsome dresses, *décolletées*, painted, and bejewelled; and two middle-aged men of worldly, cynical appearance. The women are ornaments of the *demi-monde*, who frequent the night restaurants of Paris, and are also to be seen at fashionable seasons at Monte Carlo, Aix-les-Bains, Vichy, Trouville, and Nice. The eternal champagne, the eternal *écrevisses*, the eternal cigarette, and the eternal loud, mirthless laughter. Also, the eternal familiar gallantry from the men. No real spontaneous gaiety in the *demi-monde*: all that revelry rings hollow, and, in the occasional lulls, there are yawns and sighs and weary exclamations, and faces look tragic and eyes droop, and grim truths reveal themselves. So, in this Nice restaurant, the men and women make a pretence of rejoicing—and welcome riotously the sudden appearance of a man disguised grotesquely as a clown, who comes romping into the room. An utter stranger—but then it is Carnival time and perhaps the Clown will make things livelier. Mockingly, however, he addresses the three women. Of course, they have read of the recent brutal murders in the *demi-monde*? Well, let them beware. Numbers of assassins are about. These assassins are here, there, and everywhere. Never were these assassins more watchful, more active, and more skilful. Thus, tauntingly, the Clown; but he vanishes as suddenly as he appeared, leaving the three women lost in terror. Their companions strive hard to reassure them, but in vain. The Clown, they declare, was only a practical joker—but the women regard his speech as an awful warning. Those recent murders in their own particular world! Mademoiselle Sylvie de Précourt found strangled! Mademoiselle Marguerite de Lancy discovered with a bullet wound in her head! And their rooms in disorder. And their jewellery and money gone. And no clue to the assassins. And so, the police baffled; and so, the prototypes of Mademoiselle de Précourt and Mademoiselle de Lancy stricken with fear. What if their jewellery and their money should attract assassins; what if they, too, should be murdered brutally, mysteriously, in their own homes, and even in a restaurant, an hotel. No security in the *demi-monde*. No real protectors, no one to trust. Danger on every side, at every turn. Ah, to be a courtesan is to be of all creatures the most isolated, the most lonely. Yes, often, in this half-world, a veritable reign of terror; and it is at its height, now, in this Nice restaurant. The three women are all

emotion. They tell how they will bolt and barricade their doors to-night. They will go home at once. They will search each room with their servants; but can the servants be trusted? Who to trust: from whom to expect true protection? Disregarding the remonstrances of their two companions, the women rise in agitation from the supper-table. From the street one hears the din and music of the Carnival—and then, all of a sudden, a scream from one of the women, who has gone towards the sofa to fetch her cloak. "There is some one under the sofa," she cries. Her scream brings the waiters running into the room. "There, underneath the sofa," she repeats hysterically. The hangings are lifted up. From underneath the sofa is brought forth the still, rigid body of a young woman in a rich pale blue domino. She has been murdered. But a few hours ago she was one of the most beautiful, brilliant, and notorious ornaments of the *demi-monde*. . . .

The place is Paris, also at Carnival time. The scene is room 22 of the shabby, sordid Hôtel de l'Ouest. And in the interval—an interval of a few days only—Paris, Monte Carlo, Vichy, Aix-les-Bains, Trouville, and Nice have been excitedly discussing the most recent murder in the *demi-monde*. As in former similar murders, jewellery and money had vanished and the assassin or assassins had once again escaped. So much we learn from the coarse, slovenly waiter of the Hôtel de l'Ouest, who is sweeping out room 22, occupied (according to the waiter) by two brusque, unamiable, unsympathetic men. These enter. They are the characters we first beheld in the restaurant at Nice: the two men in dominoes who had finished supper, and who left the room hastily, without speaking a word.

They have sharp, cruel, sinister expressions. They are restless and excited. When the waiter has left the room, they feverishly open and study a newspaper that contains a long and lurid account of—

*Le Crime de Nice: Assassinat d'une Demi-mondaine.*

Before us, the assassins.

They have returned to the hotel to recover an innocent-looking coil of silken thread they had forgotten on the mantelpiece. But how unrestrained, how infinite is their relief, at finding it still there! For the coil of silken thread is far from innocent. It served to strangle the woman who was discovered dead in a fast night restaurant, in gay, rich Carnival costume, at Nice.

But few words are exchanged between the men. Turning out the light, they leave the room, and for some moments it remains empty and in darkness. Then, the door opens, and into the room creeps the *rat d'hôtel*, or "sneak-thief." He scans the room—sees a port-manteau, already has his hands on it when he is startled by a sound on the staircase. Underneath the bed crawls the *rat d'hôtel*, and only in time—for again do the occupants of room 22 make their restless sinister appearance. Something wrong with them. One throws himself wearily on the bed; the other walks up and down

the room excitedly. And then the first breaks down: tells how he is haunted by the vision of his victim, pale, rigid, dead in her blue domino; how he is nervous, ill, shattered, and how he can only regain his peace of mind by parting with his accomplice who was the real culprit and whose presence has become loathsome to him. Closely and suspiciously does the other watch the cowering, wretched creature on the bed. He fears treachery: fancies his partner of yesterday making a confession before the *Commissaire de Police*: sees himself surrounded and arrested. And, suddenly, he hurls himself upon his companion; presses hard upon his throat until he is unconscious; covers the face with a handkerchief steeped in chloroform: looks fearfully about the room; then silently leaves it. Once outside, he turns the key. And no sooner has the key been turned than the *rat d'hôtel* scrambles forth from underneath the bed,—panic stricken, appalled, ghastly,—to find himself a prisoner. He is only a common, vulgar “sneak-thief.” But—the body on the bed! Discovered here, he will be taken for a murderer. Violently, wildly he wrestles with the door-handle. Says a voice, “Have patience, Monsieur, have patience; my key will open the door”—and into the room, after some manœuvring with the lock, step the landlord and a waiter. Horrified, they start back. Then, timidly, they approach the bed—touch the body—and, perceiving all of a sudden a movement behind the long, heavy draperies of the window, rush towards them, tear them aside, find, and seize the quaking *rat d'hôtel*. Passionately protesting his innocence he is dragged struggling from the room, and, above his shouts, are heard the din and music of the Carnival, as the curtain falls.

Thus the story breaks off unfinished. Only a flash of a lantern revealing terrible white faces in the night of crime. But M. Jean Lorrain has achieved his purpose: the impression remains vivid and imperishable.

After M. Jean Lorrain, M. Maurice Donnay—and what a change of method and of temper!

Ere reviewing the brilliant “*Escalade*,” a leading critic genially remarked: “It needed but a glance at the *salle* to know that it was a Donnay play: at least three-fifths of the audience were women.” What more natural? Donnay is woman’s most subtle, most sympathetic psychologist. And, in “*L’Escalade*,” the author of “*Le Retour de Jérusalem*,”—known before especially as the author of “*Amants*,”—illustrates the spirit and method, when dealing with this interesting subject, of a psychologist whose standpoint is the French sentiment towards women,—so different from, or rather so opposite to, the English sentiment.

Let us distinguish more precisely.

Outside of the circle of his domestic and personal affections—where, as son, lover, husband, or father, the average Englishman’s sentiments towards women are, to say the least, as estimable as the

average Frenchman's—the sentiment of the unspoiled typical Briton towards woman in general (towards “Everywoman,” to adopt Mr. George Bernard Shaw's expression) is one of contempt qualified with aversion: the aversion of the spiritual, intellectual, artistic man for what, in the uglier and darker domains of consciousness, he knows has a fatal attractiveness for him. But take the case of the average Frenchman. Outside of the circle of his personal and domestic affections,—his tender and almost religious devotion to his mother, his more ardent, perhaps, than unselfish passion for his mistress, his more amiable than amorous companionship with his wife, his loving and dutiful preoccupation with the paternal obligation towards his daughter,—the sentiment of the genuine Frenchman towards woman in general, towards the “Everywoman,” is adoration: in art, of her bodily beauty; in society, of her wit, and grace, and charm; in religion, of her legendary poetising and humanising influence as the symbol of unblemished purity and inexhaustible compassion: adoration of her, in brief, as standing to represent what consoles, gladdens, and embellishes life. English readers of that remarkable play, “Man and Superman,” have had the opportunity of discovering what are the spirit and method of even so brilliant a playwright and so skilful a psychologist as Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whose standpoint is the sentiment born of the conviction that “in every case the relation between man and woman is the same; she is the pursuer and contriver, he the pursued and disposed of.” Spectators of M. Donnay's play enter into the spirit and method of a psychologist for whom there is neither pursuer nor pursued; but, around the spoiled heart of a woman of the world, and the impoverished heart of a man of science absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge, the operation of the invisible law of love, which, as Plato has it, “desires to become the possessor of those good or fair things of which it is in want.”

Cécile de Gerberoy, M. Donnay's heroine, has lost all faith in the honour of man; for the husband she adored betrayed her. He was killed in a duel. Cécile, believing the cause of the contest was political, went into the deepest mourning; lived alone with tender memories, was wretched and inconsolable. Then, one day she discovered that her husband's duel had been the result of his liaison with a married woman. After that, Cécile discarded her mourning, and became an elegant, a pleasure-seeking mondaine. In the worldly, feverish present she sought to forget the past. She can never love again, of that she is positive. That is how the case stands, when we meet her in the laboratory of Guillaume Soindres, a famous scientist and psychologist. We recognise in her only the vivacious, rather flippant Parisienne, who has come into this grave place out of curiosity and a desire for a “new sensation.” Grave, indeed, is the atmosphere; and terribly grave is Guillaume Soindres, a young man, very plainly dressed, and very awkward. The book that has made him famous expounds the proposition that love is a

disease, and proceeds to analyse it scientifically. You can be inoculated against love. Also, you can be cured of the malady of love. Are you attacked by that devastating complaint, hasten to Soindres' laboratory, and he will examine you and, moreover, prescribe a treatment for your special case. Entirely sincere is Soindres, and in earnest. His heart and soul are in his work; and he refuses bluntly to be lionised by society. "I go nowhere," he replies, at first, when Cécile invites him graciously to dinner. Her curiosity, questions, exclamations, cries, bore him. But, pressed by his old and dear friend, Gaston de Boisdugand, Cécile's brother, to accept the invitation, Soindres reluctantly consents, as he bows—clumsily enough—the elegant, worldly Cécile out of the laboratory.

"L'amour n'est qu'un mirage; c'est simplement une maladie cérébrale, qui peut se guérir comme toutes les autres;" here is still Soindres' conviction. And free from his visitors he proceeds to study the reports on the cases of Charlotte and Louise, two little modistes, victims of the disease of love.

An interval elapses. . . . In the second act we find the grave Guillaume Soindres in Cécile's drawing-room. But what has happened? Another, a new Guillaume—in outward appearance at any rate; sprucely, even elegantly dressed. Most certainly he has been in the hands of a fashionable tailor.

CÉCILE: "Mais vous êtes très bien habillé; vous avez renoncé à votre affreuse redingote et à vos nœuds tout faits. Vous faites de progrès."

GUILLAUME: "Ne vous moquez pas de moi."

CÉCILE: "Ne prenez donc pas cet air détaché; vous n'allez pas me faire croire que ce costume est venu là tout seul, ni ce gilet charmant, ni cette cravate distinguée."

But—Cécile has not the advantage entirely on her side either. Here, too, is a change,—not in outward appearance but in occupations and interests. For, on the frail, gilded chair by the side of the once idle and frivolous mondaine, are ponderous, grim-looking books, amongst them Soindres' tremendous scientific achievement *Prophylaxie et Thérapeutique des Passions*. And Guillaume is so secure of Cécile's acquaintanceship with his theories, that he begins to discuss with her the treatment of the little modiste Charlotte, who has confessed during a professional visit to Cécile that she is hopelessly, wretchedly in love.

"I advised her to work hard, to think only of her work," says Cécile.

GUILLAUME: "On la guérira. Le travail, en effet, est un merveilleux dérivatif. Et puis, pour les êtres comme Charlotte, la présence réelle, la possibilité de voir l'objet aimé, entretient la névrose. Que l'objet s'éloigne, l'influence cesse."

CÉCILE: "Croyez-vous?"

GUILLAUME: "C'est certain."

But if, in so far as the case of the little modiste is concerned, Guillaume's faith in his methods of healing remains unshaken, he is

troubled by symptoms of a mysterious restlessness, excitement, and discomfort in himself that he fears may signify a coming malady. And he cannot conquer the desire to confide these odd symptoms, and the uneasiness they cause him, to Cécile.

GUILLAUME: "Oui, en moi-même. Ah! madame, je découvre tous les jours en moi des sensations que je ne connaissais pas et dont j'ai peine à me rendre compte. Jusqu'ici, à force de me pencher sur des cerveaux, sur des tissus, sur des muscles, sur des nerfs, sur tout ce qui constitue la matière vivante, j'ai cru qu'on pouvait tout expliquer et remonter sûrement des effets aux causes. Maintenant, je m'aperçois qu'il y a des choses qui échappent à l'observation la plus subtile, aux hypothèses les plus ingénieuses, au scalpel le plus délicat; et, quand nous disséquons, nous sommes peut-être semblables aux anciens sacrificateurs, aux vieux oracles qui prétendaient découvrir dans les entrailles des victimes la volonté des dieux! Oui, je constate en moi de grands changements. Ainsi, tenez, moi qui ai toujours travaillé comme un malheureux, comme un forcené, entassant des expériences, accumulant des documents, moi qui n'ai jamais pris le temps de rêver et qui ne savais même pas ce que c'était, maintenant, je rêve, je rêve, et des choses auxquelles je n'avais jamais prêté d'attention prennent un sens et me précipitent dans une rêverie profonde. Il y a surtout une certaine heure, quand tombe la nuit, et dont je ne puis vous décrire la tristesse infinie. Hélas! l'homme intérieur que l'on se sent dans ces moments-là ne peut pas s'exprimer; ou, ce qui est pire, s'exprime mal; l'homme extérieur ne le réalise jamais, et il demeure inconnu, même de celle pour qui il est ainsi.

"Autrefois, quand arrivait cette heure-là, j'allumais ma lampe et je continuais à travailler. Hier, je me suis accoudé à ma fenêtre et je vous ai guettée dans le crépuscule, espérant vous voir qui viendriez vers moi. Pourquoi seriez-vous venue? C'était insensé; et pourtant j'ai eu une grave désillusion. Quand vous êtes loin de moi, je ne pense qu'à vous et ma pensée attentive et inutile. Et, quand je suis auprès de vous, tout se confond dans une émotion indéfinissable, et je ne sais plus si c'est vos regards que j'entends, vos paroles que je respire, ou votre parfum que je vois."

Ah, my grave Soindres, where is your science, and of what use has it been to you? *Prophylaxie et Thérapeutique des Passions*, indeed! Why, you yourself are the living, glaring proof of the unsoundness of that amazing work. Possible to cure Charlotte, the little modiste. And now you, her doctor, find yourself in the very same plight; are wretched and haunted and sleepless, and passionately of the opinion that life is not worth living without. . . . Cécile.

"Que l'objet s'éloigne, l'influence cesse."

Recollecting this prescription, Soindres goes into the country; but two months later he visits Cécile's brother at Trouville, and there recognises that his malady is incurable. Alas! poor Soindres' case is hopeless. Never, indeed,—no, never,—was case more hopeless. Up there in the Jura Mountains, Soindres tried his hardest to forget Cécile. Vain attempt; failure of failures! And once again, at Trouville, does Soindres describe those odd, odd symptoms.

GUILLAUME: "Attendez. Je vous voyais, comme la dernière fois que je vous ai vue, dans votre petit salon de la rue de Berri, avec la même robe. Je vous voyais d'abord, comment dirais-je? je vous voyais en grandeur naturelle... vous

allez comprendre pourquoi je dis cela... vous faisiez votre geste familier... celui-là que vous venez de faire précisément. Et puis, insensiblement d'abord et ensuite très vite vous diminuez, vous diminuez, vous deveniez de plus en plus petite, jusqu'à n'être plus qu'un point, un point blond, perdu n'importe où. Les étoiles une à une s'allumaient là-haut. Autour de moi, les arbres, les maisons, les sombres montagnes, tout se fondait dans le silence et dans la nuit, et alors, alors, j'ai eu la sensation très nette que vous n'existiez pas. C'est drôle, n'est-ce pas ?

CÉCILE : "C'est tordant."

Thus, wily for one short moment, does Guillaume seek to pique Cécile by telling her that she seemed no longer to "exist" as he sat studying the stars and the mountains in the silent, enchanting country. But Cécile, too, is wily. She retaliates by informing Guillaume that she is expecting the visit of Galbrun, most delightful and fascinating of men; and she even begs him be cordial to this incomparable Galbrun. Up rises Guillaume. All emotion is Guillaume, and he has just summoned up courage to speak when Cécile, dreading the declaration, skilfully makes her escape.

However, our grave scientist of yesterday *will* speak. Impossible to imagine a more ardent, determined lover than the author of that cold, stern *Prophylaxie et Thérapeutique des Passions*. Why, he becomes desperate: actually makes his appearance in Cécile's room at dead of night, through the window, by means of a ladder; and, refusing to retreat, delivers himself of a long, passionate speech.

GUILLAUME : "Je regarde autour de moi, les choses témoins de votre existence intime et dont je respire le parfum, toutes ces choses nouvelles pour moi et pourtant, à force d'y penser, familières. Tout ce qui touche à vous prend un caractère mystérieux et sacré. Ah ! qu'une chose aussi connue que le corps de la femme, que les sculpteurs ont modelé, que les poètes ont chanté, que tant de savants comme moi ont disséqué, qu'une telle chose renferme soudain tout le mystère, tout l'inconnu et la volupté infinie, parce que c'est le corps d'une certaine femme, quelle folie ! et c'est la mienne pourtant."

Nor does Cécile attempt any longer to stifle her feelings.

CÉCILE : "Donnez-moi votre main d'abord, écoutez-moi. Parce que, jadis, l'homme à qui j'avais apporté mon âme m'a trompé, parce que mes illusions déchirées, parce que mon cœur meurtri, oui, pendant longtemps, j'ai été une coquette, par vengeance, par orgueil et aussi par prudence, par crainte de souffrir encore, comprenez-vous ? Mais, au fond de moi-même, obscurément, j'attendais l'homme que vous êtes, un homme, pour redevenir la femme que j'étais... une femme, et c'est cette femme-là qui vous parle et qui vous aime."

And so, alas for the theory : "L'amour n'est qu'un mirage, c'est simplement une maladie cérébrale qui peut se guérir comme toutes les autres."

And alas, a thousand times alas, for that terrific masterpiece—*Prophylaxie et Thérapeutique des Passions*.

JOHN F. MACDONALD.



# A MODERN UTOPIA.

## A SOCIOLOGICAL HOLIDAY.

BY

H. G. WELLS.

### CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

#### MY UTOPIAN SELF.

##### § 1.

IT falls to few of us to interview our better selves. My Utopian self is, of course, my better self—according to my best endeavours—and I must confess myself fully alive to the difficulties of the situation. When I came to this Utopia I had no thought of any such intimate self-examination.

The whole fabric of that other universe sways for a moment as I come into his room, into his clear and ordered work-room. I am trembling. A figure rather taller than myself stands against the light.

He comes towards me, and I, as I advance to meet him, stumble against a chair. Then, still without a word, we are clasping hands.

I stand now so that the light falls upon him, and I can see his face better. He is a little taller than I, younger looking and sounder looking; he has missed an illness or so, and there is no scar over his eye. His training has been subtly finer than mine; he has made himself a better face than mine. . . . These things I might have counted upon. I can fancy he winces with a twinge of sympathetic understanding at my manifest inferiority. Indeed, I come, trailing clouds of earthly confusion and weakness; I bear upon me all the defects of my world. He wears, I see, that white tunic with the purple band that I have already begun to consider the proper Utopian clothing for grave men, and his face is clean shaven. We forget to speak at first in the intensity of our mutual inspection. When at last I do gain my voice it is to say something quite different from the fine, significant openings of my premeditated dialogues.

"You have a pleasant room," I remark, and look about a little disconcerted because there is no fireplace for me to put my back against, or hearthrug to stand upon. He pushes me a chair, into which I plump, and we hang over an immensity of conversational possibilities.

"I say," I plunge, "what do you think of me? You don't think I'm an impostor?"

"Not now that I have seen you. No."

"Am I so like you?"

"Like me and your story—exactly."

"You haven't any doubt left?" I ask.

"Not in the least, since I saw you enter. You come from the world beyond Sirius, twin to this. Eh?"

"And you don't want to know how I got here?"

"I've ceased even to wonder how I got here," he says, with a laugh that echoes mine.

He leans back in his chair, and I in mine, and the absurd parody of our attitude strikes us both.

"Well?" we say, simultaneously, and laugh together.

I will confess the encounter is more difficult even than I anticipated.

## § 2.

Our conversation at that first encounter would do very little to develop the Modern Utopia in my mind. Inevitably, it would be personal and emotional. He would tell me how he stood in his world, and I how I stood in mine. I should have to tell him things, I should have to explain things——.

No, the conversation would contribute nothing to a modern Utopia. And so I leave it out.

## § 3.

But I should go back to my botanist in a state of emotional relaxation. At first I should not heed the fact that he, too, had been in some manner stirred. "I have seen him," I should say, needlessly, and seem to be on the verge of telling the untellable. Then I should fade off into: "It's the strangest thing."

He would interrupt with his own preoccupation. "You know," he would say, "I've seen someone."

I should pause and look at him.

"She is in this world," he says.

"Who is in this world?"

"Mary!"

I have not heard her name before, but I understand, of course, at once.

"I saw her," he explains.

"Saw her?"

"I'm certain it was her. Certain. She was far away across those gardens near here—and before I had recovered from my amazement she had gone! But it was Mary."

He takes my arm. "You know I did not understand this," he says: "I did not really understand that when you said Utopia, you meant I was to meet her—in happiness."

"I didn't."

"It works out at that."

"You haven't met her yet."

"I shall. It makes everything different. To tell you the truth I've rather hated this Utopia of yours at times. You mustn't mind my saying it, but there's something of the Gradgrind——"

Probably I should swear at that.

"What?" he says.

"Nothing."

"But you spoke?"

"I was purring. I'm a Gradgrind—it's quite right—anything you can say about Herbert Spencer, vivisection, materialistic Science or Atheists, applies without correction to me. Begbie away! But now you think better of a modern Utopia? Was the lady looking well?"

"It was her real self. Yes. Not the broken woman I met—in the real world."

"And as though she was pining for you?"

He looks puzzled.

"Look there!" I say.

He looks.

We are standing high above the ground in the loggia into which our apartments open, and I point across the soft haze of the public gardens to a tall white mass of University buildings that rises with a free and fearless gesture, to lift saluting pinnacles against the clear evening sky. "Don't you think that rather more beautiful than—say—our National Gallery?"

He looks at it critically. "There's a lot of metal in it," he objects. "What?"

"I purred. But, anyhow, whatever you can't see in that, you can, I suppose, see that it is different from anything in your world—it lacks the kindly humanity of a red-brick Queen Anne villa residence, with its gables and bulges, and bow windows, and its stained glass fanlight, and so forth. It lacks the self-complacent unreasonableness of Board of Works classicism. There's something in its proportions—as though someone with brains had taken a lot of care to get it quite right, someone who not only knew what metal can do, but what a University ought to be, somebody who had found the Gothic spirit enchanted, petrified, in a cathedral, and had set it free."

"But what has this," he asks, "to do with her?"

"Very much," I say. "This is not the same world. If she is here, she will be younger in spirit and wiser. She will be in many ways more refined——"

"No one," he begins, with a note of indignation.

"No, no! She couldn't be. I was wrong there. But she will be different. Grant that at any rate. When you go forward to speak to her, she may not remember—very many things *you* may remember. Things that happened at Frognal—dear romantic walks through the Sunday summer evenings, practically you two alone, you in your adolescent silk hat and your nice gentlemanly gloves.

... Perhaps that did not happen here! And she may have other memories—of things—that down there haven't happened. You noted her costume. She wasn't by any chance one of the *samurai*?"

He answers, with a note of satisfaction, "No! She wore a womanly dress of greyish green."

"Probably under the Lesser Rule."

"I don't know what you mean by the Lesser Rule. She wasn't one of the *samurai*."

"And, after all, you know—I keep on reminding you, and you keep on losing touch with the fact, that this world contains your double."

He pales, and his countenance is disturbed. Thank Heaven I've touched him at last!

"This world contains your double. But, conceivably, everything may be different here. The whole romantic story may have run a different course. It was as it was in our world, by the accidents of custom and proximity. Adolescence is a defenceless plastic period. You are a man to form great affections,—noble, great affections. You might have met anyone almost at that season and formed the same attachment."

For a time he is perplexed and troubled by this suggestion.

"No," he says, a little doubtfully. "No. It was herself." . . . Then, emphatically, "*No!*"

#### § 4.

For a time we say no more, and I fall musing about my strange encounter with my Utopian self. I think of the confessions I have just made to him, the strange admissions both to him and myself. I have stirred up the stagnations of my own emotional life, the pride that has slumbered, the hopes and disappointments that have not troubled me for years. There are things that happened to me in my adolescence that no discipline of reason will ever bring to a just proportion for me, the first humiliations I was made to suffer, the waste of all the fine irrecoverable loyalties and passions of my youth. The dull base caste of my little personal tragi-comedy—I have ostensibly forgiven, I have for the most part forgotten—and yet when I recall them I hate each actor still. Whenever it comes into my mind—I do my best to prevent it—there it is, and these detestable people blot out the stars for me.

I have told all that story to my double, and he has listened with understanding eyes. But for a little while those squalid memories will not sink back into the deeps.

We lean, side by side, over our balcony, lost in such egotistical absorptions, quite heedless of the great palace of noble dreams to which our first enterprise has brought us.

## § 5.

I can understand the botanist this afternoon; for once we are in the same key. My own mental temper has gone for the day, and I know what it means to be untempered. Here is a world and a glorious world, and it is for me to take hold of it, to have to do with it, here and now, and behold! I can only think that I am burnt and scarred, and there rankles that wretched piece of business, the mean unimaginative triumph of my antagonist—

I wonder how many men have any real freedom of mind, are, in truth, unhampered by such associations, to whom all that is great and noble in life does not, at times at least, if not always, seem secondary to obscure rivalries and considerations, to the petty hates that are like germs in the blood, to dwarfish pride, and to affections they gave in pledge even before they were men.

The botanist beside me dreams, I know, of vindications for that woman.

All this world before us, and its order and liberty, are no more than a painted scene before which he is to meet Her at last, freed from "that scoundrel."

He expects "that scoundrel" really to be present and, as it were, writhing under their feet. . . .

I wonder if that man *was* a scoundrel. He has gone wrong on earth, no doubt, has failed and degenerated, but what was it sent him wrong? Was his failure inherent, or did some net of cross purposes tangle about his feet? Suppose he is not a failure in Utopia! . . .

I wonder that this has never entered the botanist's head.

He, with his vaguer mind, can overlook—spite of my ruthless reminders—all that would mar his vague anticipations. That, too, if I suggested it, he would overcome and disregard. He has the most amazing power of resistance to uncongenial ideas; amazing that is, to me. He hates the idea of meeting his double, and consequently so soon as I cease to speak of that, with scarcely an effort of his will, it fades again from his mind.

Down below in the gardens two children pursue one another, and one, near caught, screams aloud and rouses me from my reverie.

I follow their little butterfly antics until they vanish beyond a thicket of flowering rhododendra, and then my eyes go back to the great façade of the university buildings.

But I am in no mood to criticise architecture.

Why should a modern Utopia insist upon slipping out of the hands of its creator and becoming the background of a personal drama—of such a silly little drama?

The botanist will not see Utopia in any other way. He tests it entirely by its reaction upon the individual persons and things he knows; he dislikes it because he suspects it of wanting to lethal chamber his aunt's "dear old doggie," and now he is reconciled to

it because a certain " Mary " looks much younger and better here than she did on earth. And here am I, near slipping into the same way of dealing!

We agreed to purge this state and all the people in it of traditions, associations, bias, laws, and artificial entanglements, and begin anew; but we have no power to liberate ourselves. Our past, even its accidents, its accidents above all, and ourselves, are one.

## CHAPTER THE NINTH.

### THE SAMURAI.

#### § 1.

NEITHER my Utopian double nor I love emotion sufficiently to cultivate it, and my feelings are in a state of seemly subordination when we meet again. He is now in possession of some clear, general ideas about my own world, and I can broach almost at once the thoughts that have been growing and accumulating since my arrival in this planet of my dreams. We find our interest in a humanised state-craft, makes us, in spite of our vast difference in training and habits, curiously akin.

I put it to him that I came to Utopia with but very vague ideas of the method of government, biassed, perhaps, a little in favour of certain electoral devices, but for the rest indeterminate, and that I have come to perceive more and more clearly that the large intricacy of Utopian organisation demands some more powerful and efficient method of control than electoral methods can give. I have come to distinguish among the varied costumes and the innumerable types of personality Utopia presents, certain men and women of a distinctive costume and bearing, and I know now that these people constitute an order, the *samurai*, the "voluntary nobility," which is essential in the scheme of the Utopian State. I know that this order is open to every physically and mentally healthy adult in the Utopian State who will observe its prescribed austere rule of living, that much of the responsible work of the State is reserved for it, and I am inclined now at the first onset of realisation to regard it as far more significant than it really is in the Utopian scheme, as being, indeed, in itself and completely the modern Utopian scheme. My predominant curiosity concerns the organisation of this order. As it has developed in my mind, it has reminded me more and more closely of that strange class of guardians which constitutes the essential substance of Plato's *Republic*, and it is with an implicit reference to Plato's profound intuitions that I and my double discuss this question.

To clarify our comparison he tells me something of the history

of Utopia, and incidentally it becomes necessary to make a correction in the assumptions upon which I have based my enterprise. We are assuming a world identical in every respect with the real planet Earth, except for the profoundest differences in the mental content of life. This implies a different literature, a different philosophy, and a different history, and so soon as I come to talk to him I find that though it remains unavoidable that we should assume the correspondence of the two populations, man for man—unless we would face unthinkable complications—we must assume also that a great succession of persons of extraordinary character and mental gifts, who on earth died in childhood or at birth, or who never learnt to read, or who lived and died amidst savage or brutalising surroundings that gave their gifts no scope, did in Utopia encounter happier chances, and take up the development and application of social theory—from the time of the first Utopists in a steady onward progress down to the present hour.<sup>1</sup> The differences of condition, therefore, had widened with each successive year. Jesus Christ has been born into a liberal and progressive Roman Empire, that spread from the Arctic Ocean to the Bight of Benin, and that was to know no Decline and Fall, and Mahomet, instead of embodying the dense prejudices of Arab ignorance, opened his eyes upon an intellectual horizon already nearly as wide as the world.

And through this empire the flow of thought, the flow of intention, poured always more abundantly. There were wars, but they were conclusive wars that established new and more permanent relations, that swept aside obstructions, and abolished centres of decay; there were prejudices tempered to an ordered criticism, and hatreds that merged at last in tolerant reactions. It was several hundred years ago that the great organisation of the *samurai* came into its present form. And it was this organisation's widely sustained activities that had shaped and established the World State in Utopia.

This organisation of the *samurai* was a quite deliberate invention. It arose in the course of social and political troubles and complications, analogous to those of our own time on earth, and was, indeed, the last of a number of political and religious experiments dating back to the first dawn of philosophical state-craft in Greece. That hasty despair of specialisation for government that gave our poor world individualism, democratic liberalism, and anarchism, and that curious disregard of the fund of enthusiasm and self-sacrifice in men, which is the fundamental weakness of worldly economics, do not appear in the history of Utopian thought. All that history is pervaded with the recognition of the fact that self seeking is no more the whole of human life than the satisfaction of hunger; that it is an essential of a man's existence no doubt, and that under stress

(1) One might assume as an alternative to this that amidst the four-fifths of the Greek literature now lost to the world, there perished, neglected, some book of elementary significance, some other *Novum Organum*, that in Utopia survived to achieve the profoundest consequences.

of evil circumstances it may as entirely obsess him as would the food hurt during famine, but that life may pass beyond to an illimitable world of emotions and effort. Every sane person consists of possibilities beyond the unavoidable needs, is capable of disinterested feeling, even if it amounts only to enthusiasm for a sport or an industrial employment well done, for an art, or for a locality or class. In our world now, as in the Utopian past, this impersonal energy of a man goes out into religious emotion and work, into patriotic effort, into artistic enthusiasms, into games and amateur employments, and an enormous proportion of the whole world's fund of effort wastes itself in religious and political misunderstandings and conflicts, and in unsatisfying amusements and unproductive occupations. In a modern Utopia there will, indeed, be no perfection; in Utopia there must also be friction, conflicts and waste, but the waste will be enormously less than in our world. And the co-ordination of activities this relatively smaller waste will measure, will be the achieved end for which the order of the *samurai* was first devised.

Inevitably such an order must have first arisen among a clash of social forces and political systems as a revolutionary organisation. It must have set before itself the attainment of some such Utopian ideal as this modern Utopia does, in the key of mortal imperfection, realise. At first it may have directed itself to research and discussion, to the elaboration of its ideal, to the discussion of a plan of campaign, but at some stage it must have assumed a more militant organisation, and have prevailed against and assimilated the pre-existing political organisations, and to all intents and purposes have become this present synthesised World State. Traces of that militancy would, therefore, pervade it still, and a campaigning quality—no longer against specific disorders, but against universal human weaknesses, and the inanimate forces that trouble man—still remain as its essential quality.

"Something of this sort," I should tell my double, "had arisen in our thought"—I jerk my head back to indicate an infinitely distant planet—"just before I came upon these explorations. The idea had reached me, for example, of something to be called a New Republic, which was to be in fact an organisation for revolution something after the fashion of your *samurai*, as I understand them—only most of the organisation and the rule of life still remained to be invented. All sorts of people were thinking of something in that way about the time of my coming. The idea, as it reached me, was pretty crude in several respects. It ignored the high possibility of a synthesis of languages in the future; it came from a literary man, who wrote only English, and, as I read him—he was a little vague in his proposals—it was to be a purely English-speaking movement. And his ideas were coloured too much by the peculiar conditions of his time; he seemed to have more than half an eye for a prince or a millionaire of genius; he seemed looking here and there for support



and the structural elements of a party. Still, the idea of a comprehensive movement of disillusioned and illuminated men behind the shams and patriotisms, the spites and personalities of the ostensible world was there."

I added some particulars.

"Our movement had something of that spirit in the beginning," said my Utopian double. "But while your men seem to be thinking disconnectedly, and upon a very narrow and fragmentary basis of accumulated conclusions, ours had a fairly comprehensive science of human association, and a very careful analysis of the failures of preceding beginnings to draw upon. After all, your world must be as full as ours was of the wreckage and decay of previous attempts; churches, aristocracies, orders, cults . . ."

"Only at present we seem to have lost heart altogether, and now there are no new religions, no new orders, no new cults--no beginnings any more."

"But that's only a resting phase, perhaps. You were saying-----"

"Oh!--let that distressful planet alone for a time! Tell me how you manage in Utopia."

## § 2.

The social theorists of Utopia, my double explained, did not base their schemes upon the classification of men into labour and capital, the landed interest, the liquor trade, and the like. They esteemed these as accidental categories, indefinitely amenable to statesmanship, and they looked for some practical and real classification upon which to base organisation.<sup>1</sup> But, on the other hand, the assumption that men are unclassifiable, because practically homogeneous, which underlies modern democratic methods and all the fallacies of our equal justice, is even more alien to the Utopian mind. Throughout Utopia there is, of course, no other than provisional classifications, since every being is regarded as finally unique, but for political and social purposes things have long rested upon a classification of temperaments, which attends mainly to differences in the range and quality and character of the individual imagination.

This Utopian classification was a rough one, but it served its purpose to determine the broad lines of political organisation; it was so far unscientific that many individuals fall between or within two or even three of its classes. But that was met by giving the correlated organisation a compensatory looseness of play. Four main classes of mind were distinguished, called, respectively, the Poietic, the Kinetic, the Dull, and the Base. The former two are supposed to

(1) In that they seem to have profited by a more searching criticism of early social and political speculations than our earth has yet undertaken. The social speculations of the Greeks, for example, had just the same primary defect as the economic speculations of the eighteenth century--they began with the assumption that the general conditions of the prevalent state of affairs were permanent.

constitute the living tissue of the State; the latter are the fulcra and resistances, the bone and cover of its body. They are not hereditary classes, nor is there any attempt to develop any class by special breeding, simply because the intricate interplay of heredity is untraceable and incalculable. They are classes to which people drift of their own accord. Education is uniform until differentiation becomes unmistakable, and each man (and woman) must establish his position with regard to the lines of this abstract classification by his own quality, choice, and development. . . .

The Poietic or creative class of mental individuality embraces a wide range of types, but they agree in possessing imaginations that range beyond the known and accepted, and that involve the desire to bring the discoveries made in such excursions, into knowledge and recognition. The scope and direction of the imaginative excursion may vary very greatly. It may be the invention of something new or the discovery of something hitherto unperceived. When the invention or discovery is primarily beauty then we have the artistic type of Poietic mind; when it is not so, we have the true scientific man. The range of discovery may be narrowed as it is in the art of Whistler or the science of a cytologist, or it may embrace a wide extent of relevance, until at last both artist or scientific inquirer merge in the universal reference of the true philosopher. To the accumulated activities of the Poietic type reacted upon by circumstances, are due almost all the forms assumed by human thought and feeling. All religious ideas, all ideas of what is good or beautiful, entered life through the poietic inspirations of man. Except for processes of decay, the forms of the human future must come also through men of this same type, and it is a primary essential to our modern idea of an abundant secular progress that these activities should be unhampered and stimulated.

The Kinetic class consists of types, various, of course, and merging insensibly along the boundary into the less representative constituents of the Poietic group, but distinguished by a more restricted range of imagination. Their imaginations do not range beyond the known, experienced, and accepted, though within these limits they may imagine as vividly or more vividly than members of the former group. They are often very clever and capable people, but they do not do, and they do not desire to do, new things. The more vigorous individuals of this class are the most teachable people in the world, and they are generally more moral and more trustworthy than the poietic types. They live,—while the Poietics are always something of experimentalists with life. The characteristics of either of these two classes may be associated with a good or bad physique, with excessive or defective energy, with exceptional keenness of the senses in some determinate direction, or such like "bent," and the kinetic type, just as the poietic type, may display an imagination of restricted or of the most universal range. But a fairly

energetic kinetic is probably the nearest thing to that ideal our earthly anthropologists have in mind when they speak of the "Normal" human being. The very definition of the poietic class involves a certain abnormality.

The Utopians distinguished two extremes of this kinetic class according to the quality of their imaginative preferences, the Dan and Beersheba, as it were, of this division. At one end is the mainly intellectual, unoriginal type, which, with energy of personality, makes an admirable judge or administrator and without it an uninventive, laborious mathematician, or scholar, or scientific man; while at the other end is the mainly emotional, unoriginal man, the type to which—at a low level of personal energy—my botanist inclines. The last type includes, amidst its energetic forms, great actors, and popular politicians and preachers. Between these extremes is a long and wide region of varieties, into which one would put most of the people who form the reputable workmen, the men of substance, the trustworthy men and women, the pillars of society on earth.

Below these two classes in the Utopian scheme of things, and merging insensibly into them, come the Dull. The Dull are persons of altogether inadequate imagination, the people who never seem to learn thoroughly, or hear distinctly, or think clearly. (I believe if everyone is to be carefully educated they would be considerably in the minority in the world, but it is quite possible that will not be the reader's opinion. It is clearly a matter of an arbitrary line.) They are the stupid people, the incompetent people, the formal, imitative people, the people who, in any properly organised State, should, as a class, gravitate towards and below the minimum wage that qualifies for marriage. The laws of heredity are far too mysterious for such offspring as they do produce to be excluded from a fair chance in the world, but for themselves, they count neither for work nor direction in the State.

Finally, with a bold disregard of the logician's classificatory rules, these Utopian statesmen who devised the World State, hewed out a class of the Base. The Base may, indeed, be either poietic, kinetic, or dull, though most commonly they are the last, and their definition concerns not so much the quality of their imagination as a certain bias in it, that to a statesman makes it a matter for special attention. The Base have a narrower and more persistent egoistic reference than the common run of humanity; they may boast, but they have no frankness; they have relatively great powers of concealment, and they are capable of, and sometimes have an aptitude and inclination towards, cruelty. In the queer phrasing of earthly psychology with its clumsy avoidance of analysis, they have no "moral sense." They count as an antagonism to the State organisation.

Obviously, this is the rudest of classifications, and no Utopian has ever supposed it to be a classification for individual application, a

classification so precise that one can say, this man is "poietic," and that man is "base." In actual experience these qualities mingle and vary in every possible way. It is not a classification for Truth, but a classification to an end. Taking humanity as a multitude of unique individuals in mass, one may, for practical purposes, deal with it far more conveniently by disregarding its uniquenesses and its mixed cases altogether, and supposing it to be an assembly of poietic, kinetic, dull, and base people. In many respects it behaves as if it were that. The State, dealing as it does only with non-individualised affairs, is not only justified in disregarding, but is bound to disregard, a man's special distinction, and to provide for him on the strength of his prevalent aspect as being on the whole poietic, kinetic, or what not. In a world of hasty judgments and carping criticism, it cannot be repeated too often that the fundamental ideas of a modern Utopia imply everywhere and in everything, margins and elasticities, a certain universal compensatory looseness of play.

### § 3.

Now these Utopian statesmen who founded the World State put the problem of social organisation something after the following fashion:—To contrive a revolutionary movement that shall absorb all existing governments and fuse them with itself, and that must be rapidly progressive and adaptable, and yet coherent, persistent, powerful, and efficient.

The problem of combining progress with political stability had never been accomplished in Utopia before that time, any more than it has been accomplished on earth. Just as on earth, Utopian history was a succession of powers rising and falling in an alternation of efficient conservative with unstable liberal states. Just as on earth, so in Utopia, the kinetic type of men had displayed a more or less unintentional antagonism to the poietic. The general life-history of a State had been the same on either planet. First, through poietic activities, the idea of a community has developed, and the State has shaped itself; poietic men have arisen first in this department of national life, and then that, and have given place to kinetic men of a high type—for it seems to be in their nature that poietic men should be mutually repulsive, and not succeed and develop one another consecutively—and a period of expansion and vigour has set in. The general poietic activity has declined with the development of an efficient and settled social and political organisation; the statesman has given way to the politician who has incorporated the wisdom of the statesman with his own energy, the original genius in arts, letters, science, and every department of activity to the cultivated and scholarly man. The kinetic man of wide range, who has assimilated his poietic predecessor, succeeds with far more readiness than his poietic contemporary in almost every human activity. The latter is by his very nature undisciplined and experimental, and is

positively hampered by precedents and good order. But with this substitution of the efficient for the creative type, the State ceases to grow, first in this department of activity, and then that, and so long as its conditions remain the same it remains orderly and efficient. But it has lost its power of initiative and change; its power of adaptation is gone, and with that secular change of conditions which is the law of life, stresses must arise within and without, and bring at last either through revolution or through defeat the release of fresh poetical power. The process, of course, is not in its entirety simple; it may be masked by the fact that one department of activity may be in its poetical stage, while another is in a phase of realisation. In the United States of America, for example, during the nineteenth century, there was great poetical activity in industrial organisation, and none whatever in political philosophy; but a careful analysis of the history of any period will show the rhythm almost invariably present, and the initial problem before the Utopian philosopher, therefore, was whether this was an inevitable alternation, whether human progress was necessarily a series of developments, collapses, and fresh beginnings, after an interval of disorder, unrest, and often great unhappiness, or whether it was possible to maintain a secure, happy, and progressive State beside an unbroken flow of poetical activity.

Clearly they decided upon the second alternative. If, indeed, I am listening to my Utopian self, then they not only decided the problem could be solved, but they solved it.

He tells me how they solved it.

A modern Utopia differs from all the older Utopias in its recognition of the need of poetical activities—one sees this new consideration creeping into thought for the first time in the phrasing of Comte's insistence that "spiritual" must precede political reconstruction, and in his admission of the necessity of recurrent books and poems about Utopias—and at first this recognition appears to admit only an added complication to a problem already unmanageably complex. Comte's separation of the activities of a State into the spiritual and material does, to a certain extent, anticipate this opposition of poetical and kinetic, but the intimate texture of his mind was dull and hard, the conception slipped from him again, and his suppression of literary activities, and his imposition of a rule upon the poetical types, who are least able to sustain it, mark how deeply he went under. To a large extent he followed the older Utopists in assuming that the philosophical and constructive problem could be done once for all, and he worked the results out simply under an organised kinetic government. But what seems to be merely an addition to the difficulty may in the end turn out to be a simplification, just as the introduction of a fresh term to an intricate irreducible mathematical expression will at times bring it to unity.

Now philosophers after my Utopian pattern, who find the ultimate significance in life in individuality, novelty and the undefined, would

not only regard the poietic element as the most important in human society, but would perceive quite clearly the impossibility of its organisation. This, indeed, is simply the application to the moral and intellectual fabric of the principles already applied in discussing the State control of reproduction (in chapter the sixth, § 2.) But just as in the case of births it was possible for the State to frame limiting conditions within which individuality played more freely than in the void, so the founders of this modern Utopia believed it possible to define conditions under which every individual born with poietic gifts should be enabled and encouraged to give them a full development, in art, philosophy, invention, or discovery. Certain general conditions presented themselves as obviously reasonable:—to give every citizen as good an education as he or she could acquire, for example; to so frame it that the directed educational process would never at any period occupy the whole available time of the learner, but would provide throughout a marginal free leisure with opportunities for developing idiosyncrasies, and to ensure by the expedient of a minimum wage for a specified amount of work, that leisure and opportunity did not cease throughout life.

But, in addition to thus making poietic activities possible, the founders of this modern Utopia sought to supply incentives, which was an altogether more difficult research, a problem in its nature irresolvably complex, and admitting of no systematic solution. But my double told me of a great variety of devices by which poietic men and women were given honour and enlarged freedoms, so soon as they produced an earnest of their quality, and he explained to me how great an ambition they might entertain.

There were great systems of laboratories attached to every municipal force station at which research could be conducted under the most favourable conditions, and every mine, and, indeed, almost every great industrial establishment, was saddled under its lease with similar obligations. So much for poietic ability and research in physical science. The World State tried the claims of every living contributor to any materially valuable invention, and paid or charged a royalty on its use that went partly to him personally, and partly to the research institution that had produced him. In the matter of literature and the philosophical and sociological sciences, every higher educational establishment carried its studentships, its fellowships, its occasional lectureships, and to produce a poem, a novel, a speculative work of force or merit, was to become the object of a generous competition between rival universities. In Utopia, any author has the option either of publishing his works through the public bookseller as a private speculation, or, if he is of sufficient merit, of accepting a university endowment, and conceding his copyright to the university press. All sorts of grants in the hands of committees of the most varied constitution supplemented these academic resources, and ensured that no possible contributor to the wide flow of the Utopian mind slipped into neglect. Apart from

those who engaged mainly in teaching and administration, my double told me that this world-wide House of Saloman<sup>1</sup> thus created sustained over a million men. For all the rarity of large fortunes, therefore, no original man with the desire and capacity for material or mental experiments went long without resources, and the stimulus of attention, criticism, and rivalry.

"And finally," said my double, "our Rules ensure a considerable understanding of the importance of poietic activities in the majority of the *samurai*, in whose hands as a class all the real power of the world resides."

"Ah!" said I, "and now we come to the thing that interests me most. For it is quite clear, in my mind, that these *samurai* form the real body of the State. All this time that I have spent going to and fro in this planet, it has been growing upon me that this order of men and women, wearing such a uniform as you wear, and with faces strengthened by discipline and touched with devotion, is the Utopian reality; that but for them, the whole fabric of these fair appearances would crumble and tarnish, shrink and shrivel, until at last, back I should be amidst the grime and disorders of the life of earth. Tell me about these *samurai*, who remind me of Plato's guardians, who look like Knights Templars, who bear a name that recalls the swordsmen of Japan . . . and whose uniform you yourself are wearing. What are they? Are they an hereditary caste, a specially educated order, an elected class? For, certainly, this world turns upon them as a door upon its hinges."

#### § 4.

"I follow the Common Rule, as many men do," said my double, answering my allusion to his uniform almost apologetically. "But my own work is, in its nature, poietic; there is much dissatisfaction with our isolation of criminals upon islands, and I am analysing the moral psychology of prison officials and criminals with a view to some better scheme. I am supposed to be ingenious with expedients in this direction. Typically, the *samurai* are engaged in administrative work. Practically the whole of the responsible rule of the world is in their hands; all our head teachers and disciplinary heads of colleges, our judges, barristers, employers of labour beyond a certain limit, practising medical men, legislators, must be *samurai*, and all the executive committees, and so forth, that play so large a part in our affairs are drawn by lot exclusively from them. The order is not hereditary—we know just enough of biology and the uncertainties of inheritance to know how silly that would be—and it does not require an early consecration or novitiate or ceremonies and initiations of that sort. The *samurai* are, in fact, volunteers. Any intelligent adult in a reasonably healthy and efficient State may, at

(1) *The New Atlantic*.

any age after five-and-twenty, become one of the *samurai*, and take a hand in the universal control."

"Provided he follows the Rule."

"Precisely—provided he follows the Rule."

"I have heard the phrase, 'voluntary nobility.'"

"That was the idea of our Founders. They made a noble and privileged order—open to the whole world. No one could complain of an unjust exclusion, for the only thing that could exclude from the order was unwillingness or inability to follow the Rule."

"But the Rule might easily have been made exclusive of special lineages and races."

"That wasn't their intention. The Rule was planned to exclude the dull, to be unattractive to the base, and to direct and co-ordinate all sound citizens of good intent."

"And it has succeeded?"

"As well as anything finite can. Life is still imperfect, still a thick felt of dissatisfactions and perplexing problems, but most certainly the quality of all its problems has been raised, and there has been no war, no grinding poverty, not half the disease, and an enormous increase of the order, beauty, and resources of life since the *samurai*, who began as a private aggressive cult, won their way to the rule of the world."

"I would like to have that history," I said. "I expect there was fighting?" He nodded. "But first—tell me about the Rule."

"The Rule aims to exclude the dull and base altogether, to discipline the impulses and emotions, to develop a moral habit and sustain a man in periods of stress, fatigue, and temptation, to produce the maximum co-operation of all men of good intent, and, in fact, to keep all the *samurai* in a state of moral and bodily health and efficiency. It does as much of this as well as it can, but, of course, like all general propositions, it does not do it in any case with absolute precision. On the whole, it is so good that most men who, like myself, are doing poetic work, and who would be just as well off without obedience, find a satisfaction in adhesion. At first, in the militant days, it was a trifle hard and uncompromising; it had rather too strong an appeal to the moral prig and harshly righteous man, but it has undergone, and still undergoes, revision and expansion, and every year it becomes a little better adapted to the need of a general rule of life that all men may try to follow. We have now a whole literature, with many very fine things in it, written about the Rule."

He glanced at a little book on his desk, took it up as if to show it me, then put it down again.

"The Rule consists of three parts; there is the list of things that qualify, the list of things that must not be done, and the list of things that must be done. Qualification exacts a little exertion, as evidence of good faith, and it is designed to weed out the duller dull and many of the base. Our schooling period ends now about



fourteen, and a small number of boys and girls—about three per cent.—are set aside then as unteachable, as, in fact, nearly idiotic; the rest go on to a college or upper school."

"All your population?"

"With that exception."

"Free?"

"Of course. And they pass out of college at eighteen. There are several different college courses, but one or other must be followed and a satisfactory examination passed at the end—perhaps ten per cent. fail—and the Rule requires that the candidate for the *samurai* must have passed."

"But a very good man is sometimes an idle schoolboy."

"We admit that. And so anyone who has failed to pass the college leaving examination may at any time in later life sit for it again—and again and again. Certain carefully specified things excuse it altogether."

"That makes it fair. But aren't there people who cannot pass examinations?"

"People of nervous instability——"

"But they may be people of great though irregular poetic gifts."

"Exactly. That is quite possible. But we don't want that sort of people among our *samurai*. Passing an examination is a proof of a certain steadiness of purpose, a certain self-control and patience——"

"Of a certain 'ordinariness.'"

"Exactly what is wanted."

"Of course, those others can follow other careers."

"Yes. That's what we want them to do. And, besides these two educational qualifications, there are two others of a similar kind of more debateable value. One is practically not in operation now. Our Founders put it that a candidate for the *samurai* must possess what they called a Technique, and, as it operated in the beginning, he had to hold the qualification for a doctor, for a lawyer, for a military officer, or an engineer, or teacher, or have painted acceptable pictures, or written a book, or something of the sort. He had, in fact, as people say, to 'be something,' or to have 'done something.' It was a regulation of vague intention even in the beginning, and it became catholic to the pitch of absurdity. To play a violin skilfully has been accepted as sufficient for this qualification. There may have been a reason in the past for this provision; in those days there were many daughters of prosperous parents—and even some sons—who did nothing whatever but idle uninterestingly in the world, and the organisation might have suffered by their invasion, but that reason has gone now, and the requirement remains a merely ceremonial requirement. But, on the other hand, another has developed. Our Founders made a collection of several volumes which they called, collectively, the Book of the Samurai, a compilation of articles and extracts, poems and prose pieces, which

were supposed to embody the idea of the order. It was to play the part for the *samurai* that the Bible did for the ancient Hebrews. To tell you the truth, the stuff was of very unequal merit; there was a lot of very second-rate rhetoric, and some nearly namby-pamby verse. There was also included some very obscure verse and prose that had the trick of seeming wise. But for all such defects, much of the Book, from the very beginning, was splendid and inspiring matter. From that time to this, the Book of the Samurai has been under revision, much has been added, much rejected, and some deliberately rewritten. Now, there is hardly anything in it that is not beautiful and perfect in form. The whole range of noble emotions finds expression there, and all the guiding ideas of our Modern State. We have recently admitted some terse criticism of its contents by a man named Henley."

"Old Henley!"

"A man who died a little time ago."

"I knew that man on earth. And he was in Utopia, too! He was a great red-faced man, with fiery hair, a noisy, intolerant man, with a tender heart—and was he one of the *samurai*?"

"He defied the Rules."

"He was a great man with wine. He wrote like wine; in our world he wrote wine; red wine with the light shining through."

"He was on the Committee that revised our Canon. For the revising and bracing of our Canon is work for poetical as well as kinetic men. You knew him in your world?"

"I wish I had. But I have seen him. On earth he wrote a thing. It would run:—

" Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever Gods may be,  
For my unconquerable soul. . . ."

"We have that here. All good earthly things are in Utopia. We put that in the Canon almost as soon as he died," said my double.

## § 5.

"We have now a double Canon, a very fine First Canon, and a Second Canon of work by living men and work of inferior quality, and a satisfactory knowledge of both of these is the fourth intellectual qualification for the *samurai*."

"It must keep a sort of uniformity in your tone of thought."

"The Canon pervades our whole world. As a matter of fact, very much of it is read and learnt in the schools. . . . Next to the intellectual qualification comes the physical, the man must be in sound health, free from certain foul, avoidable, and demoralising diseases, and in good training. We reject men who are fat, or thin and flabby, or whose nerves are shaky—we refer them back to training. And finally the man or woman must be fully adult."

"Twenty-one? But you said twenty-five!"

"The age has varied. At first it was twenty-five or over; then the minimum became twenty-five for men and twenty-one for women. Now there is a feeling that it ought to be raised. We don't want to take advantage of mere boy and girl emotions—men of my way of thinking, at any rate, don't—we want to get our *samurai* with experiences, with a settled mature conviction. Our hygiene and regimen are rapidly pushing back old age and death, and keeping men hale and hearty to eighty and more. There's no need to hurry the young. Let them have a chance of wine, love, and song; let them feel the bite of full-bodied desire, and know what devils they have to reckon with."

"But there is a certain fine sort of youth that knows the desirability of the better things at nineteen."

"They may keep the Rule at any time—without its privileges. But a man who breaks the Rule after his adult adhesion at five-and-twenty is no more in the *samurai* for ever. Before that age he is free to break it and repent."

"And now, what is forbidden?"

"We forbid a good deal. Many small pleasures do no great harm, but we think it well to forbid them, none the less, so that we can weed out the self-indulgent. We think that a constant resistance to little seductions is good for a man's quality. At any rate, it shows that a man is prepared to pay something for his honour and privileges. We prescribe a regimen of food, forbid tobacco, wine, or any alcoholic drink, all narcotic drugs——"

"Meat?"

"In all the round world of Utopia there is no meat. There used to be. But now we cannot stand the thought of slaughter-houses. And, in a population that is all educated, and at about the same level of physical refinement, it is practically impossible to find anyone who will hew a dead ox or pig. We never settled the hygienic question of meat eating at all. This other aspect decided us. I can still remember, as a boy, the rejoicings over the closing of the last slaughter-house."

"You eat fish."

"It isn't a matter of logic. In our barbaric past horrible flayed carcasses of brutes dripping blood, were hung for sale in the public streets." He shrugged his shoulders.

"They do that still in London—in *my* world," I said.

He looked again at my laxer, coarser face, and did not say whatever thought had passed across his mind.

"Originally the *samurai* were forbidden usury, that is to say the lending of money at fixed rates of interest. They are still under that interdiction, but since our commercial code practically prevents usury altogether, and our law will not recognise contracts for interest upon private accommodation loans to unprosperous borrowers, it is now scarcely necessary. The idea of a man growing richer by

mere inaction and at the expense of an impoverishing debtor, is profoundly distasteful to Utopian ideas, and our State insists pretty effectually now upon the participation of the lender in the borrower's risks. This, however, is only one part of a series of limitations of the same character. It is felt that to buy simply in order to sell again brings out many unsocial human qualities; it makes a man seek to enhance profits and falsify values, and so the *samurai* are forbidden to buy to sell on their own account or for any employer save the State, unless some process of manufacture changes the nature of the commodity (a mere change in bulk or packing does not suffice), and they are forbidden salesmanship and all its arts. Consequently they cannot be hotelkeepers, or hotel proprietors, or hotel shareholders, and a doctor—all practising doctors must be *samurai*—cannot sell drugs except as a public servant of the municipality or the State."

"That, of course, runs counter to all our current terrestrial ideas," I said. "We are obsessed by the power of money. These rules will work out as a vow of moderate poverty, and if your *samurai* are an order of poor men——"

"They need not be. *Samurai* who have invented, organised, and developed new industries, have become rich men, and many men who have grown rich by brilliant and original trading have subsequently become *samurai*."

"But these are exceptional cases. The bulk of your money-making business must be confined to men who are not *samurai*. You must have a class of rich, powerful outsiders——"

"Have we?"

"I don't see the evidences of them."

"As a matter of fact, we have such people! There are rich traders, men who have made discoveries in the economy of distribution, or who have called attention by intelligent, truthful advertisement to the possibilities of neglected commodities, for example."

"But aren't they a power?"

"Why should they be?"

"Wealth is power."

I had to explain that phrase.

He protested. "Wealth," he said, "is no sort of power at all unless you make it one. If it is so in your world it is so by inadvertency. Wealth is a State-made thing, a convention, the most artificial of powers. You can, by subtle statesmanship, contrive what it shall buy and what it shall not. In your world it would seem you have made leisure, movement, any sort of freedom, life itself, *purchaseable*. The more fools you! A poor working man with you is a man in discomfort and fear. No wonder your rich have power. But here a reasonable leisure, a decent life, is to be had by every man on easier terms than by selling himself to the rich. And rich as men are here, there is no private fortune in the whole world that is more than a little thing beside the wealth of the State.

The *samurai* control the State and the wealth of the State, and by their vows they may not avail themselves of any of the coarser pleasures wealth can still buy. Where, then, is the power of your wealthy man?"

"But, then—where is the incentive——?"

"Oh! a man gets things for himself with wealth—no end of things. But little or no power over his fellows—unless they are exceptionally weak or self-indulgent persons."

I reflected. "What else may not the *samurai* do?"

"Acting, singing, or reciting are forbidden them, though they may lecture authoritatively or debate. But professional mimicry is not only held to be undignified in a man or woman, but to weaken and corrupt the soul; the mind becomes foolishly dependent on applause, over skilful in producing tawdry and momentary illusions of excellence; it is our experience that actors and actresses as a class are loud, ignoble, and insincere. If they have not such flamboyant qualities then they are tepid and ineffectual players. Nor may the *samurai* do personal services, except in the matter of medicine or surgery; they may not be barbers, for example, nor inn waiters, nor boot cleaners. But, nowadays, we have scarcely any barbers or boot cleaners; men do these things for themselves. Nor may a man under the Rule be any man's servant, pledged to do whatever he is told. He may neither be a servant nor keep one; he must shave and dress and serve himself, carry his own food from the helper's place to the table, redd his sleeping room, and leave it clean. . . ."

"That is all easy enough in a world as ordered as yours. I suppose no *samurai* may bet?"

"Absolutely not. He may insure his life and his old age for the better equipment of his children, or for certain other specified ends, but that is all his dealings with chance. And he is also forbidden to play games in public or to watch them being played. Certain dangerous and hardy sports and exercises are prescribed for him, but not competitive sports between man and man or side and side. That lesson was learnt long ago before the coming of the *samurai*. Gentlemen of honour, according to the old standards, rode horses, raced chariots, fought, and played competitive games of skill, and the dull, cowardly and base came in thousands to admire, and howl, and bet. The gentlemen of honour degenerated fast enough into a sort of athletic prostitute, with all the defects, all the vanity, tricking, and self-assertion of the common actor, and with even less intelligence. Our Founders made no peace with this organisation of public sports. They did not spend their lives to secure for all men and women on the earth freedom, health, and leisure, in order that they might waste lives in such folly."

"We have those abuses," I said, "but some of our earthly games have a fine side. There is a game called cricket. It is a fine, generous game."

"Our boys play that, and men too. But it is thought rather

puerile to give very much time to it; men should have graver interests. It was undignified for the *samurai* to play conspicuously ill, and impossible for them to play so constantly as to keep hand and eye in training against the man who was fool enough and cheap enough to become an expert. Cricket, tennis, fives, billiards——. You will find clubs and a class of men to play all these things in Utopia, but not the *samurai*. And they must play their games as games, not as displays; the price of a privacy for playing cricket, so that they could charge for admission, would be overwhelmingly high. . . . Negroes are often very clever at cricket. For a time, most of the *samurai* had their sword-play, but few do those exercises now, and until about fifty years ago they went out for military training, a fortnight in every year, marching long distances, sleeping in the open, carrying provisions, and sham fighting over unfamiliar ground dotted with disappearing targets. There was a curious inability in our world to realise that war was really over for good and all."

"And now," I said, "haven't we got very nearly to the end of your prohibitions? You have forbidden alcohol, drugs, smoking, betting, and usury, games, trade, servants. But isn't there a vow of Chastity?"

"That is the Rule for your earthly orders?"

"Yes—except, if I remember rightly, for Plato's Guardians."

"There is a Rule of Chastity here—but not of Celibacy. We know quite clearly that civilisation is an artificial arrangement, and that all the physical and emotional instincts of man are too strong, and his natural instinct of restraint too weak, for him to live easily in the civilised State. Civilisation has developed far more rapidly than man has modified. Under the unnatural perfection of security, liberty and abundance our civilisation has attained, the normal untrained human being is disposed to excess in almost every direction; he tends to eat too much and too elaborately, to drink too much, to become lazy faster than his work can be reduced, to waste his interest upon displays, and to make love too much and too elaborately. He gets out of training, and concentrates upon egoistic or erotic broodings. The past history of our race is very largely a history of social collapses due to demoralisation by indulgences following security and abundance. In the time of our Founders the signs of a world-wide epoch of prosperity and relaxation were plentiful. Both sexes drifted towards sexual excesses, the men towards sentimental extravagances, imbecile devotions, and the complication and refinement of physical indulgences; the women towards those expansions and differentiations of feeling that find expression in music and costly and distinguished dress. Both sexes became unstable and promiscuous. The whole world seemed disposed to do exactly the same thing with its sexual interest as it had done with its appetite for food and drink—make the most of it."

He paused.

"Satiety came to help you," I said.

"Destruction may come before satiety. Our Founders organised motives from all sorts of sources, but I think the chief force to give men self-control is Pride. Pride may not be the noblest thing in the soul, but it is the best King there, for all that. They looked to it to keep a man clean and sound and sane. In this matter, as in all matters of natural desire, they held no appetite must be glutted, no appetite must have artificial whets, and also and equally that no appetite should be starved. A man must come from the table satisfied, but not replete. And, in the matter of love, a straight and clean desire for a clean and straight fellow-creature was our Founders' ideal. They enjoined marriage between equals as the *samurai's* duty to the race, and they framed directions of the precisest sort to prevent that uxorious inseparableness, that connubiality that sometimes reduces a couple of people to something jointly less than either. That canon is too long to tell you now. A man under the Rule who loves a woman who does not follow it, must either leave the *samurai* to marry her, or induce her to accept what is called the Woman's Rule, which, while it excepts her from the severer qualifications and disciplines, brings her regimen of life into a working harmony with his."

"Suppose she breaks the rule afterwards?"

"He must leave either her or the order."

"There is matter for a novel or so in that."

"There has been matter for hundreds."

"Is the Woman's Rule a sumptuary law as well as a regimen? I mean—may she dress as she pleases?"

"Not a bit of it," said my double. "Every woman who could command money used it, we found, to make underbred aggressions on other women. As men emerged to civilisation, women seemed going back to savagery—to paint and feathers. But the *samurai*, men and women, and the women under the Lesser Rule, also, all have a particular dress. No difference is made between women under either the Great or the Lesser Rule. You have seen the men's dress—always like this I wear. The women may wear the same, either with the hair cut short or streaming behind them, or they may have a high-waisted dress of very fine, soft woollen material, with their hair coiled up behind."

"I have seen it," I said. "Indeed, nearly all the women had seemed to be wearing variants of that simple formula. "It seems to me a very beautiful dress. The other—I'm not used to. But I like it on girls and slender women."

I had a thought, and added, "Don't they sometimes, well—take a good deal of care, dressing their hair?"

My double laughed in my eyes. "They do," he said.

"And the Rule?"

"The Rule is never fussy," said my double, still smiling.

"We don't want women to cease to be beautiful, and consciously

beautiful, if you like," he added. "The more real beauty of form and face we have, the finer our world. But costly sexualised trappings——"

"I should have thought," I said, "a class of women who traded on their sex would have arisen, women, I mean, who found an interest and an advantage in emphasising their individual womanly beauty. There is no law to prevent it. Surely they would tend to counteract the severity of costume the Rule dictates."

"There are such women. But for all that the Rule sets the key of everyday dress. If a woman is possessed by the passion for gorgeous raiment she usually satisfies it in her own private circle, or with rare occasional onslaughts upon the public eye. Her everyday mood and the disposition of most people is against being conspicuous abroad. And I should say there are little liberties under the Lesser Rule; a discreet use of fine needlework and embroidery, a wider choice of materials."

"You have no changing fashions?"

"None. For all that, are not our dresses as beautiful as yours?"

"Our women's dresses are not beautiful at all," I said, forced for a time towards the mysterious philosophy of dress. "Beauty? That isn't their concern at all."

"Then what are they after?"

"My dear man! What is all my world after?"

## § 6.

I should come to our third talk with a great curiosity to hear of the third portion of the Rule, of the things that a *samurai* is obliged to do.

There would be many precise directions regarding his health, and rules that aim at once at health and that constant exercise of will that makes life good. Save in specified exceptional circumstances, the *samurai* must bathe in cold water, and the men must shave every day; they have the precisest directions in such matters; the body must be in health, the skin and muscles and nerves in perfect tone, or the *samurai* must go to the doctors of the order, and give implicit obedience to the regimen prescribed. They must sleep alone at least four nights in five; and they must eat with and talk to anyone in their fellowship who cares for their conversation for an hour, at least, at the nearest club-house of the *samurai* once on three chosen days in every week. Moreover, they must read aloud from the Book of the *Samurai* for at least ten minutes every day. Every month they must buy and read faithfully through at least one book that has been published during the past five years, and the only intervention with private choice in that matter is the prescription of a certain minimum of length for the monthly book or books. But the full Rule in these minor compulsory matters is voluminous and detailed, and it abounds with alternatives. Its aim is rather to keep before the *samurai* by



a number of sample duties, as it were, the need of, and some of the chief methods towards health of body and mind, rather than to provide a comprehensive rule, and to ensure the maintenance of a community of feeling and interests among the *samurai* through habit, intercourse, and a living contemporary literature. These minor obligations do not earmark more than an hour in the day. Yet they serve to break down isolations of sympathy, all sorts of physical and intellectual sluggishness and the development of unsocial preoccupations of many sorts.

Women *samurai* who are married, my double told me, must bear children—if they are to remain married, and in the order—before the first period for terminating a childless marriage is exhausted. I failed to ask for the precise figures from my double at the time, but I think it is beyond doubt that it is from *samurai* mothers of the greater or lesser Rule that a very large proportion of the future population of Utopia will be derived. There is one liberty accorded to women *samurai* which is refused to men, and that is to marry outside the Rule, and women married to men not under the Rule are also free to become *samurai*. Here, too, it will be manifest there is scope for novels and the drama of life. In practice, it seems that it is only men of great poetic distinction outside the Rule, or great commercial leaders, who have wives under it. The tendency of such unions is either to bring the husband under the Rule, or take the wife out of it. There can be no doubt that these marriage limitations tend to make the *samurai* something of an hereditary class. Their children, as a rule, become *samurai*. But it is not an exclusive caste; subject to the most reasonable qualifications, anyone who sees fit can enter it at any time, and so, unlike all other privileged castes the world has seen, it increases relatively to the total population, and may indeed at last assimilate almost the whole population of the earth.

## § 7.

So much my double told me readily.

But now he came to the heart of all his explanations, to the will and motives at the centre that made men and women ready to undergo discipline, to renounce the richness and elaboration of the sensuous life, to master emotions and control impulses, to keep in the key of effort while they had abundance about them to rouse and satisfy all desires, and his exposition was more difficult.

He tried to make his religion clear to me.

The leading principle of the Utopian religion is the repudiation of the doctrine of original sin; the Utopians hold that man, on the whole, is good. That is their cardinal belief. Man has pride and conscience, they hold, that you may refine by training as you refine his eye and ear; he has remorse and sorrow in his being, coming on the heels of all inconsequent enjoyments. How can one think of him as

bad? He is religious; religion is as natural to him as lust and anger, less intense, indeed, but coming with a wide-sweeping inevitableness as peace comes after all tumults and noises. And in Utopia they understand this, or, at least, the *samurai* do, clearly. They accept Religion as they accept Thirst, as something inseparably in the mysterious rhythms of life. And just as thirst and pride and all desires may be perverted in an age of abundant opportunities, and men may be degraded and wasted by intemperance of drink, display, or ambition, so too the nobler complex of desires that constitutes religion may be turned to evil by the dull, the base, and the careless. Slovenly indulgence in religious inclinations, a failure to think hard and discriminate as fairly as possible in religious matters, is just as alien to the men under the Rule as it would be to drink deeply because they were thirsty, eat until gluttoned, evade a bath because the day was chilly, or make love to any bright-eyed girl who chanced to look pretty in the dusk. Utopia, which is to have every type of character that one finds on earth, will have its temples and its priests, just as it will have its actresses and wine, but the *samurai* will be forbidden the religion of dramatically lit altars, organ music, and incense, as distinctly as they are forbidden the love of painted women, or the consolations of brandy. And to all the things that are less than religion and that seek to comprehend it, to cosmogonies and philosophies, to creeds and formulæ, to catechisms and easy explanations, the attitude of the *samurai*, the note of the Book of *Samurai*, will be distrust. These things; the *samurai* will say, are part of the indulgences that should come before a man submits himself to the Rule; they are like the early gratifications of young men, experiences to establish renunciation. The *samurai* will have emerged above these things.

The theology of the Utopian rulers will be saturated with that same philosophy of uniqueness, that repudiation of anything beyond similarities and practical parallelisms, that saturates all their institutions. They will have analysed exhaustively those fallacies and assumptions that arise between the One and the Many, that have troubled philosophy since philosophy began. Just as they will have escaped that delusive unification of every species under its specific definition that has dominated earthly reasoning, so they will have escaped the delusive simplification of God that vitiates all terrestrial theology. They will hold God to be complex and of an endless variety of aspects, to be expressed by no universal formula, nor approved in any uniform manner. Just as the language of Utopia will be a synthesis, even so will its God be. The aspect of God is different in the measure of every man's individuality, and the intimate thing of religion must, therefore, exist in human solitude, between man and God alone. Religion in its quintessence is a relation between God and man; it is perversion to make it a relation between man and man, and a man may no more reach God through a priest than love his wife through a priest. But just as a man in love may refine

the interpretation of his feelings and borrow expression from the poems and music of poetical men, so an individual man may at his discretion read books of devotion and hear music that is in harmony with his inchoate feelings. Many of the *samurai*, therefore, will set themselves private regimens that will help their secret religious life, will pray habitually, and read books of devotion, but with these things the Rule of the order will have nothing to do.

Clearly the God of the *samurai* is a transcendental and mystical God. So far as the *samurai* have a purpose in common in maintaining the State, and the order and progress of the world, so far, by their discipline and denial, by their public work and effort, they worship God together. But the fount of motives lies in the individual life, it lies in silent and deliberate reflections, and at this, the most striking of all the rules of the *samurai* aims. For seven consecutive days in the year, at least, each man or woman under the Rule must go right out of all the life of man into some wild and solitary place, must speak to no man or woman, and have no sort of intercourse with mankind. They must go bookless and weaponless, without pen or paper, or money. Provisions must be taken for the period of the journey, a rug or sleeping sack—for they must sleep under the open sky—but no means of making a fire. They may study maps beforehand to guide them, showing any difficulties and dangers in the journey, but they may not carry such helps. They must not go by beaten ways or wherever there are inhabited houses, but into the bare, quiet places of the globe—the regions set apart for them.

This discipline, my double said, was invented to secure a certain stoutness of heart and body in the members of the order, which otherwise might have lain open to too many timorous, merely abstemious, men and women. Many things had been suggested, swordplay and tests that verged on torture, climbing in giddy places and the like, before this was chosen. Partly, it is to ensure good training and sturdiness of body and mind, but partly, also, it is to draw their minds for a space from the insistent details of life, from the intricate arguments and the fretting effort to work, from personal quarrels and personal affections, and the things of the heated room. Out they must go, clean out of the world.

Certain great areas are set apart for these yearly pilgrimages beyond the securities of the State. There are thousands of square miles of sandy desert in Africa and Asia set apart; much of the Arctic and Antarctic circles; vast areas of mountain land and frozen marsh; secluded reserves of forest, and innumerable unfrequented lines upon the sea. Some are dangerous and laborious routes; some merely desolate; and there are even some sea journeys that one may take in the halcyon days as one drifts through a dream. Upon the seas one must go in a little undecked sailing boat, that may be rowed in a calm; all the other journeys one must do afoot, none aiding. There are, about all these desert regions and along most

coasts, little offices at which the *samurai* says good-bye to the world of men, and at which they arrive after their minimum time of silence is overpast. For the intervening days they must be alone with Nature, necessity, and their own thoughts.

"It is good?" I said.

"It is good," my double answered. "We civilised men go back to the stark Mother that so many of us would have forgotten were it not for this Rule. And one thinks——. Only two weeks ago I did my journey for the year. I went with my gear by sea to Tromsø, and then inland to a starting place, and took my ice-axe and rucksack, and said good-bye to the world. I crossed over four glaciers; I climbed three high mountain passes, and slept on moss in desolate valleys. I saw no human being for seven days. Then I came down through pine woods to the head of a road that runs to the Baltic shore. Altogether it was thirteen days before I reported myself again, and had speech with fellow creatures."

"And the women do this?"

"The women who are truly *samurai*—yes. Equally with the men. Unless the coming of children intervenes."

I asked him how it had seemed to him, and what he thought about during the journey.

"There is always a sense of effort for me," he said, "when I leave the world at the outset of the journey. I turn back again and again, and look at the little office as I go up my mountain side. The first day and night I'm a little disposed to shirk the job—every year it's the same—a little disposed, for example, to sling my pack from my back, and sit down, and go through its contents, and make sure I've got all my equipment."

"There's no chance of anyone overtaking you?"

"Two men mustn't start from the same office on the same route within six hours of each other. If they come within sight of each other, they must shun an encounter, and make no sign—unless life is in danger. All that is arranged beforehand."

"It would be, of course. Go on telling me of your journey."

"I dread the night. I dread discomfort and bad weather. I only begin to brace up after the second day."

"Don't you worry about losing your way?"

"No. There are cairns and skyline signs. If it wasn't for that of course we should be worrying with maps the whole time. But I'm only sure of being a man after the second night, and sure of my power to go through."

"And then?"

"Then one begins to get into it. The first two days one is apt to have the events of one's journey, little incidents of travel, and thoughts of one's work and affairs, rising and fading and coming again; but then the perspectives begin. I don't sleep much at nights on these journeys; I lie awake and stare at the stars. About dawn,

perhaps, and in the morning sunshine, I sleep! The nights this last time were very short, never more than twilight, and I saw the glow of the sun always, just over the edge of the world. But I had chosen the days of the new moon, so that I could have a glimpse of the stars. . . . Once I went from the Nile across the Libyan Desert east, and then the stars—the stars in the later days of that journey—brought me near weeping. . . . You begin to feel alone on the third day, when you find yourself out on some shining snowfield, and nothing of mankind visible in the whole world save one landmark, one remote thin red triangle of iron, perhaps, in the saddle of the ridge, against the sky. All this busy world that has done so much and so marvellously, and is still so little—you see it little as it is—and far off. All day long you go and the night comes, and it might be another planet. Then, in the quiet, waking hours, one thinks of one's self and the great external things, of space and eternity, and what one means by God."

He mused.

"You think of death?"

"Not of my own. But when I go among snows and desolations—and usually I take my pilgrimage in mountains or the north—I think very much of the Night of this World—the time when our sun will be red and dull, and air and water will lie frozen together in a common snowfield where now the forests of the tropics are steaming. . . . I think very much of that, and whether it is indeed God's purpose that our kind should end, and the cities we have built, the books we have written, all that we have given substance and a form, should lie dead beneath the snows."

"You don't believe that?"

"No. But if it is not so——. I went threading my way among gorges and precipices, with my poor brain dreaming of what the alternative should be, with my imagination straining and failing. Yet, in those high airs and in such solitude, a kind of exaltation comes to men. . . . I remember that one night I sat up and told the rascal stars very earnestly how they should not escape us in the end."

He glanced at me for a moment as though he doubted I should understand.

"One becomes a personification up there," he said. "One becomes the ambassador of mankind to the outer world."

"There is time to think over a lot of things. One puts one's self and one's ambitions in a new pair of scales. . . ."

"Then there are hours when one is just exploring the wilderness like a child. Sometimes perhaps one gets a glimpse from some precipice edge of the plains far away, and houses and roadways, and remembers there is still a busy world of men. And at last one turns one's feet down some slope, some gorge that leads back. You come down, perhaps, into a pine forest, and hear that queer clatter reindeer make—and then, it may be, see a herdsman very

far away, watching you. You wear your pilgrim's badge, and he makes no sign of seeing you. . . .

"You know, after these solitudes, I feel just the same queer disinclination to go back to the world of men that I feel when I have to leave it. I think of dusty roads and hot valleys, and being looked at by many people. I think of the trouble of working with colleagues and opponents. This last journey I outstayed my time, camping in the pine woods for six days. Then my thoughts came round to my proper work again. I got keen to go on with it, and so I came back into the world. You come back physically clean—as though you had had your arteries and veins washed out. And your brain has been cleaned, too. . . . I shall stick to the mountains until I am old, and then I shall sail a boat in Polynesia. That is what so many old men do. Only last year one of the great leaders of the *samurai*—a white-haired man, who followed the Rule in spite of his one hundred and eleven years—was found dead in his boat far away from any land, far to the south, lying like a child asleep. . . ."

"That's better than a tumbled bed," said I, "and some boy of a doctor jabbing you with injections, and distressful people hovering about you."

"Yes," said my double; "in Utopia we who are *samurai* die better than that . . . . Is that how your great men die?" . . . .

It came to me suddenly as very strange that, even as we sat and talked, across deserted seas, on burning sands, through the still aisles of forests, and in all the high and lonely places of the world, beyond the margin where the ways and houses go, solitary men and women sailed alone or marched alone, or clambered—quiet, resolute exiles; they stood alone amidst wildernesses of ice, on the precipitous banks of roaring torrents, in monstrous caverns, or steering a tossing boat in the little circle of the horizon amidst the tumbled, incessant sea, all in their several ways communing with the emptiness, the enigmatic spaces and silences, the winds and torrents and soulless forces that lie about the lit and ordered life of men.

I saw more clearly now something I had seen dimly already, in the bearing and the faces of this Utopian chivalry, a faint persistent tinge of detachment from the immediate heats and hurries, the little graces and delights, the tensions and stimulations of the daily world. It pleased me strangely to think of this steadfast yearly pilgrimage of solitude, and how near men might come then to the high distances of God.

## § 8

After that I remember we fell talking of the discipline of the Rule, of the Courts that try breaches of it, and interpret doubtful cases—for, though a man may resign with due notice and be free after a certain time to rejoin again, one deliberate breach may exclude a man for ever—of the system of law that has grown up about such trials, and of the triennial council that revises and alters the Rule.

From that we passed to the discussion of the general constitution of this World State. Practically all political power vests in the *samurai*. Not only are they the only administrators, lawyers, practising doctors, and public officials of almost all kinds, but they are the only voters. Yet, by a curious exception, the supreme legislative assembly must have one-tenth, and may have one-half of its members outside the order, because, it is alleged, there is a sort of wisdom that comes of sin and laxness, which is necessary to the perfect ruling of life. My double quoted me a verse from the Canon on this matter that my unfortunate verbal memory did not retain, but it was in the nature of a prayer to save the world from "unfermented men." It would seem that Aristotle's idea of a rotation of rulers, an idea that crops up again in Harrington's *Oceana*, that first Utopia of "the sovereign people" (a Utopia that, through Danton's readings in English, played a disastrous part in the French Revolution), gets little respect in Utopia. The tendency is to give a practically permanent tenure to good men. Every ruler and official, it is true, is put on his trial every three years before a jury drawn by lot, according to the range of his activities, either from the *samurai* of his municipal area or from the general catalogue of the *samurai*, but the business of this jury is merely to decide whether to continue him in office or order a new election. In the majority of cases the verdict is continuation. Even if it is not so the official may still appear as a candidate before the second and separate jury which fills the vacant post. . . .

My double mentioned a few scattered details of the electoral methods, but as at that time I believed we were to have a number of further conversations, I did not exhaust my curiosities upon this subject. Indeed, I was more than a little preoccupied and inattentive. The religion of the *samurai* was after my heart, and it had taken hold of me very strongly. . . . But presently I fell questioning him upon the complications that arise in the Modern Utopia through the differences between the races of men, and found my attention returning. But the matter of that discussion I shall put apart into a separate chapter. In the end we came back to the particulars of this great Rule of Life that any man desirous of joining the *samurai* must follow.

I remember how, after our third bout of talking, I walked back through the streets of Utopian London to rejoin the botanist at our hotel.

My double lived in an apartment in a great building—I should judge about where, in our London, the Tate Gallery squats, and, as the day was fine and I had no reason for hurry, I went not by the covered mechanical way, but on foot along the broad, tree-set terraces that follow the river on either side.

It was afternoon, and the mellow Thames Valley sunlight, warm and gentle, lit a clean and gracious world. There were many people abroad, going to and fro, unhurrying, but not aimless, and I watched

them so attentively that were you to ask me for the most elementary details of the buildings and terraces that lay back on either bank, or of the pinnacles and towers and parapets that laced the sky, I could not tell you them. But of the people I could tell a great deal.

No Utopians wear black, and for all the frequency of the *samurai* uniform along the London ways the general effect is of a gaily-coloured population. You never see anyone noticeably ragged or dirty; the police, who answer questions and keep order (and are quite distinct from the organisation for the pursuit of criminals) see to that; and shabby people are very infrequent. People who want to save money for other purposes, or who do not want much bother with their clothing, seem to wear costumes of rough woven cloth dyed an unobtrusive brown or green, over fine woollen under-clothing, and so achieve a decent comfort in its simplest form. Others outside the Rule of the *samurai* range the spectrum for colour, and have every variety of texture; the colours attained by the Utopian dyers seem to me to be fuller and purer than the common range of stuffs on earth; and the subtle folding of the woollen materials witness that Utopian Bradford is no whit behind her earthly sister. White is extraordinarily frequent; white woollen tunics and robes into which are woven bands of brilliant colour, abound. Often these ape the cut and purple edge that distinguishes the *samurai*. In Utopian London the air is as clear and less dusty than it is among high mountains; the roads are made of unbroken surfaces, and not of friable earth; all heating is done by electricity and no coal ever enters the town; there are no horses or dogs, and so there is not a suspicion of smoke and scarcely a particle of any sort of dirt to render white impossible.

The radiated influence of the costume of the *samurai* has been to keep costume simple, and this, perhaps, emphasises the general effect of vigorous health, of shapely bodies. Everyone is well grown and well nourished; everyone seems in good condition; everyone walks well, and has that clearness of eye that comes with cleanness of blood. In London I am apt to consider myself of a passable size and carriage; here I feel small and mean-looking. The faint suspicions of spinal curvatures, skew feet, unequal legs, and ill-grown bones, that haunt one in a London crowd, the plain intimations—in yellow faces, puffy faces, spotted and irregular complexions, in nervous movements and coughs and colds—of bad habits and an incompetent or disregarded medical profession, do not appear here. I notice few old people, but there seems to be a greater proportion of men and women at or near the prime of life.

I hang upon that. I have seen one or two fat people here—they are all the more noticeable because they are rare. But wrinkled age? Have I yet in Utopia set eyes on a bald head?

And no one is grey-haired. The Utopians have brought a sounder physiological science than ours to bear upon regimen. People know better what to do and what to avoid, how to foresee and forestall



coming trouble, and how to evade and suppress the subtle poisons that blunt the edge of sensation. They have put off the years of decay. They keep their teeth, they keep their digestions, they ward off gout and rheumatism, neuralgia and influenza and all those cognate decays that bend and wrinkle men and women in the middle years of existence. They have extended the level years far into the seventies, and age, when it comes, comes swiftly and easily. The feverish hurry of our earth, the decay that begins before growth has ceased, is replaced by a ripe prolonged maturity. This modern Utopia is an adult world. The flushed romance, the predominant eroticisms, the adventurous uncertainty of a world in which youth prevails, gives place here to a grave deliberation, to a fuller and more powerful emotion, to a broader handling of life.

Yet youth is here.

Amidst the men whose faces have been made fine by thought and steadfast living, among the serene-eyed women, comes youth, gaily-coloured, buoyantly healthy, with challenging eyes, with fresh and eager face. . . .

For everyone in Utopia who is sane enough to benefit, study and training last until twenty; then comes the travel year, and many are still students until twenty-four or twenty-five. Most are still, in a sense, students throughout life, but it is thought that, unless responsible action is begun in some form in the early twenties, will undergoes a partial atrophy. But the full swing of adult life is hardly attained until thirty is reached. Men marry before the middle thirties, and the women rather earlier, few are mothers before five-and-twenty. The majority of those who become *samurai* do so between twenty-seven and thirty-five. And, between seventeen and thirty, the Utopians have their dealings with love, and the play and excitement of love is a chief interest in life. Much freedom of act is allowed them so that their wills may grow freely. For the most part they end mated, and love gives place to some special and more enduring interest, though, indeed, there is love between older men and fresh girls, and between youths and maturer women. It is in these most graceful and beautiful years of life that such freedoms of dress as the atmosphere of Utopia permits are to be seen, and the crude bright will and imagination of youth peeps out in ornament and colour.

Figures come into my sight and possess me for a moment and pass, and give place to others; there comes a dusky little Jewess, red-lipped and amber-clad, with a deep crimson flower—I know not whether real or sham—in the dull black of her hair. She passes me with an unconscious disdain; and then I am looking at a brightly-smiling, blue-eyed girl, tall, ruddy, and freckled warmly, clad like a stage Rosalind, and talking gaily to a fair young man, a novice under the Rule. A red-haired mother under the Lesser Rule goes by, green-gowned, with dark green straps crossing between her breasts, and her two shock-headed children, bare-legged and lightly

shod, tug at her hands on either side. Then a grave man in a long, fur-trimmed robe, a merchant, maybe, debates some serious matter with a white-tunicked clerk. And the clerk's face——? I turn to mark the straight, blue-black hair. The man must be Chinese. . . .

Then come two short-bearded men in careless indigo blue raiment, both of them convulsed with laughter—men outside the Rule, who practise, perhaps, some art—and then one of the *samurai*, in cheerful altercation with a blue-robed girl of eight. "But you *could* have come back yesterday, Dadda," she persists. He is deeply sunburnt, and suddenly there passes before my mind the picture of a snowy mountain waste at night-fall and a solitary small figure under the stars. . . .

When I come back to the present thing again, my eye is caught at once by a young negro, carrying books in his hand, a prosperous-looking, self-respecting young negro, in a trimly-cut coat of purple-blue and silver.

I am reminded of what my double said to me of race.

(*To be concluded.*)

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## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1905

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# THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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## THE AUSTRIAN PROBLEM

ALL who have followed Austrian affairs with intelligent care will remember the famous letter written in the spring of 1848 by Palacky, the Bohemian historian and statesman. In that remarkable document he pointed out that the Austrian Empire was a European necessity, and that it would have to be created if it did not already exist. This is as true at the present day as it was fifty-seven years ago. If, however, the position and power of Austria are as important for Europe as they were then, they are of ever-increasing interest for the British Empire. The unfortunate policy pursued towards Italy by statesmen at Vienna deprived their country for a while of the sympathies of this nation. But that is over now. Men of leading in the dominions of the House of Hapsburg perceive that the dominating interests of the Crown lie in the Near East. The force of circumstances has driven them to grasp a truth pointed out nearly two hundred years ago by the great Eugene. This makes Austria a natural ally of England. Those Englishmen who, on religious, ecclesiastical, or commercial grounds, are concerned with the fortunes of the Balkan Peninsula should lay to heart that the true means of promoting the cause of civilisation in south-eastern Europe is to secure the aid of a powerful and progressive Austria. The readjustment of the relations between the various races in that Empire, and the sympathetic consideration by its statesmen of Czech aspirations, is, however, a condition precedent to the full realisation by Austria of her Imperial mission.

The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy reposes, as we all know, on a fundamental law of December 21st, 1867, and consists of a number of lands and countries called the Austrian Empire, or Cis-Leithania, and the Hungarian Monarchy, including Croatia and Transylvania. These two divisions were then separated for ordinary legislative purposes. At the present moment the

friction resulting from this arrangement attracts anxious attention. But, though the definite settlement of the relations between Hungary and the rest of the Empire is a pressing necessity, it is not the most complicated problem statesmen of the Dual Monarchy have to solve. That is the Bohemian question, and it would tax the genius of an Alexander Hamilton. It lies at the root of all Austrian politics. The very existence of the Dynasty, in an independent position, depends on the intellectual and material development of Bohemia, because the Czechs constitute the only national force in the dominions of the House of Hapsburg capable of welding together the twenty-two millions of Austrian Slavs in resistance to the disintegrating tendencies of other nationalities. Considering the international position of Austria, it is obvious that European politics cannot be followed with intelligent interest by anyone who has not mastered the Bohemian question.

Bohemia is divided by chains of mountains from Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria and Austria. There is no mountainous frontier in the direction of Moravia—a country always counted as belonging to the Bohemian Crown. Bohemian history is made clear by this geographical position. The population is largely Slavonic. The neighbouring lands, except Moravia, are inhabited by Germans. The great chains of mountains which separate Bohemia from Germany impeded the penetration of German thought into the former country. This explains why the Slavonic mind has, to a great extent, retained its hold over Bohemia, while Slavonic territories on the shores of the Baltic have become entirely German. The dominating note in Bohemian history is resistance to German influence, and this elucidates the bitterness of many religious conflicts which have been often investigated from an exclusively theological point of view. They were inextricably bound up with national aspirations. Modern historical research has proved beyond question that the real strength of the movement associated with the name of Huss was opposition to German ascendancy, and the memory of that remarkable man is held sacred to this day by Czechs, who are loyal members of the Church of Rome.

The movement of the Reformation was also largely national. It was checkmated when, in 1620, the Catholic army of the German counter-Reformation won the battle of the White Mountain. That battle was the Chaeronea of Bohemia, and completely changed the current of the nation's history. The Protestant Creed, to which a large majority of the inhabitants adhered, was ruthlessly proscribed. The ancient nobility were driven into exile. Their lands were confiscated on a gigantic

scale, and the sequestrated property conferred on Roman Catholic foreigners of almost every nation under heaven—Italians, Walloons, Germans, and even Portuguese and Irish. In the towns the old Czech population was expelled and replaced by Germans. This policy was carried out so thoroughly that centres, now the strongholds of the Pan-Germanic party, only became German in the seventeenth century. The peasants, who were bound to the soil, were forced to conform to the Catholic Church, but they preserved their national language. It remained their only heritage, and they clung to it with passionate affection. They used it in conversation round the firesides of their homes, and to impress on their children the meaning of legends telling of old Bohemian greatness. Among the upper classes it fell into almost complete disuse, but its preservation by the great body of the people kept alive the feeling of a separate Bohemian nationality, distinct from other nationalities in the Austrian Empire.

After Frederick the Great had torn Silesia from Maria Theresa, that great Queen imagined that she would knit her dominions more firmly together if she took as a pattern the system of government set up by him in his newly-acquired territory. She introduced it into Bohemia in 1749 by proceedings which ignored traditions and rights sanctified by the practice of centuries. Countries which had hitherto been bound together in a loose but real union were converted into districts and governed by a strange and unsympathetic bureaucracy. This was the commencement of the system of centralisation in Austria, which, although perhaps not without beneficial influence in other times, is now the main hindrance to the progress of the Empire. Viennese bureaucrats decide questions affecting the comfort and well-being of populations in countries of which they are entirely ignorant. Galicia, with its indigent population and prevalent squalor, the Alpine provinces, with their special forms of social and economic life, Upper and Lower Austria, with their highly-developed civilisation, progressive countries like Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, are governed on one pattern from offices in Vienna. In a Naval squadron the slowest moving battleship determines the speed of the others. Similarly in Austria, the backward countries largely influence administrative methods for all the dominions of the Crown. The inconvenience is obvious. Measures which would be moderate reforms in rich and progressive countries, further in the more backward a superficial and destructive radicalism. Centralisation therefore causes the whole Empire to move with uncertain and unsteady steps in the path of progress. There is perpetual friction under an outward appearance of uniformity. German is the language of the Government



offices, and the Viennese bureaucracy are perfectly right in holding that its domination is absolutely necessary if the present system is to be maintained. That requires a uniform language, which can hardly be any other than German. The Germans, therefore, are the champions of centralisation. Thus it has come to pass that Germanism, centralisation and bureaucracy are bound up together in Austria, and form an irritating and dangerous obstacle to the prosperity of the Empire.

The Pan-Germanic Party in Germany is never weary of preaching, in season and out of season, that the Austrian German must lead the van in the battle of all German-speaking people with races using another tongue. It would be difficult to express more clearly the significance of the Bohemian question. The Pan-Germans understand perfectly well why they fight for German as the compulsory official language in Cis-Leithania. They desire that a German impress should be given to the countries which compose this portion of the dominions of the House of Hapsburg, in order to facilitate their ultimate absorption in the German Empire. This aim is seen by competent observers clearly enough; but it is astounding that governing personalities in Vienna cannot be made to understand the danger. The growth of the Pan-Germanic idea is very remarkable, and it is steadily gaining strength among the Austrian German youth. It receives very efficient assistance from Germany. In Germany more than in any other country in the world, movements which influence history take their rise in theoretical enthusiasms. Much of the literature which is their outcome would almost make me question the sanity of its writers, if I had not learnt from Madame de Staël that thinking calms men of other nations, but it sets the German brain on fire. These enthusiasms are at first rarely noticed by superficial observers, or if such persons deign to give them attention at all, it is for the purpose of regarding them with supercilious contempt. All national movements in Germany in our time have run exactly the same course. The Government at Berlin invariably pretends at first that they are unworthy of attention. When they become more powerful it openly repudiates while it secretly encourages them. When what Bismarck used to call the psychological moment arrives it drops the mask, and becomes the avowed champion of the cause it pretended to ignore. This was how it acted in the case of the Nationalverein, a society which was formed some fifty years since for the purpose of establishing Prussian hegemony in Germany. It was also the line taken by Bismarck in connection with the three wars arranged in order to found that hegemony, and create the new German Empire. The German Government is acting similarly at the present moment. It holds

aloof from the Pan-Germanic party in Austria. It is occasionally embarrassed by the injudicious language and premature action of that band of wreckers. It keeps, however, in connection with them while sympathising more actively with the German People's Party, whose policy, if triumphant, would lead inevitably to the same result as that of the Pan-Germans. The German People's Party desire an alliance with Germany, consecrated by a fundamental Constitutional Law in each country, to be followed by a Customs Union. It is manifest that in present circumstances this would mean the subordination of the House of Hapsburg to the Empire ruled from Berlin. It is against this policy that the Czechs make their stand. Their geographical position invests their cause with a far-reaching importance, and it should be thoroughly understood that they are struggling solely against the false idea that Austria is a German State. They do not desire to interfere with German nationality in that Empire, and even in districts where the Czechs are in a majority they only wish to enjoy equal rights with the German minority. Their only desire is to emancipate the Empire from foreign influence. The chief obstacle in the way of the reforms they advocate is the difficulty of changing the whole direction of State policy in a country so bureaucratic as Austria still remains. The Viennese bureaucracy follows its own path with dogged persistency. Its strength is an advantage in preserving continuity of policy in a country so exposed to political hurricanes. It becomes, however, a danger when it grows so strong that it cannot be made to adapt itself to circumstances which force the State permanently in a new political direction. Austrian dealings with Hungary are an instance in point. It was the unyielding stubbornness and complacent self-conceit of the bureaucracy in Vienna which led to the incomplete settlement of 1867. It clung to untenable positions, and when forced to abandon them did so with nervous haste. It had neither light nor energy enough to prevent the formation of a state of things which all clear-headed men of the time knew perfectly well must end in confusion. In the year 1867 it would have been possible by firmness, perseverance, and clearness of vision to have framed a new constitutional system establishing the unity of all the dominions of the House of Hapsburg on a solid foundation. Instead of facing the situation with hope and courage the bureaucrats of Vienna lost heart when confronted with the Hungarian difficulty, gave way to the Magyars in panic-stricken haste, and turned their attention to resisting the national aspirations of the Czechs, in order to maintain their system in Cis-Leithania.

Many good and loyal Austrians throughout the nineteenth

century entertained the view that the German element in the Empire was the strongest force that held it together. Previous to 1870 that was an opinion which might reasonably have been held. But as the Germans were a considerable minority in the Empire it was plain that their position could not long be maintained unless Austria won the undisputed hegemony of Germany. This was the view of Schwarzenberg, the most commanding personality who, since the accession of the present Emperor, has served the Austrian Crown. Austria could not, however, obtain preponderance in Germany unless Prussia was completely crushed. It is possible that had Schwarzenberg lived, this might have been accomplished. After his untimely death in 1852, the policy of the Court of Vienna became uncertain and tortuous. In spite of Lord Palmerston's advice, it allowed itself to be dragged at the heel of Prussia in the Schleswig-Holstein question, and consistently committed every error which could assist the cause of its rival. At last the day of Königgrätz, on the 3rd of July, 1866, decided the struggle, which was opened at Mollwitz on the 10th of April, 1741.

It was not to be expected that the Government of Vienna should at once realise the significance of the fatal day of Königgrätz. On the advice of the late King Albert of Saxony, then Crown Prince, and perhaps also of his distinguished father, King John, the Emperor Francis Joseph entrusted the affairs of his Empire to Freiherr von Beust. This statesman, with the help of the Viennese bureaucracy, made the arrangement with Hungary which is now breaking down. Beust hoped to keep the Hungarians quiet, and while maintaining the supremacy of the Germans in Cis-Leithania to reverse, by means of alliances with France and Italy, the verdict of Königgrätz. He did not succeed with the Hungarians, who opposed his policy of alliances, fearing that if he gained his end the arrangement recently made with Hungary would be revised. Moreover, at the head of Prussia there was a great statesman with a knowledge of the forces and currents of European life unequalled by anyone except Lord Palmerston, who, in 1865, had disappeared from the scene. How Bismarck baffled Austrian and French machinations is now known to all well-informed men. The Prussian victory at Königgrätz was crowned at Sedan. After that event Beust altered his attitude, and endeavoured to enter into friendly relations with the Court of Berlin. It was about this time that Bismarck said to a friend of mine, "Beust appears really to take himself quite seriously." The Prussian statesman saw how he could use him to further his own ends. Bismarck had two objects in view; to keep France crippled, and to prevent the consolidation of the Austrian Empire on a solid basis. To gain the first he devoted his energies to

promote the establishment of a "*République dissolvante*." To secure the second he was determined to prevent the conciliation of Bohemia, for he knew it would lead to a strong and independent Austria, governed by men who would not take from Berlin the word of command.

The German victories during the war of 1870 forced on the Emperor Francis Joseph and men of leading in his Empire the necessity of reconsidering their past policy. All hope had to be abandoned of Austria recovering her old position in Germany. The realisation of this fact reacted at once on internal politics. The position of moral superiority, which the Germans enjoyed in Cis-Leithania, could not possibly be maintained in an Austria definitely separated from Germany. The Germans form now about 24 per cent. of the total population of the Dual Monarchy, and hardly 36 per cent. of the population of Cis-Leithania. The proportions in 1870 were similar. The Emperor had to turn towards his Slav subjects. Far the most important of the Slav nationalities is the Czech, dominating Bohemia and Moravia, and very powerful in Austrian Silesia. They were in 1870 in a state of sullen discontent, and the problem was to devise means to conjure it away. In the posthumous work of Schäffle, *Aus meinem Leben*, recently published, the character of the negotiations for the purpose are explained. Dr. Schäffle is known to all as one of the most brilliant and perhaps the most suggestive of political economists in the nineteenth century, who to the day of his death continued to throw light on difficult economic problems. He is not so well known as a statesman. Nevertheless, it seems to me that it might be said of him, as Choiseul said of Talleyrand, that he had in an exceptional manner "*l'avenir dans l'esprit*."

In the summer of 1870, Schäffle was in Rorschach, in Switzerland, when he received a telegram from Count Dürckheim, a man who enjoyed the special confidence of the Emperor of Austria, telling him to come at once to Vienna. When Schäffle arrived in the Imperial City, he was taken by Dürckheim to a Conference, at which Count Hohenwart, Governor of Upper Austria, Baron von Helfert, formerly Under-Secretary of State at the Ministry of Education, Hofrath von Beck, and Habietinek, a distinguished Czech jurist, were present. Baron von Helfert said that he had been encouraged by the Emperor to go to Bohemia, and to enter into negotiations with the leaders of the Czech party, with a view to an arrangement between Bohemia and the rest of the Empire. The Sovereign gave him to understand that he was willing to appoint a Minister for Bohemia and Moravia responsible to the Diet at Prague, and to finish the work

of conciliation by following the custom of his ancestors, and be crowned with traditional ceremony in the capital of Bohemia. The report which Helfert made to the Conference showed that an arrangement, not only consistent with, but strengthening the unity of the Empire, was within the range of practical politics.

Count Henry Clam-Martinic possessed at that time preponderating influence in Bohemia. This nobleman was a Conservative in the highest and truest acceptance of the term. He was a sincere lover of liberty, realising thoroughly that it could not exist without order. He was a believing and religious Catholic, an enemy of clerical domination, but a strenuous supporter of ecclesiastical rights consistent with freedom and sanctioned by the law of the land. He had considerable administrative experience in offices held in Vienna, Pesth and Cracow. He was every inch a nobleman in appearance and in character. He enjoyed the complete confidence of the powerful aristocracy of Bohemia, and could count on the political support of such houses as Schwarzenberg, Lobkowitz and Fürstenberg. He was a true Austrian, and an Imperialist to the very marrow of his bones. Nothing was further from his mind than to weaken the Imperial authority or to promote the disintegration of the Empire. But it was a serious circumstance that he was out of favour with the Emperor. The reason of this disfavour dated back to 1859. At that time, Count Clam-Martinic, being Governor of West Galicia, was summoned by the Emperor to Vienna to form a Ministry. He declined to do so because he would not sit in the same Cabinet with Bruck, whose presence in the Government was insisted upon by the Sovereign. When Count Clam was in audience he insisted that unless a Constitution, based on the principles of local autonomy and popular representation was promulgated, a system of government controlled by Parliamentary majorities in a centralised Parliament was inevitable. The Emperor answered somewhat tartly that he never would agree to government by majorities in a central Parliament. Clam replied, with due deference, that in consequence of his Majesty's action, and of the political conduct of the men to whom he gave his confidence, a couple of years would not pass over before he would be forced to do so. This prophecy was fulfilled to the letter, and on February 25th, 1861, a centralised constitution was proclaimed leading to Government by Parliamentary majorities. This rather added to the dislike of the Monarch for Clam-Martinic, which was nothing short of a calamity when, in 1871, a serious attempt was being made to settle the Bohemian question. Closely associated with Clam-Martinic was Dr. Ladislaus Rieger, the son-in-law of Palacky, a man not always weighing the meaning of his words, and not gifted with

great administrative qualities, but highly and justly respected. Dr. Prazak, a Moravian Czech, a considerable jurist and a man of singularly balanced mind, was the third leading personality of the time. These men enjoyed the confidence of the Czechs, but Count Henry Clam-Martinic was the undisputed leader, enthusiastically and loyally supported both by Rieger and Prazak. He was, therefore, a man whose views would have to be ascertained by any Government dealing with the Bohemian question. His disfavour with the Emperor made this difficult, but Helfert undertook to get them formulated, succeeded in doing so, and in the Conference just mentioned laid them before those present. All agreed they might form the basis of negotiation, and Schäffle was particularly clear on the subject. On October 24th Dr. Schäffle was received in audience by the Emperor, and he was asked to state freely his views on the Bohemian question. This he did without reserve. The Emperor listened attentively, and five days afterwards, on October 29th, Schäffle received an order from his Sovereign to put himself in communication with Count Hohenwart, who had undertaken to form a Cabinet to carry out a policy of conciliation to Bohemia. Schäffle requested that the command should be kept secret from Beust, then Chancellor of the Empire, because he feared that statesman would endeavour to make the formation of such a Cabinet impossible. The Emperor agreed, and as Schäffle was leaving the room he said, "*Ich kann nicht länger gegen meine Völker lügen*" (I can no longer continue to lie to my people). In due course the Cabinet was formed. Count Hohenwart was the Prime Minister, and also went to the Home Office. Schäffle was Minister of Commerce and also of Agriculture, and Habietinek Minister of Justice. There were the usual difficulties, clerical and religious, as regards the Ministry of Education, but it was ultimately confided to Dr. J. Jirezeck, a man of considerable administrative experience and integrity. General Scholl, a highly respected soldier, was proposed by the Emperor for the War Office. His Majesty was not equally happy in his choice of Holzgethan, whom he forced upon Hohenwart as Minister of Finance. The secret of this Cabinet being formed was closely kept for three months, so that the whole world was astonished when its accession to power was announced on February 6th, 1871.

It appeared as if the hour had come to settle the Bohemian question. The national feeling in that country, which began to revive in the last years of the eighteenth century, had under various influences acquired strength, and in 1848 it was a formidable power. Towards the end, however, of the year 1849 it showed clear symptoms of decline. The ten years between

1849 and 1859 were spent by German officials in a steady and sustained effort to suppress it altogether. In 1859 the system of absolute government in Austria broke down in consequence of the Italian Campaign. A general desire for a Constitution grew up, rather with a view of making an experiment than from any belief that Parliamentary Government could be successful in a country where parties are national rather than political. In October, 1860, Parliamentary institutions were established in all parts of the Empire, and in February, 1861, a Constitution was promulgated which is still mainly in force in the non-Hungarian part of the dominions of the House of Hapsburg. Besides the Central Parliament at Vienna, separate representative bodies, of one chamber only, were established in seventeen different parts of this portion of the Dual Monarchy. The most important of these is the representative body in Bohemia. It consists of 242 persons. The Archbishop of Prague, three Bohemian bishops, and the Rectors of the two Universities of Prague are *ex officio* members. Of the remaining 236, 70 are chosen by a few hundred owners of large estates; 87 by towns and Chambers of Commerce; the remaining 79 are elected by the peasantry according to a system of double election. Each village community chooses electors, these meet in their turn and select the representatives of the district. When the Bohemian Diet met in 1861, the undue proportion of German representatives excited great surprise. They were especially numerous among the representatives of the peasants, and it became manifest that the new arrangement favoured Germans everywhere. Some of the deputies of the Bohemian peasantry represented a couple of thousand persons, others some five-and-twenty thousand, and it was invariably the case that the Czechs represented the larger number of voters. The first Act of this Diet was to elect representatives to the Parliament of Vienna, which at that time consisted of delegates from the provincial representative bodies. The Czech members in Vienna soon discovered a settled intention to encroach on the rights of their Local Diet, and they seceded in a body in 1863 from the Central Parliament. Hungary, Croatia, and Venice, which was still part of the Austrian Empire, refused to send delegates to Vienna at all. It became manifest that the new arrangement would not work. The Schmerling Ministry, which was mainly responsible for it, resigned, and in 1865 the Constitution of February was suspended. Count Belcredi then undertook the task of satisfying the aspirations of the various nationalities while preserving the unity of the Empire, but in 1866 the war with Prussia broke out, and at its termination Beust was first appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, and after-

wards was given the title of Chancellor of the Empire. He induced the Emperor to make special arrangements with Hungary instead of endeavouring to reconstruct the Empire as a whole. The result was that Hungary with Croatia and Transylvania became a separate country from Austria, so far as its domestic affairs were concerned, and a state of things was established which, I remember, at the time, was powerfully criticised by leading Austrian statesmen, and which everyone sees now is fraught with danger. The Czechs, who had ceased since 1863 to attend the Parliament of Vienna, withdrew from the Diet of Prague on April 16th, 1867. In 1868 they published a Declaration in which they declined to form part of Cis-Leithania, demanded that Moravia and Silesia should be reunited to Bohemia, and asserted the sovereignty of their ancient kingdom. They commanded the sympathies of the Slav race throughout the Empire, and this was the state of things when the Hohenwart Ministry came into power.

The dominating party in the Vienna Parliament at that time was the so-called Constitutional Party. Its ideal Constitution for Austria was one which favoured the artificial domination of floating capital, and of property connected with it in industrial centres in Cis-Leithania. Political centralisation was also very dear to it, but was not its governing idea. It desired centralisation as a means of domination. The great economist, Roscher, when he pointed out that uniformity and centralisation were pushed to extreme lengths in the interests of a monied oligarchy, accurately described the situation. A set of cosmopolitan capitalists acquired immense influence in the State, and dominated the Press. Everything was made subservient to the acquisition of money, and when men sneered at the traditions of noble houses and derided the dictates of conscience they were considered broad-minded and liberal. There were, it is true, many honourable but mistaken centralists who still clung to the Metternich administrative tradition, and were proud of the work of Felix Schwarzenberg. These, however, were hated by the majority of this Liberal Party, in proportion to their ability and political purity. Their patriotism was sneered at, and they were considered stupid and reactionary because they declined to be the humble servants of capitalists and Jews, and did not indulge in ill-bred blasphemy. This was the fate of men like Hock, Czoernig, and Leo Thun. To identify that Liberal Party with the interests of the Germans in Austria is preposterous. It depended for its strength on the influence of banks, stock exchanges, limited companies, and a venal Press. In 1871, the great majority of the middle classes and of moderate men in Upper and Lower Austria were decidedly on the side of the Federalists, and this was the case with almost the



entire peasantry. The same is true of Styria, Salzburg, North Tyrol, and Voralberg. The Hohenwart Ministry had to face, just in consequence of the wide sympathy felt for the ideas it represented, the most bitter opposition from the partisans of a centralised constitution and cosmopolitan finance. One of the most conspicuous members of this set was Dr. Giskra, who had fumed in the Frankfort Parliament in 1848, had considerable influence in the Vienna Press, and was<sup>\*</sup>looked upon as a man of light in Jewish circles of the Imperial city. He distinguished himself on the day on which Parliament met by making a coarse and vulgar attack on the Ministers of the Crown, in which he transgressed the limits of order. He, however, received the support of the President, Baron Hopfen, one of the leading capitalists of the Liberal Party, who afterwards obtained a very unenviable financial notoriety. As the debate on the Address proceeded, the representatives of international finance attacked the Government with malignant fury. Their conduct, however, enabled Count Hohenwart to show that to his well-known administrative and statesmanlike capacity he added Parliamentary abilities of a very high order. When the session closed, Schöffle went to Prague to confer with the leaders of the Bohemian Party. On May 16th he met Count Clam-Martinic, Rieger, Palacky, Prince Schwarzenberg, Prince George Lobkowitz, Brauner, Sladkowski, Dr. Prazak, and Count Harrach. Several conferences took place in the residence of the last-mentioned nobleman. Those who were present were fair representatives of Bohemian aspirations. Everything promised well, and Count Clam-Martinic drew up certain fundamental articles which were to be the basis of an agreement. These fundamental articles were accepted by the country, and it appeared as if the greatest Austrian problem were near solution. The Czech deputies resumed their seats in the Diet of Prague, and a Royal message was read in which the Emperor Francis Joseph recognised the rights of the kingdom of Bohemia, and his willingness to confirm this assurance by taking the Coronation Oath. It was pointed out in this message that the new Constitution for Bohemia must be in harmony with the Constitutions of Austria and Hungary. The Czechs never desired anything else, and set to work to elaborate a scheme which, while satisfying their claims, would not only preserve, but greatly strengthen the unity and power of the Empire. Suddenly a change came over the mind of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The influence of Bismarck began to be felt. That statesman gave directions that the leading newspapers in Vienna should be ordered by the Press Bureau in the Foreign Office at Berlin to attack Hohenwart. Hohenwart was well aware of these machinations, for the original of an official

telegram from Berlin to the *Alte Presse*, one of the leading journals of Vienna, came into his hands. It contained these words : "Beust gegen Hohenwart stützen." Beust's governing idea was to maintain German domination in Cis-Leithania, and he was opposed to all concessions to the Czechs. Beust and Bismarck now arranged meetings between themselves, the Emperor Francis Joseph and William I. of Germany, at Wels, Gastein, Ischl, and Salzburg. Beust, who was feverishly anxious to make peace with Bismarck, suggested the formation of an "International" of Governments against the Red and Black Internationals. The Black International was, of course, the Ultramontane Party. Hohenwart looked askance at and endeavoured to prevent the interviews of his Sovereign with Bismarck and the Emperor William. The meeting at Wels, however, was difficult to avoid, and then the Emperor Francis Joseph accompanied the Emperor William from Wels through Gmunden to Ischl. During this journey the former had a remarkable conversation with the latter Sovereign, which Francis Joseph repeated to Count Hohenwart. The Emperor William declared that it was only after eight days spent in prayer that he had agreed to begin the war of 1866, and he expressed his thankfulness to the Emperor Francis Joseph for his present conciliatory attitude. He went on to say that the war of 1870 against France revenged the defeat of the Austrian Army by the French in 1859. When the Sovereigns arrived in the neighbourhood of Gmunden, the Emperor William asked three times, in a voice broken with emotion, to be shown the villa in which the King of Hanover resided. He gazed at it for a considerable time in silence, shed appropriate tears, and then, with further signs of deep feeling, asked many questions about the health of that Sovereign, whose kingdom he had seized, and whose private property he had sequestered. When they arrived at Ischl, he became more confidential, spoke with the deepest sympathy of Austrian affairs, and expressed his most earnest hope that no *Schmerzenschrei*, no wail from Germans oppressed in Austria, should be heard in Germany. He made use of a similar expression to Beust, who made the most of it with Francis Joseph. The only oppression with which Germans in Austria were threatened was that the German minority might be placed on an equality with races which formed the majority. On August 18th, Francis Joseph celebrated his birthday at Ischl, and he was joined on this occasion by his friend, the Crown Prince of Saxony, who afterwards became King Albert. It was, as I have said before, on the recommendation of this Prince that Beust had been taken into the Austrian service. When the birthday festivities were over, the Emperor Francis Joseph went on to Gastein, where

Beust then was. At Gastein, that statesman had long audiences with his own Sovereign and with the Emperor William, and he babbled about plans for forming his "International" of Governments. He then began to insinuate to the Emperor Francis Joseph the advisability of giving moral support to Bismarck in the policy which developed into the Kultur Kampf. Bismarck at the same time spoke to Count Hohenwart about the Catholic question, and described the Ultramontane Party as a Black International more dangerous than the Red. Hohenwart replied coldly that he feared persecution would simply strengthen this dangerous faction, and would call into existence an objectionable Clerical Party in Austria. As regards troubles to be apprehended from the action of Socialists, he expressed himself satisfied with the powers which the existing law placed at the disposal of the Government. Hohenwart then went on to Salzburg, where the Sovereigns met again. In that city he received the news of the elections in Moravia, which indicated the successful progress of his policy of conciliation. The Emperor William appeared extremely pleased, and shook Hohenwart warmly by the hand, while Bismarck assured him that he would do all he could to get for him the support of Andrassy, the Hungarian Prime Minister, in his patriotic efforts to place the Austrian Empire on a firm foundation. But at the very moment Bismarck made this promise, his agents were exciting agitation in Vienna against Hohenwart's policy, and he himself was labouring to convince Andrassy that if it succeeded the arrangement of 1867 with Hungary would be threatened. On October 19th, Andrassy and Beust were received in audience by the Emperor Francis Joseph. They were rivals for the favour of Bismarck, and they spoke as he desired. On the next day, Friday, October 20th, a Council was convened at which, besides the members of Hohenwart's Cabinet, Beust, the Chancellor of the Empire, Kuhn, Lonyay, and Baron Wenckheim, a high Court official, were present. It was at this council that Holzgethan, the Minister specially chosen by the Emperor, showed himself in his true colours, and took the side of Beust and Andrassy against his own colleagues. Andrassy had not taken the trouble to understand the scheme favoured by Hohenwart, but that did not prevent him talking incessantly. Beust insisted on its inconvenience from the point of view of foreign policy, and especially on its danger to Germany. It required some effrontery for a Minister of the Austrian Crown to use the latter argument. Lonyay, the man who inspired Andrassy, spoke with such grotesque inaccuracy about the fundamental articles that he irritated the Emperor, who often had to correct him. Kuhn was a distin-

guished soldier. He denounced the arrangement shadowed forth as likely to lead to the disintegration of the Austrian Army. The Emperor asked him what point he could object to, and then he confessed that he had never read—much less studied—the fundamental articles. It was perfectly plain that the opponents of Hohenwart did not want reconciliation with Bohemia. They succeeded in persuading the Emperor to send a message, countersigned by Holzgethan, to the Diet at Prague, which involved the complete rejection of the Czech claims. This was followed, of course, by the resignation of Hohenwart. But Beust did not long remain the Chancellor of the Empire. Bismarck had no further use for him. A fortnight afterwards he was dismissed by his Sovereign. Count Andrassy, Prime Minister of Hungary, became Chancellor of the Empire, and the international policy of Austria has ever since been directed from Berlin.

After the resignation of Count Hohenwart, a German Liberal Government, with Prince Adolphus Auersperg as its Head, was formed. It remained in office from 1871 to 1879. The Czechs refused to take any part in the deliberations of the Vienna Parliament, and again withdrew for some time from the Diet of Prague.

The dominant German party at Vienna now made a persistent and steady endeavour, by means of various irritating measures, to suppress the Slav movement in Bohemia. The result was that they intensified it. There were even clear indications, though faint, of a movement among the Roman Catholic clergy for separation from Rome and Western Christendom, and for union with the great Slav Church of Russia. Sinister signs of a revolutionary movement among certain sections of the people also became visible. Fortunately, however, various circumstances paralysed these movements, and at the present moment there is no party of real power in Bohemia disloyal to the Austrian Empire. There is no desire to set up an independent Government, nor any wish for more intimate relations with Russia. It is certain, however, that the great body of the Czech people would prefer connection with the Russian Empire to absorption in the German, and there is no doubt that a powerful movement among Czech Roman Catholics towards the Orthodox Church is well within the bounds of possibility.

The question of the present moment is how Austria is to repair the error of thirty-four years ago. It is clear that an arrangement which would have suited then would be inadequate now. The time seems approaching, if it has not already arrived, when the whole question of the relations of the component parts of the Dual Monarchy to each other will have to be reconsidered. So

far as Hungary is concerned, the natural evolution of the arrangement of 1867 appears to threaten a deadlock. It does not seem possible that the present administration in Cis-Leithania can be long-lived. The past of the recently appointed Prime Minister makes it quite impossible that he can ever gain the confidence of the Czechs. He is the man who, when formerly in office, suppressed the higher classes in the Czech grammar schools. This provoked a storm of indignation, and tended to make the Bohemian problem insoluble. Everything points to a very complicated crisis in Cis-Leithania before long, and, as there are no indications that the Hungarian question will soon be settled in any permanent form, a time of general confusion seems to threaten each division of the Dual Monarchy.

In considering the Austrian problem as a whole, the first question men should ask themselves is whether it would not be advisable to abolish entirely the Parliament in Vienna. Its foundations are artificial, and it is now thoroughly discredited. It might be with advantage superseded by an Imperial Council, comparatively small in numbers, composed of delegates selected by the local Parliaments. This, in the opinion of very competent judges, would strengthen the unity of the Empire, if at the same time the various countries in Cis-Leithania were granted a more extensive autonomy than they at present enjoy. The motto of the Hohenwart Ministry was "*In necessariis unitas*"—a sound and suggestive one for every loyal Austrian. Those who hold to a policy of effective decentralisation maintain that local liberties, unknown in any other European country, might be safely granted in Austria. The essential powers for maintaining the unity of the Empire, of which the control over foreign policy and the maintenance of an adequate centralisation of the Army are the two chief, might, with general consent, be entrusted to the Crown. Few who have studied Austrian politics fail to be impressed with the weighty arguments of those who advocate this policy. It involves, however, constitutional changes of the first magnitude, and though they cannot with safety be long delayed, a resolute statesman has to be found who would carry them through with administrative prudence and care. There are statesmen in the Dual Monarchy who would willingly undertake the task if they could rely on the complete confidence and unswerving support of the Sovereign.

It is not the want of colonies, or the indisposition of Austria to deal with the great problems which attract the attention of the world, that has altered the proud position she once held in the Councils of the Nations. Her external, as well as her internal, weakness is caused by her adhesion to the German

Alliance. The result of this has been that her wishes are not considered in international politics, once the desires and objects of the Government at Berlin are known. It was the alliance with Germany that drove the Government of Vienna to pursue the fatal policy, as regards Stambuloff and King Milan, which nearly resulted in war with Russia. It had most unfortunate results. The friction created between the two Empires enabled Germany to establish herself firmly at Constantinople, to become the protectress of the Turk, and to foment the confusion which found expression in the Greco-Turkish War and the Cretan complication. The German services to the Sultan were, of course, not rendered for nothing, as all know who have followed the history of the Bagdad Railway. The feebleness of Austria under German tutelage makes an active policy in the Near East extremely difficult for Powers like England and France. The history of Macedonia during the past few years contains more than one instance in point. The emancipation of Austria from Germany is, however, impossible, so long as the relations between the various nationalities in Austria continue as they are. The situation is perfectly well understood at Berlin, and therefore those who direct German policy will spare no trouble and even run considerable risk to prevent the reconstruction of Austria. Their object is to maintain that Empire in a feeble condition, perpetually threatened with dissolution. If the relations between the dominions of the House of Hapsburg were so altered as to content the Slav population, the result must be that Austria would become one of the most powerful, perhaps the most powerful, country on the Continent. She would command the sympathies of great portions of the Slav race beyond her borders, and the variety of her social conditions would enable her statesmen to approach the economic problems, which in the next fifty years will press for solution all over Europe, with an independence and detachment of mind not likely to be found in other countries. The opposition to this settlement in Austria has its main strength in the German Party in the Parliament at Vienna. The most important of these is the German People's Party. As I have already explained, the programme of this party must end in the permanent subordination of the Hapsburg Monarchy to the German Empire. It is more dangerous because more practical than the schemes of the Pan-Germans. It is incredible that men of sense should still speak of German Austrians as if they were the main props of the Empire. To maintain them in their unnatural supremacy by artificial political arrangements is something approaching to treason to the Austrian Crown. They should be forced to take their proper place among the races who owe it

allegiance. This might be done by reforming existing local constitutions, placing the elective franchise on an equitable basis, and by abolishing in each country the present complicated and artificial system under which seats in the Diets are distributed. There is no question of placing Germans at any unfair disadvantage. It would be to their true interests to make peace with the other races on the basis of equality of rights and duties. Nietzsche, observing the great intellectual change which came over Germany after 1870, feared that the German Empire would destroy the German mind. Germany does not occupy the intellectual position now that she held five-and-thirty years ago. Austrian Germans, under conditions of freedom in a reconstituted Austria, are numerous enough, and more than adequately gifted, to reconquer that intellectual position in the world which not long since was the glory of their race. The conditions of their life would be more agreeable than if they were connected with the German Empire. They would be supreme in some of the most highly developed countries in Europe, and they would occupy in the Empire a better position than other nationalities because at Vienna, in the Diplomatic Service, and, to a large extent, in the Army, the German language must be the official tongue. On the other hand, the absorption of Cis-Leithania into the German Empire would mean for Austrian Germans a loss of individuality and of ideal treasures much greater than they realise. The lands where they live would become a mere appanage to Germany, though perhaps the Court at Vienna might be allowed to play for a while at independent sovereignty. A Constitutional Alliance and Customs Union between Austria and Germany would also be a danger of the first magnitude for Europe. Without war, without revolutionary movements, steadily and surely, the aims of the Pan-Germans would be attained, and no foreign country would have the right to intervene. German political and economic influence would extend from Hamburg to Trieste. Germany would acquire an established position in the Mediterranean, strengthen herself in Constantinople and in Asia Minor, and ultimately appear on the Persian Gulf. All this follows as a matter of course from a Constitutional Alliance between Germany and Austria. In their struggle against this policy, the Slav races in Austria are not only acting in the interests of their own people; they are fighting for the sacred cause of liberty, and for much that civilisation has won from the dark empire of material force.

The guides of the German nation clearly comprehend the logical consequence of every movement of international politics. German thinkers have always done so. This is what makes a knowledge of German so important for a practical politician, and

the ignorance of Englishmen of that language is not only disgraceful from the point of view of culture, but dangerous to the State. Those who in various positions have to deal with the foreign policy of England ought to realise the political aspirations of Germany. If in their supercilious self-complacency they persistently ignore them, the English people will some fine day wake up in angry astonishment to find that the Germans have carried their methodical policy to its ultimate conclusion, and to the permanent injury of England. The French were astonished in 1870. More recently the Russians were astounded when they found Germany established at Constantinople, and taking significant steps to gain a footing in Western Asia.

It is high time that the House of Hapsburg should realise its true destiny, which is to preside over an Empire in which the problem presented by race differences is solved by the just and equal treatment of its constituent peoples, thereby making it strong at home in the loyalty of contented nations, and able in consequence to rise to the height of its Imperial mission. The catastrophe impending over Russia may enable Austria to become the standard bearer of the Slav nationalities and the champion of order and liberty in South-Eastern Europe. The first step to this end is, however, a settlement with the Czechs. It must not be imagined that autonomy for Bohemia means for Austria something similar to what Home Rule for Ireland means for the United Kingdom. A vital difference consists in the fact that leading Home Rulers are the avowed enemies of the British Empire, and care nothing for the ideals it upholds. The forces on which they depend are irreconcilably hostile to England and her Crown. The Bohemian patriots, on the other hand, proclaim their attachment to the Austrian Empire, and are profuse in their expressions of loyalty and devotion to the reigning House. They long to place the Empire in a position of greater honour and power than it has ever yet attained. They have a lively and firm faith in their cause. They know their racial strength, and they neither ask nor wish for foreign help. They do desire, however, that the English people, true to great traditions of liberty, should not remain indifferent to their struggle, and that our public men should give it the same active and efficient sympathy which Lord Palmerston gave to the Italian cause, and which, were he alive, he would certainly not deny to the Czech.

ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT.



## MAXIM GORKY AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLT.

ST. PETERSBURG, *March 13th*, 1905.

THE war between Tsar and people has degenerated precisely into that form of savagery which, writing a month ago, I ventured to predict. The much-advertised Revolution, I then declared, was outside the plans of Autocracy's most sanguine enemies. There was a general recognition that, for the time being at least, the collective protest had been suppressed, and that the insuppressible individual would rule the situation for some time to come. But when I predicted that "popular wrath will probably effloresce in the shape of bombs," I little expected that the prophecy would be fulfilled so soon, and that in the brief interval between the hour of writing these words and the day of publication, the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius Alexandrovitch almost on the steps of his palace would come to disprove the old saying that in Russia nothing can be predicted. I take this assassination this month merely as a text. For immediate influence upon the internal situation it cannot be compared with the Mukden disaster, nor does it mark any definite constitutional stage as is marked by the Manifest to the nation, the Ukase to the Senate, and the Rescript to the Minister of Internal Affairs, Buluigin. But it has revealed as nothing else could do the psychological factors which underlie the present situation.

Dostoyevsky was responsible for the profound remark, "The Nihilists arose amongst us because we are all Nihilists." Were he alive to-day, he would be tempted to say, "assassinations are committed because we are all assassins." The epigram would be literally untrue, for only a fraction of Russia's malcontents are capable of plotting or executing murder. But it would not be an unjust characterisation of the rejoicing over all forms of anarchical lawlessness which is taking place in Russia to-day. The advent of the new era of protest in which bombs were to take the place of processions, and bullets of resolutions, was welcomed with unaffected joy. Not one of the responsible Liberal leaders desired—or dared—to abjure the assassin's method. The Press was dumb or acquiescent. The two most advanced newspapers in the capital invited suppression by approving silence. The most ably edited of all, the *Rus*, without a word of regret or condemnation, pointed out that under Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky's rule political assassination had ceased, and hinted plainly that it was normal and natural under the rule of General Trepoff. Even

the responsible, propertied reformers, scorning the cheap credit to be gained by imitation of the Constitutionalist Oppositions of all other countries, refused flatly to repudiate their assassin allies. "We can no more repudiate the murder of Sergius," said one of them in my presence, "than we could repudiate lightning or earthquakes. The deed is outside the domain of moral casuistry. It issued from certain conditions, and while those conditions continue, the issue will be repeated."

The mass of society, not being responsible, as are newspapers and party leaders, hailed the murder with unconcealed joy. An elderly, highly-respectable, and humane lady in no way connected with Terrorism, to whom I happened first to communicate the details, had no word of comment save "A very neat job!" (Otchen lofko!). Everyone rejoiced that the effect would be far-reaching. Nicholas II. would be terrorised into submission. Sergius was only the first of a long series of removals. Uncles and cousins, at least one female relative, the Governor-General of St. Petersburg, one or two ministers—said the public delightedly—were on the list. So for days after the explosion at the Nikolskoi Gate, St. Petersburg discussed these reports of coming removals with the same naïve interest as they had displayed a few days before over the problem what would become of Grippenbergh, whether it was true that M. Witte was under arrest in his house at Kamennostrovskaya, and whether Dr. Botkin had really left Moscow in a special train to enquire into the state of General Kuropatkin's mind. The vision of Nicholas II., deprived of all maternal, avuncular, ministerial support, throwing himself into the arms of his reconciled subjects, who should proceed to do with him as they would, became the sole topic of conversation, being enlivened only with stories of the Grand Duke X. leaving his palace attired as a nun, and of General Y. driving from his quarters on the Morskaya to Tsarskoselsky railway station in the security of a Red Cross van.

"There is a complete demoralisation of public opinion," was the plaintive acquiescence of one of the Tsar's ministers in my remark that the public was rejoicing over the Moscow explosion. And the public retort, "who were the demoralisers?" cannot be taken as valid. Even from the mere point of view of picturesqueness, it is a bad come down from "provisional governments," "barricades on the Nevsky," "strikers seizing gun shops," and other revolutionary items telegraphed from St. Petersburg on January 22nd to reliance on the casual bomb as society's deliverer. Surely, asked many, it is a confession of political ineffectiveness that the united protest of society has fallen into the background and been replaced amid general jubilation by the action of reck-

less and desperate individuals? Thoughtful Russians answered affirmatively. They lament that with all its radiant Liberal aspirations and zeal for self-sacrifice, society is soaked through and through with a sense of its own weakness and unfitness for heroic effort. "The general emasculation, sickliness, incapacity for deep, concentrated passion," which the critic Dobroliuboff lamented in his countrymen a generation ago has spread over the soil of popular discontent, in other lands fruitful of great, united deeds, like a choking, parasitical weed. It has killed that instinct for mastery and greed for success which, even in crises in which self-sacrifice are necessary, are the precedent conditions of leadership, with the characteristic result that the nearest approach to a popular hero among the malcontents—Father Gapon—is by origin an Italian or Jew. There are no men of the first rank, and as I pointed out last month, there is no great religious or intellectual movement to inspire the people in their fight against despotism. A negative discontent holds every mind; and search is vain, either in the literature or in the common mental currency of the people, for any great, fructifying idea. In Russia, as elsewhere, revolutions must be made by ideas. But beyond the vague desire to attain the personal liberty and licence existing under the institutions of Western Europe, ideas Russia has none.

The social languor thus diagnosed affects only the educated classes, or so-called "intelligents," a class which must not be confounded with the "intellectuals" of other countries. The lower orders of Russians suffer from no social diseases, merely because they have no social existence. In initiative, zeal, resistance, no one expects anything from them. But how is it, all ask, that the rich, cultivated, personally fearless classes which have lately united in hatred for the autocracy have effected so little—a little which has never transgressed the limits of passive resistance and pious, condemnatory resolutions? How is it that they have come down to a despairing acquiescence in murder as the only instrument of salvation—to a reliance on a small knot of reckless men who possess what they possess not, brain to plot and nerve to execute? To answer these questions, though obliquely, I propose this month to deal in some detail with the recent writings and speech of the one Russian who, as an intruder in the intelligent class, regards it objectively, who, being outside all cliques and parties, is not afraid to tell the truth.

Towards the close of last year, the Dramatic Theatre of Madame Kommissarzhevskaya in this city was the scene of such extreme demonstrations of good—and ill—will, that the mild-mannered, paternal Prefect who then ruled St. Petersburg was forced to interdict further performances. The offending play was

Maxim Gorky's *Datchniki*. As a play, *Datchniki* was in no way remarkable. It observed faithfully the principle first embodied, I believe, in certain strange productions staged at the Moscow Art Theatre, that the object of the drama is to reflect what Russians call *nastroenie*, that is, a certain moral, spiritual atmosphere characteristic of some particular class or clique. Such vulgar out-of-date things as plots, character-delineation, the operations of destiny, even specific social problems, these modern Russian plays severely leave alone. Gorky's earlier play, *Miestchanye*, had painted the manners and sentiment of the *petits bourgeois* of Russian towns. The purpose of *Datchniki* was to expose the manners and sentiments of the "intelligent" class; and this purpose it accomplished with a brutality and frankness which made the more sensitive half of the "intelligents" dance with wrath.

*Datchniki* (which a respectable St. Petersburg News Agency mistranslates *The Suburbians*) are known only to Russia. They are a product of climate. Nobody lives in the Russian capital (or in any other large city) in summer. But while the wealthy upper classes forsake their stucco palaces for remote country estates, the professional men, authors, actors, artists, and well-to-do traders, migrate to tiny wooden summer houses in the forests around St. Petersburg or on the serene coast of Finland. The wooden houses are *datchas*, and their occupants for the time being *datchniki*. The genuine *datchnik* lives, eats, almost sleeps in the open air; shuns all the dissipations of metropolitan life; and renders a service to society similar to that rendered by the American "summer girl" and the British seaside "pater-familias," in providing a background for antediluvian wit in the comic journals *Budilnik* and *Schut*. The average *datchnoe mesto* represents all the professions and trades of middle-class society; and is a microcosm of the "intelligent" class which is now in revolt against the Autocracy.

In order to leave no doubt that in *Datchniki* he was girding at a whole class, Gorky overcrowded his canvas, preferring to spoil his play rather than have his homily incomprehensive. Thus, among the twenty-six *dramatis personæ* are an advocate, a doctor, an engineer, a literary man, a student, a retired business man, an emancipated woman—representatives in fact of the professions which are the backbone—as far as it has any backbone—of the urban anti-Governmental party. The two hundred pages in which these "intelligents" expose their inadequacy are in no sense a play. There is no hero or heroine, no interaction of characters, no genuine love interest, not even a moral or social problem. The numberless characters are marched on to the stage merely for the

purpose of having their moral diseases examined, and of being thereupon dismissed with contempt. The middle-aged advocate, Basoff, at whose *datcha* the play opens, is merely stupid, rude, and intemperate, an embodiment of that queer mixture of culture and barbarism which is characteristic of Russia. He resembles his own house, which he characterises in the words, "Though it is fitted with electric bells, the walls have holes and the floors creak." Varvara Mikhailovna, his wife, is the central figure round which Basoff and the other characters aimlessly revolve. She is the daughter of a laundress, and being, like Gorky himself, an intruder into "intelligent" society, is able to discern its vices. Varvara's ambition is to find for herself a true social level, "where live simple, healthy men and women who speak a different tongue from ours, and accomplish something serious, something great, something necessary." Throughout the play she is Gorky's mouthpiece. Thus, when her friend, Yulia Phillipovna, herself a psychopath, makes the discovery that "we (the intelligents) live badly," she thus compares the class in which she was born with that into which she was thrust by an aspiring parent:—

Yes, badly. . . . And we can see no way of living better. My mother worked all her life. . . . How good she was, how gay! Everyone loved her! . . . She gave me an education. How she rejoiced when I finished school! . . . She died tranquilly, and said to me "don't cry, Varya: it's nothing! My time has come. I have lived . . . worked. It must be so!" There was meaning in her life, not in mine. It is hard for me to live. It seems to me that I have come to a strange land, to strange people, whose life I cannot understand! . . . I cannot understand this life of our cultivated class. It is impermanent, unstable, made hastily for the occasion as are toys at fairs. . . . It is like ice over the living, river waves. . . . It is strong, it glitters, but in it is much filth, much that is shameful and evil. . . .

Varvara fails to "understand life" because she is an exile from her own class. The born "intelligents," says Gorky, live equally in vain. They are cursed "with hunch-backed souls." Thus Olga Alexeyevna, doctor's wife, though she has emancipated herself into despising her husband, and "desiring to live," has failed to solve the simple problem of training her infants. "You cannot," she unburdens herself, "understand this weighty, oppressive feeling—responsibility for one's children. They will begin to ask me how they ought to live. What can I answer? What torture to be a woman!" A fourth character, Riumin, described by others of the *dramatis personæ* as a "philosopher," can see nothing positive in life save deceit:—

(I speak of) the right of man to desire deception. What is life itself? When you use the word Life, it rises before me a gigantic, formless monster,

eternally demanding the sacrifice of men. Day after day, it battens on men's brains and muscles and drinks their blood. . . . I can see in it no meaning; but this I know, that the longer man lives, the more clearly he sees around himself only filth, baseness, coarseness, abomination. . . . Give him the right to avert his eyes from things that offend him!

I have said that in *Datchniki* there is no action, not even a coherent thread of sentiment. The greater part of the play is made up of tiresome, trivial discussions of abstract problems, in which the characters do their best to justify Valneyff's sneer that Russians "love polemics not as a means but as an end." "We do nothing and talk disgustingly much!" says Varvara. But in addition to talking, there is in one act—the third—a good deal of promiscuous love-making which is even more characteristic than the long-winded lachrymosities of the other three acts of what Gorky regards as the demoralisation of the *intelligentsia*. It is apparently so natural for the "intelligent" man to make love to his friend's wife that, when Varvara Mikhailovna desires to reject the advances of the philosopher Riumin, she prefers to answer that she "is in doubt before life" rather than urge the practical objection (which both he and she ignore) that she has a husband in the next room. Riumin's love-suit is based upon the strange plea that "life frightens me by the persistency of its demands." When Varvara's brother, Vlas, with almost equal incongruity, pays his addresses to the elderly widow, Marya Lvovna, he has the same unimpassioned motives. "I have soiled," he exclaims, "my heart with all these insignificant people. . . . I want a fire which shall burn the dirt and rust from my soul." When Shalimoff, Varvara's first love, turns up in the *datcha* settlement, and behaves "intelligently" by making love to her, despite his own two divorced wives, he repudiates all desire for vulgar happiness, and wants merely to be "sincerer, better, cleverer." The motives which ordinarily inspire great actions and great sins are beyond the comprehension of this, outworn, passionless, decadent society. Feebleness of will and spiritual cowardice envelop all; and paralyse action to such an extent that when Riumin, driven to despair by the failure of his suit and by "the persistency of life's demands," attempts to shoot himself, he fails abjectly, and is carried wounded home, with the confession, "I live without success, and have not the capacity to die."

The tedium of this oppressed atmosphere attains its worst in the third act of *Datchniki*, which, characteristically enough, opens with a picnic. The picnic resembles those farcical weddings and dinner-parties described in Tchekhoff's earlier humorous tales, at which the guests, by some fatality, invariably began to

discuss such problems as coffins, typhus, and the right of sentries to shoot intruders at sight. Gorky's "intelligents," in solemn seriousness, entertain themselves precisely as Tchekhoff's do in solemn jest. Can anyone, unfamiliar with the social pathology of the Tsar's Empire, credit that this is a faithful translation of the first page of the third Act?

YULIA PHILLIPOVNA. This picnic is tiresome.

KALERIA. Like our life!

VARVARA MIKHAILOVNA. It's gay enough for the men.

YULIA PHILLIPOVNA. They've drunk a lot, and I expect are now telling improper stories. . . . I have also drunk a lot . . . but it does not make me gay; on the contrary . . . when I drink a glass of strong wine, I feel more serious . . . life seems worse . . . I feel I must do something mad.

KALERIA (*thoughtfully*). All is tangled . . . dim . . . it terrifies. . . .

VARVARA MIKHAILOVNA. What terrifies?

KALERIA. People. . . . They are without hope . . . you believe no one.

VARVARA MIKHAILOVNA. Yes. Without hope. I understand you.

KALERIA. No you don't! And I don't understand you. And nobody understands anybody . . . or wants to understand. . . . People wander, like ice-flows in the cold northern sea, and collide. . . .

Were Gorky the only Russian who painted thus the life of the Russian educated class, he might be suspected of malice and defamation. Unfortunately, he is not the first. To read Tchekhoff is even more painful; for Tchekhoff acquiesced in society's feebleness and baseness with unconcealed glee, whereas Gorky, who has only of late raided the "intelligents," uses them merely to throw into manly relief his former bold, lawless, masterful creations. Where Tchekhoff smiled sardonically, Gorky, optimist and regenerator, swears angrily, and calls for the surgeon's knife. Again Varvara is his mouthpiece: "It seems to me," she says, "that soon—to-morrow—there will arrive some others, some strong, bold men and women, and sweep us from the face of the earth like dust." Again and again throughout the play, Gorky cries aloud that "intelligent" society is feeble, passionless, rotten. Outside the ranks of his own *bossiaki* and freebooters there is nothing in all Russia heroic even in wickedness. A mean-spirited desire for cheap comfort and a dread of responsibility and conflict inspire all actions. When Kaleria, after the manner of *datchniki*, reads aloud her trivial, sentimental verses, Varvara's brother, Vlas, proceeds to parody them into the following characterisation of Russian society:—

Petty, insignificant mannikins  
Wander over my native land. . . .  
Wander, sadly seeking refuges  
Wherein to hide themselves from life.

\* All are seeking cheap enjoyment,  
Satiety, convenience, peace,  
And, as they wander, all complain and groan. . . .  
Colourless cowards and liars.

Petty stolen thoughts. . . .  
Fashionable, pretty shibboleths. . . .  
Mannikins, dim as shadows  
Creep quietly along life's edge.

*Datchniki*, discursive and inconsequent as it is, contains no diagnosis of the social ailments, the external symptoms of which it exposes so pitilessly. It is made plain enough, however, that it is in the nature of a Russian "intelligent" of either sex to suffer from "nerves." Thus, Riumin's vehemence is excused by Varvara on the plea that he is "so nervous"; and Riumin himself explains the eccentricities of the doctor, Dudakoff, by exclaiming, "Nerves!" The hallucinations of Shalimoff, the author, Basoff explains to his wife in the words: "That's his nerves"; and he charitably tells her that she also "must be treated for nerves." Varvara describes her brother Vlas as "frightfully nervous," and the play concludes with the summing up of Riumin's attempt at self-destruction as "all his silly nerves." In fact, these "hunch-backed souls," who, according to Maxim Gorky, comprise the mass of educated Russians, join an incurable nervous decrepitude with a complication of other moral and spiritual ailments enough to turn Russia—were it not lucky enough to possess an unnumbered multitude of non-intelligents—into an Empire peopled entirely by lunatics. But "nerves," says Gorky, are only a symptom of an evil rooted still more deeply. The ultimate cause is that educated Russians have for generations lived in unnatural severance from the vigorous, uncultured life beneath, and that the effete aristocracy has never been invigorated by infusion of blood from a sturdy parvenu class—in other words, that the "barbarian" has not come. "We," says one of the relatively sound characters in the play, "we ought to be different. Daughters of laundresses and cooks, children of healthy workers, we must be otherwise. So far, Russia has never had an educated class united by blood with the mass of the nation. This blood alliance would inspire us with a burning desire to widen, reconstruct, enlighten the life of those who, related to us, now slave, sunken in darkness and filth. We must do this not out of pity, not out of grace . . . we must do it for ourselves . . . in order to deliver ourselves from this accursed isolation." In other words, for Russia's intelligent class to be saved from the impending decrepitude, and equipped for leadership of a resurgent nation, the barbarian lower orders must



be summoned from the depths, to merge their blood, their vigour, their healthy social instincts, their laboriousness, and faith with the exhausted intelligents now on top. For lack of this, we have the decadence of Russian intellect, its failure in the present revolt, and the demoralisation now displayed in its reliance upon the anarchical elements to blow a path to freedom.

It is a serious thing to indict a whole class. Before the diagnosis of *Datchniki* is accepted, the obvious question will therefore be asked: To what extent is Maxim Gorky, the romancer, a serious critic of affairs; how far is he qualified to judge a class from which he is alien by birth and sympathies? Many Russians, and I believe many foreigners, would reply that Gorky has none of the necessary qualifications at all. They regard him as an intruder among the intelligents, as lacking the training for the part of social critic, as temperamentally incapable of judging any serious problem outside the domain of imaginative art. The public may rave over *Tchelkash* and go into hysterics over *The Falcon*. But Maxim Gorky, in his new rôle of politician and social pathologist, is too great a joke. Gorky, runs the legend, is by nature a vagabond of anti-social instincts; he has written hitherto only of rogues, murderers, and bad women; and as a typical subjective writer he must be identified with his *bossiaki* as intimately as Byron was with *Childe Harold* and *Lara*; he is an uncurbed individualist, a Nietzschean, and with all these, an enemy of culture, a herald of barbarism, and a quite irresponsible spoiled child of popularity. I have myself heard ordinarily well-informed Russians denounce Gorky as splenetic, unpractical, and inhuman, and affirm that he was so caten up with pragmatism and self-complacency that he "refused to receive anyone who, unlike himself, wears a collar or necktie." To still further discredit him, certain admirers of weak judgment lately spread abroad ludicrous stories of his political ambitions; he appeared as prospective "Minister of Education," member of a mythical "provisional government," and repudiator of National Debts. Indeed, in view of the astounding revelations made, it was hardly surprising that the Tsar's police—perhaps benevolently intent upon preventing his smothering in unwonted laurels—promptly arrested him, and held him for a month under lock and key in the Petropavlovsk Fortress.

It was not until after this—his sixth enforced seclusion—that I had the privilege of meeting the real Maxim Gorky and learning how unlike he is to the flighty, irresponsible figure that looms so grotesquely in the imagination of Europe. Although my primary object in this letter is not to deal with Gorky, but with *Datchniki*, yet it seems to me that nothing save some description

of what I saw of the author's real character will give the criticism in that play the weight to which it is entitled. To sum up, in advance, I should say that the Maxim Gorky subjectively identified in Russia and abroad with certain outlawed vagabond types, is a myth, and that Alexei Maximovitch Peshkoff, in his personal habits, his philosophy, his political leanings, his attitude to society, is as like a Volga *bossiak* as is the leader of the Liberal Opposition. Even Gorky's physical type is maligned by most of the photographs published. In these photographs he looks nervous, anæmic, hunted, sentimental. The Maxim Gorky whom I left a week ago among the evergreen woods of Bilderlinghof, on the Baltic coast, is a tall, straight, deep-chested, large-boned man, who towered like a giant over the squat Germans and stunted Lettish peasants who are now struggling for racial dominion on the Livonian coast. In features, he is as far removed from the refined, weak-faced intelligents as from the submissive, apathetic muzhik. The forehead is broad, furrowed deeply when he talks, and surmounted by a mop of dark hair; the eyes grey, serene, slightly defiant; the nose big, not unlike Tolstoy's, but even more shapeless; the mouth big, somewhat grim; and the jaw, now fringed with a scanty red-brown beard grown in gaol, square, massive, and resolute. You feel at once that this is a self-possessed, masterful man, a man in whom character is even more remarkable than intellect, who, even had he been born without that instinct for the natural and the dramatic, and that verbal deftness which have raised him among his countrymen to unexampled fame, would not the less surely have broken the bonds of birth and penury.

The restraint is no less unmistakable than the power. When Gorky, given the limited freedom compatible with the diurnal company of a Government spy, arrived in Riga, he was received by the few who knew of his advent with open arms. He was a local hero; he had suffered for his steadfastness and faith; his *Datchniki* had only lately been performed in the big Russian Theatre with remarkable success. The very hotel-keepers gushed over him, and poor underlings risked their posts and their freedom by coming to his room to warn him that police agents were listening outside his door. Had he appeared in the Riga streets, every German and Lett, and half the Russians in the town, would have rushed out to render embarrassing honours. But until the day he left Riga, he kept resolutely to his room, sacrificing in this his own inclinations and denying the imperative need for air and exercise the urgency of which had led to his release. Speaking of the anti-Governmental agitation in which he was involved, he showed the same wisdom and

restraint. As regards himself, he spoke frankly enough. But the moment the actions or safety of others, or the issue of the struggle between Tsar and people became involved, he spoke cautiously, weighing every word, and, out of an almost excessive caution, forbade the repetition of the most innocent remarks. Qualifying everything with the remark that he spoke only as an individual, he again and again pointed out that Russian society was torn by conflicting political and intellectual tendencies, that what he said might therefore cause offence, and entangle others, or, by being represented as the deliberate opinion of the whole Liberal Party, compromise the emancipating movement. In all this Gorky embodies the antithesis of that flighty irresponsibility which has been associated with his name by those who, taking his creations for his mouthpieces, ignored the real moderation and dignity of his character.

The anarchical, anti-social Gorky is similarly mythopoeic, and, it seems, similarly credited. "Gorky's idea of society," wrote a Russian newspaper critic not long ago, "is so corrupted by" individualist, anti-human instincts that he would dissolve society into its original units. All those triumphs which are the outcome of the social instinct and of united labour, all culture, all art, would be swept away. Instead we should have the vapouring, picturesque barbarian, knife in hand, glowering defiant from a background of bloody sunset, splenetic, insatiable, morose. . . ." Such is the Gorky of the subjectivity-hunters. It is true to the extent that the real Maxim Gorky is a strong individualist. Beyond that it is a ridiculous lampoon. With the exception of two remarks, both probably expressing profound truths, the Russian romancist never hinted that anti-social or barbaric instincts were anything but unnatural and a peril to mankind. The first of these remarks was that "the vagabond instinct is strong in all Russians"; the second, that "modern society is beginning to decay. It is tired, outworn, conscious of its insufficiency. Like the later Roman Empire, it needs new blood—a barbarian irruption." Having affirmed these two propositions, each outside the domain of polemics, Gorky appeared a man of modern, progressive, cultivated sympathies, passionately devoted to advancement, and enthusiastic in eulogy of those nations which in civilisation and citizenship have led the van. He has, indeed, never been out of Russia, and speaks no foreign language. But his survey of the comparative cultural conditions of Russia's numberless races showed how his sympathies lie. Thus he contrasted sorrowfully with the stagnant backwardness of Russian cities the German progressiveness and cleanliness of Riga; he praised the intelligence and unremitting toil spent by the Lettish

peasants on their marshy, barren farms; he was charmed with the Finns, and spoke of the beauty and civilisation of Helsingfors with an almost childish delight. Even his fierce opposition to Russia's system of government seemed inspired less by wrath at the individual wrongs inevitable under irresponsible rule, than by a conviction that, under the present system, progress, culture, and national unity were impossible. The Government's worst offence was that it was an enemy of civilisation, not that it was harsh and tyrannical. Indeed, Gorky seemed to have little hope for the redemption of Russia by any mild and benevolent system of rule. "I have seen too much," he said, "and lived through too much to think that love between men as brothers can be relied upon as a basis for a reformed society. But each man must respect humanity." All, therefore, he demanded from the Russian or any other Government was that it should respect human personality, and that it should not shackle the progressive instincts natural in all men. The Autocracy at present existed by disrespect for the individual, he said; and the untamed Gorky of legend seemed to flash out when he related how, on the night of the 21st January, a boorish, ill-bred governmental underling, like Rydzewsky, lolled back in his chair, puffing smoke, while half-a-dozen of the most famous living Russians were compelled to stand before him and humbly proffer their petition that innocent blood should not be shed. Speaking of his arrest, he related how he reproached his persecutors with their folly in these words: "My imprisonment will have two bad results. It will injure my health and it will increase my popularity." The latter, he affirmed, with unquestionable sincerity, was a great personal calamity in a country where authors and publicists are the only voices of public opinion.

I have revealed enough, I think, of the real Maxim Gorky to show that, as a critic of affairs and men, he may be accorded respect; and to prove that, when he declared the Russian "intelligentsia" to be feeble and psychopathic, his diagnosis was made in no spirit of levity or malice. But, in addition to his natural gravity, and moderation, and keen interest in men, Gorky had other qualifications for his task. He has studied much. Though little more than a decade has passed since he was an unlettered wanderer over the broad face of Russia, he has read everything and apparently remembered everything that he has read. "Are you not surprised to find Alexei Maximovitch such a cultivated man?" was the naïve question put to me in his presence by a third party. "Not at all," answered Gorky himself, "why should he be?" And he laid stress enviously on the fact that, to an Englishman, there was nothing strange in

an unschooled son of the people attaining great knowledge by his own efforts before reaching middle age. Gorky's reading is exclusively in Russian; and, though he again and again lamented that he knows no foreign language, it is a tribute to the interest taken by Russians in foreign literatures that he should have been able, through the medium of translation, to read so much. He has, in fact, read in Russian as much English literature as nine out of ten educated Englishmen have read in English; and his judgments are characteristic of the sane, sympathising, joyous view he takes of life and of his fellow-men. He told me that, when a cabin-boy aged fifteen on a Volga steamer, he had read Shakespeare's *Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and that the first deep impression remained so strong that it obscured his judgment when, at the present day, he was asked to pronounce an opinion as to the comparative greatness of Shakespeare's dramas. He condemned Tolstoy's attitude to English literature and to Shakespeare in particular. It was a *doctrinaire* infatuation. But, as he loved the literature of England as a whole for its sanity and joyousness, he rejected everything tinged with asceticism or puritan restriction of human joy. Thus he could not appreciate Dante, or even Milton, though his failure to understand the English poet he attributed partly to the badness of the Russian translation. Admiring both, he compared Shelley to the vari-coloured, glittering Alps and Byron to the menacing Caucasus. For Bret Harte, for Mr. Kipling, and—among humorists—for Mark Twain he expressed unbounded love. But he could not understand the later Kipling, and denounced the excesses of Imperialism, whether British, American, or Russian, with vigorous contempt. "The national ideal," he said, "should be to be strong, not to be perpetually proving one's self strong. Strength is shown in restraint." For revealed religion, and in particular for the religion of States and established churches, he had no respect. The Orthodox Church, he declared, was a curse to Russia; the sectarians whom it oppresses alone showed any vital religious force.

On Governments, on men, on books, the real Alexei Peshkoff in no way resembled the legendary Maxim Gorky. The morbid, misanthropic, at the same time irresponsibly childish "Gorky," disappeared, leaving a sane, mature man, a lover of human-kind and of all the social bonds which make for progress and knit men to men. But though the morbidity of the figure vanished, the picturesqueness remained. There is a real bond between Peshkoff the man and Gorky the writer in the love of Nature, in the innate, incommunicable instinct for all that is free, open, and joyous, in the contempt for the restraints of conventional

religion and morals, in the adoration of strength, of mastery over self, of bravery in face of the world. Again and again in his conversations the attractive aspect of the legendary Gorky showed itself. I recall him now, trudging ankle-deep in snow over the frozen margin of the Gulf of Riga towards the slate-grey, horizonless sea beyond, contrasting his new freedom with his cramping cell by the Neva and his solitary fifteen minute tramps round the bath-house in the Fortress prison.

Accepting this picture of a sane, social, vigorous man as the real Gorky, what are we to say of the analysis of Russian educated society given us in his play? It is plain that, if *Datchniki* is a faithful transcript from life, the *intelligentsia* is unfit; and it is merely confirmatory proof of its unfitness that, having exhausted its power of collective revolt, it has come to depend upon assassination as the only effective weapon against a Government which, though weaker than even its foes in character and intellectual force, is by virtue of organisation and inertia still irresistibly strong. Possibly the crucial test will come sooner than is expected, for the collapse at Mukden may supply the impetus to revolution hitherto lacking. Peace and an angry Army back from Manchuria are the next perils to be faced by the Tsardom. But should military loyalty stand the final strain of admitted defeat, my prediction is that we shall be faced by a sort of Shaho stale-mate, in which the helplessness of society to move the Tsardom, and of the Tsardom to repress manifestations of discontent, will balance one another for a time. Though Russia is united against the Autocracy, it is not united in favour of Revolution. The longer-headed intelligents do not want revolution. Gorky himself expressed to me his forebodings on that score. He predicted bloodshed and outrage grim and shameful, followed by national disunion and military despotism. "France," were his words, "produced one Napoleon; we might have the misfortune to produce twenty." As I pointed out last month, these apprehensions are not confined to one man. Only the irresponsible "intelligents" desire the overthrow of Autocracy *coute que coute*, and these only because they fail to realise that the first price paid will be the trampling of their own class under the feet of demagogues and butchers. They do not see that they are justifying Rostopchin's bitter gibe that "Usually cobblers want revolution so as to emerge gentlemen; in our country, gentlemen want revolution that they may emerge as cobblers."

R. L.

## MUKDEN AND AFTER.

### I.

#### RUSSIAN APATHY AND INSOUCIANCE.

WHEN I was in Harbin on my way home a few weeks ago, a sardonic joke was going the round of the place to the effect that Kuropatkin had taken a solemn vow that the Japanese would not force him to retreat an inch beyond Irkutsk ! This grim levity, so totally out of keeping with the gravity of the situation, conveys, to my mind, more than anything else the feeling which pervaded the commissioned ranks of the whole army in Manchuria—namely, a complete absence of the power or desire to grasp the seriousness of their position. This remarkable trait in the Russian character is in itself a most important factor when one comes to suggest the causes which led up to the fall of Mukden—the terrible disaster to the Russian armies, and the consequent overthrow of Muscovite power in the Far East.

To say that the Russians were incapable of regarding the situation as serious may appear a somewhat sweeping assertion, but arriving, as I do, fresh from the theatre of the war, with all my impressions still vividly in my mind, the terrible events of the last few days do not come as a surprise. One could not go about with one's eyes and ears open without realising the fool's paradise the Russians had been preparing for themselves since the battle on the Shaho in October last. In order to convey some idea of this recklessness, and to lead up to the conclusion I deduce, it is necessary to give a slight description of the *status quo* in and around Mukden during December and January. The ancient capital of the Celestial Empire, although a typical Chinese city, was becoming so rapidly Russianised that the very inhabitants appeared to be living there on sufferance as it were—although by no possible pretence had the Russians the slightest right to be in the place at all, except on the broad principle of might being right. Russian officials had installed themselves everywhere, and in every building of importance—nothing being sacred to them so long as it suited their convenience, although as a sort of compassionate concession to what they perhaps considered remained of Chinese pride, the Imperial Palace had not yet been occupied ; doubtless, though, had events turned out differently it would have eventually become the palace of the Tsar's Viceroy. Apart from the occupation, or rather annexation, of the venerable city by the representatives of Autocracy, the actual control of the place was also taken

over, sentries were posted at every gateway, and after nightfall no one, not even the inhabitants, could enter or leave the city without a special permit from the Commissaire of Police, which, by the way, was most difficult to obtain. Needless to add, this regulation did not apply to officers of the army of occupation. In the daytime stalwart non-commissioned officers were told off to regulate the immense traffic in the streets—and this they accomplished by the usual Russian persuasive methods of whip or stick. The Russian is by nature a bully—when he gets the chance—and so these soldier-policemen, doubtless the most humble and long suffering of *moujiks* in their own country, soon developed the national trait when dealing with the white-livered Manchu. It positively made one's blood boil to watch the way this spiritless race took the blows and insults of the invaders. I could not help fancying, however, that now and then I noticed a look of undying hatred come over their otherwise expressionless features, which boded ill for the future of the Muscovite when the chance came to pay off old scores. In the meantime, thanks to the quiescence of the Japanese, the city presented a most animated and busy appearance—the streets were thronged with officers and soldiers, who appeared to have nothing else to do but loaf about looking at the shops or bargaining for curios. In the daily Chinese markets was a plentiful and increasing supply of forage, horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and foodstuffs of every description, whilst at the shops and stalls in the city itself everything imaginable could be bought—poultry, eggs, fish, vegetables, fruit, conserves, wines, tobacco—in fact, all in the shape of actual luxuries one could possibly require anywhere, and at fairly reasonable prices when one realises it was war-time. So well, in fact, was Mukden supplied with everything at that time that it was openly stated by the Russian officials that the place was absolutely independent of the Trans-Siberian Railway, so far as the provisioning of the army was concerned, and the commissariat officers ended by looking upon these native supplies as an institution which relieved them of much responsibility. This was but the commencement of their fool's paradise, the redundant folly of which they were yet to discover. Almost one's first idea was to ascertain the source of these apparently limitless stores, for a glance at the map was sufficient to prove that since they could not come from the north, they could not possibly be sent from the Mongolian steppes. Then, to one's surprise, one learned that for reasons best known to themselves, the Japanese had not interfered with the all-important highway connecting Mukden with the coast, and therefore Tientsin and other seaports via Sin-min-tung. On the holding of this road the whole of Kuropatkin's vast army was dependent for its daily food. .



It was under the circumstances so slender a reed to rely on that the mere thought of what would happen were it blocked by the Japanese would have been an ever-present nightmare to anyone but the *insouciant* Russian officer, with his almost child-like optimism, for the Trans-Siberian and Eastern Chinese Railways, with their carrying capacities already tested to their utmost by the continual procession of military trains, could not be considered to enter seriously into the calculations so far as feeding the army was concerned. A more happy-go-lucky state of affairs it is impossible to conceive. Meanwhile life went on in Mukden, both in the old city and the Russian cantonment round the station, in the most placid and peaceful manner, in spite of outpost affairs and daily artillery duels, and the constant stream of wounded passing through to the main hospitals at Harbin. Thanks to the inexplicable inertia of the Japanese commanders, the Russians had had ample time so thoroughly to entrench and fortify their positions along the Shaho and Hun rivers that, in the opinion of some of the most distinguished foreign military experts, they were "impregnable unless attacked by an overwhelming force." Without a doubt they were accurately so described at that time.

On the strength of this knowledge the Russian commanders allowed themselves to be lulled into a sense of security which absolutely nothing could have justified had there been anything in the nature of an intelligence department worthy of the name. The result of this confidence in their position was that the most absurd rumours were not only allowed to spread through the camps, but were apparently encouraged, till at last the bare possibility of the Japanese starting an attack on Mukden itself was not entertained for a moment, although it was generally conceded that the Russians could not allow this state of affairs to continue indefinitely. It was graciously admitted that the Japanese had done well so far, but it was roundly asserted that they would be made to find out their mistake and pay dearly for it. Meanwhile nothing was to be done till the spring, when Kuropatkin would have half a million men at his disposal. That Oyama intended to make some contribution to the scheme never seemed to be considered. During all this time a steady stream of troops and war material poured into Manchuria. In November I estimated the influx at 3,000 men per diem, and I never had any reason to doubt the accuracy of my computation, which was based on what I saw with my own eyes. A Russian troop-train consists of thirty-two vans each holding forty men; thus only four trains daily would at the lowest estimate carry the number I calculated, so that reckoning other trains for horses, *matériel*, &c., I am convinced that 21,000 per week was a moderate estimate. At any rate, and

this helps to bear out my statement, the Second and Third Armies, with their full equipment, were got through, without a hitch, to the front, and into the positions in less than three months, whilst the Fourth Army was well on its way there at the time of the disaster, as I passed its advance trains at Harbin early in February. In justice to Prince Khilkoff, and to the transport officers and railway staff, it must be mentioned that the line from Moscow to Mukden worked admirably—there were certainly delays at times, that was inevitable—but no serious block or hitch anywhere. I state this here as many absurd *canards* have, I learn, been going around as to the breakdown of the line, the wearing out of the metals, and so forth. This genuine earnestness and zeal of one section of the vast organisation was unfortunately, however, entirely nullified by the *laissez aller* of the remainder. For all the huge accumulation of troops was absolutely dependent upon the continued quiescence of the Japanese and the assistance of the Chinese for its provisioning. At no point along the line were there any signs of preparation having been made for a commissariat on the huge scale that such an army would require. Certainly Kuropatkin cannot complain of his luck in this respect, for he had been tempting Providence for months past by relying on the Sin-min-tung road and the complaisance of the Chinese for the victualling of his armies, when at any moment these supplies might have been cut off. The bullying and oppression of the wretched Manchus continued unceasingly. No words would adequately describe the appearance of the once so prosperous environs of Mukden. Within a radius of at least ten miles the whole country was absolutely devastated—not a village or even a cottage left intact—ruins everywhere, not as a consequence of any fighting, for the actual battlefields were miles away at that time, but deliberately and wilfully destroyed by the soldiery, and more often than not merely for the sake of the timbers in the mud walls. Even the temples, so dear to the Chinese heart, had not escaped desecration. Of the peaceful and industrious inhabitants of a land which was only recently literally one “running with milk and honey” there was no sign, all had been driven away and forced to seek shelter wherever they could—where was a matter of complete indifference to the Russians so long as they were out of the way. It was said that over 100,000 of these inoffensive homeless creatures were living on the charity of the city of Mukden at the beginning of January, and having to endure all this suffering and misery through the mere accident of their homes being within the area of the military operations of a war which did not concern them in the least; and yet with their bland, confiding conceit in the overwhelming superiority of their race, the Russians were

positively relying on the compatriots of these self-same people for the sustenance of their armies.

It is true, however, that the Russians paid in ready money, and paid handsomely, for all they got, and the more especially so towards the middle of January, when it seemed to have dawned on the military wiseacres that perhaps the Manchus were, after all, not quite so friendly disposed towards the Russians as the mere fact of their bringing in supplies (and selling them at an immense profit) had led them to infer. They had overlooked the fact that cupidity outweighs all other feelings in these people. The Manchu not having the pluck to openly show his hatred, resorted to any device to get level with his enemy. Making, or rather cheating, as much money as possible out of him is one way of having one's revenge in Manchuria, and so business flourished apparently, and the native merchants were said to be making fortunes. It was quite early in the year that certain apparently trivial annoyances indicated to my mind that trouble was brewing. A straw shows which way the wind is blowing. The Russian rouble, both paper and silver, which in November stood at \$1.20, suddenly dropped to 80 cents in Mukden, and considerably less up at the positions where the Chinamen sold small stores to the troops. This struck me as sufficiently serious to induce me to interview the manager of the Russo-Chinese Bank as to the reason. He could give no more plausible explanation than that the depreciation was being engineered in China—adding that the Russian Government, appreciating the necessity for immediate action in the matter, was buying big consignments of bar silver in Europe, and that on its arrival in Manchuria he trusted the tension would be relieved. At headquarters the officials refused to discuss so extremely ridiculous a suggestion as "Russia's credit being assailed by the Chinese."

My "boy," however, when I asked him if he had heard anything about it, replied very succinctly in his quaint "Pigeon" English, "Chinaman say Japanese man come velly soon make big fight and Russian man go run away." The inference was obvious, and went far to prove to me that the apparently apathetic nation were all along well in touch with the Japanese. The Sin-min-tung road continued to be up to the very last the only commercial highway with Mukden, and night and day there was a never-ending traffic along it. That the intelligence department of the Japanese army was aware of this state of affairs, and that their spies were continually taking advantage of it, there cannot be a shadow of a doubt; in fact, I feel convinced also that it was allowed to remain open so long unchallenged merely to suit the plans of the Japanese commanders, who knew that when the time came one blow would sever what was practically the main

artery of the Russian Army in Manchuria. The absolute inability to grasp the seriousness of the position can be the only possible explanation for such overweening confidence in themselves as the Russian commanders displayed with regard to this the most vulnerable position along the entire front. There was also another important factor which had to be reckoned with—and that was the hatred of themselves which they had inspired in the Chinese. But this again was probably treated with contumely, otherwise it was inconceivable that they could imagine they had a friendly race to deal with after their cruel treatment of the Chinese on numberless occasions during recent years, without reckoning what was taking place daily in Mukden and its vicinage. The effect of this self-sufficiency, or apathy, was that Mukden was probably a veritable hive of spies, who, with the connivance of the Chinese, moved about freely and with absolute impunity. This struck one more particularly in the neighbourhood of the railway station, where the Chinese hawkers and 'rickshaw men had a way of hanging about which would have attracted the attention of anyone, unless wilfully blind to what was going on. I mentioned it casually one day to a high official, but he dismissed the idea as absurd, saying that the police commissaire of the city knew them all by sight, so it was impossible for such a condition of affairs to exist. Considering how much a Japanese can look like a Chinaman when dressed in the same fashion and with the added adornment of a false pigtail, this was indeed a bold assertion—it showed, however, the state of the official mind. The result of all this was that every movement of troops or *matériel* was doubtless communicated to the Japanese commanders almost as soon as it was arranged at Kuropatkin's headquarters. Being thus completely in touch with the Russians, and knowing the actual state of affairs, they could afford to bide their own time before assuming an offensive which could scarcely have had but one issue, for the Japanese staked very little on chance. It was evidently on the strength of this knowledge that the advance was postponed till the arrival at Mukden of the immensely important equipment of the Fourth Army, consisting of light locomotives and railway plant, pontoons, siege guns, batteries and every description of military stores. All these magnificent spoils of war must have been actually at Mukden station waiting to be sent to the positions when Oyama captured the place. On the Russian side there appeared to be no intelligence department—unless it existed on paper—yet it got about somehow, on the strength of what information will never be known, that the two opposing armies were practically of equal numerical strength. The arrival of the Fourth Army would therefore, it was an-

anticipated, turn the balance of numbers in favour of the Russians. How woefully wrong were these calculations has been shown by the recent disaster, which proves the Japanese to have been really superior in numbers. Even had the armies been equally matched numerically, I cannot imagine that the result would have been otherwise, for the old saying that "one volunteer is better than a dozen pressed men" was never more clearly emphasized than out in Manchuria—where one saw opposed to the enthusiastic legions of Nippon the spiritless troops of the Tsar—armies composed of men forced to leave their homes to go to a war which was not only unpopular but hateful, and which the majority knew nothing about and cared for less. I feel convinced that at least three-quarters of this ignorant soldiery had not the slightest notion why they were in Manchuria, or why Russia was at war with Japan. This was demonstrated by the remarkably friendly way the poor fellows endeavoured to treat their foes—whenever prisoners were taken or when there was a lull in the hostilities and the outposts were within touch of each other. The one desire apparently of most of the Russian soldiers was to shake hands and be friends, but an inexorable fate in the person of their "Little Father" (what a misnomer!) and his arm-chair advisers in their palaces in St. Petersburg willed it otherwise, so they must perforce continue to die or suffer as a balm to a senseless autocratic pride.

During the whole of December and January, Japan was carefully carrying through a plan of campaign which was the outcome of years of study, whilst the Russian officers were making themselves snug in their winter underground quarters, flirting with the Red Cross nurses when they had a chance, and enjoying all the luxuries procurable in Mukden, apparently regardless of what the morrow might bring forth. This reckless *insouciance*, for one can call it nothing else, in the face of a situation the seriousness of which at all times it was impossible to exaggerate produced in one's mind a feeling akin to disgust. One forgot the many good traits in the character of the individual in the impression of the entire lack of moral stamina or earnestness of the whole Army. One could not help wondering of what stuff men could be made whose one thought was amusement whenever opportunity served. As an example of this I cannot refrain from describing an incident which I witnessed. It was in the early part of January, only a couple of days or so after the fall of Port Arthur, that I was proceeding from Mukden to one of the positions, held by the First Army. I had my cart and horses and two servants with me. In consequence of being delayed on the road night was almost upon us when my driver informed me, to my surprise,

that the cottage where he had expected to get me a lodging for the night had been burnt down since he was last that way, so we should have to push on and look for something else. This was an awkward predicament in a country so completely devastated. Meanwhile, the cannonading along the lines—which, I may add, were only about a mile away—appeared to increase in severity. As may be imagined, I had no desire to ride by mistake into the outposts after nightfall. Whilst cogitating as to the best road to continue I noticed what appeared to be lights in some trees a short distance across the fields, so I decided to make for them. It was quite dark when we at length reached the outskirts of a ruined village—not a living soul was to be seen anywhere. I rode through the mournful surroundings looking for the whereabouts of the lights which had attracted me, when a sudden turn in the road brought in view quite a little illumination in the shape of many Chinese lanterns hung in the trees and along the front of a large farmhouse. Then, to my unutterable astonishment, I heard through the din of the cannon the familiar tune of a popular waltz being played by a military band inside the courtyard of the place. There were a lot of soldiers hanging about, and from one of them I learned that some officers, amongst whom was a general, were celebrating Christmas, and that a dance was in progress, the ladies of the party being recruited from the nursing sisters of the field hospitals round about. I had already formed my estimate of the average Russian officer, but I must confess that this Christmas dance in a ruined Manchurian village, within a mile of a battery in action, produced an uncanny feeling that almost made one doubt its reality and rub one's eyes to ascertain if it were not a trick of the imagination after all. One could hardly believe it possible that men could be so callous and indifferent. It was indeed carrying out to the very letter the adage "eat, drink and be merry to-day, for to-morrow we die." This ill-timed gaiety could have no other justification. From this I would not have it inferred that I desire in the least to depreciate the Russian officer, who is a kindly-hearted and hospitable gentleman, a brave man and a splendid fighter, of that there is no shadow of a doubt. There were no white flag incidents in Manchuria; it was *la grande guerre* at all times, but—and I merely record my own personal impressions—it always appeared to me that the Russian officer at the front never took the slightest pride in his profession or any interest in his duties or his men. With a couple of million soldiers led by such officers no general, not even a Napoleon, could hope for victory against so enthusiastic and patriotic a race as the Japanese. How, then, could Kuropatkin, with such odds against

him to start with, and distracted by intrigue on his personal staff, and above all hampered by vexatious interference from St. Petersburg, have any chance of success? History, I venture to believe, will appreciate the man more generously than his own country, or rather its autocratic Government, is inclined to do now. It is given to no mortal to accomplish impossibilities, and Kuro-patkin, I am convinced, did his best, for no general in the annals of the world has had to face such a military power as Japan has suddenly proved herself to be, and it must not be overlooked that the man had no claim to being either an Alexander the Great or a Napoleon, but a very ordinary general who had seen some service. To sum up, I ascribe the defeat of the Russian armies not only to the overwhelming strength of the Japanese, but more particularly to the ill-advised contempt for them which had its root in the colossal conceit of the Russians, which also made them oblivious to the fact that the Chinese were not so friendly disposed to the Russian occupation of Manchuria as St. Petersburg officialism had allowed itself to believe.

It has been propounded that the result of the disaster will be far-reaching from the standpoint of the "Yellow Peril" bugbear. Personally, I cannot fall in with this view, as I feel convinced that it is Russia and the Russians alone who are hated by the Celestial. The arrogant and brutal methods of the Muscovite in the Far East for many years past have not been such as are calculated to win the affection or esteem of a simple-minded, peaceful and industrious race like the Chinese. So long as Russia gave the impression of being a great and powerful nation she was feared by China—whilst hated. The effect of this awful *débâcle*, and the full extent of it is not yet realised, will be that in the mind of the Celestial Russia ceases to exist as a power, or even as an influence, and the conviction will not be far wrong, for in all probability within a few months from now there will not be a Russian, let alone an army, left in Manchuria.

JULIUS M. PRICE,

*War-Artist of the "Illustrated London News"  
with the Russian Armies in Manchuria.*

## II.

## THE DÉBÂCLE.

There is something in a great tragedy which fascinates and has in all ages fascinated mankind. The most powerful works of creative imagination take this form. What wonder then that however intense may be the sympathy we feel with such awful agony, alike in kind, though not in the numbers involved in it, or in its effect on the mind and spirit, as is suffered by both victors and vanquished in a great battle, we should hold our breath in awed interest and absorbed attention whilst almost under our very eyes one of the greatest catastrophes in the world's history develops. The first fortnight of March definitely settled the question whether the great Empire which has so long appeared to Europe as the very incarnation of overwhelming military strength or the island realm which scarce thirty years ago had emerged from what to casual outsiders appeared to be irreclaimable barbarism, was, on the field chosen by the haughty Muscovite, to prove the mightier. For him who has eyes to see, further doubt on that matter there can be none. It is worth while, therefore, for those who do not often concern themselves much with the details of warfare to follow closely all the conditions which, if they are duly weighed, place that judgment beyond cavil. There is no need that they should be worried by technical terms, a plethora of which is more often than not employed in order to conceal ignorance. What I want to do, if I can, is to bring home to as many of my countrymen as will do me the honour of bearing with me for a few pages the facts which establish the position I have here taken. I am daily staggered by finding that men of the highest intelligence and capacity still imagine because there are scattered over the vast expanse of territory which is under the authority of the Tsar millions of nominal soldiers who are reckoned on the muster rolls, that therefore in the long run Russia must be able to drive Japan out of Manchuria, and even to dictate peace to her.

First, then, as regards the numbers which were present in this decisive battle, to win in which the resources of Russia have for more than a year been so strained that the gathering to the colours of the conscripts has led to insurrection in almost all parts of her immense dominion. It is said, and it is very possible, that 750,000 men have during that time been sent to Kuropatkin. That must be reckoned to include all who have passed beyond Lake Baikal. Of those at least 40,000, probably more, were lost either during the siege or at the surrender of Port Arthur. Between the battles of the Yalu, the defeat of Stackelberg when he



advanced for the relief of that town, the miserable retreat of the whole army into Liao-yang, and the disastrous failures in attempting to turn Kuroki out of his position at the Motien-Ling, it will be a moderate estimate to assume that close upon 100,000 men were placed *hors-de-combat*. Between the battles of Liao-yang and the Shaho we know that about 100,000 more were killed, wounded or made prisoners. Deducting these, a little more than 500,000 have still to be accounted for; but this includes all the troops at Vladivostock, and the innumerable detachments required to guard the railway, with the garrisons of such stations as Tiehling and Harbin. The losses which follow such a strain on the nerves and physique as is required of men employed day and night in exercising the incessant vigilance required either in watching against the raids of robber Chunchuses or in the constant presence of a vigilant enemy, whose posts extend over about 100 miles, are terrible. The Russians have been all the time under the depressing influence of invariable defeat. Every one of the conditions I have named tends to make men succumb to disease and illness. Every circumstance of sanitary inefficiency and neglect has been present to produce the epidemics which invariably occur among great gatherings of men in huge camps. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn from high Russian medical authority that, though the facts have been carefully concealed, typhoid—in some cases the more deadly typhus and other maladies—have ravaged Kuropatkin's army. Under the most perfect organisation, and with all armies, disease kills during a campaign at least five for one slain by the bullet. The evidence we have as to the utter break-down of the provision of medical necessaries is complete. Under those circumstances it is certain that from all the several units of the army there has been a continual stream of men returning week by week to the rear broken-down, emaciated, ruined in health, while numbers more have died in the camps and hospitals, and of the wounded comparatively few have recovered. Even among those remaining in the ranks many must be quite unfit for arduous work. This calculation does not at all affect the numbers of battalions of infantry, of batteries of artillery, or of squadrons of cavalry. It only reduces the numbers who make up the fighting strength of each of them.

Weighing all these causes of depletion together, I cannot but think that while the Japanese staff, in their statement of the strength of the Russian Army in the great battle give us quite correctly the totals of battalions, batteries, and squadrons, which their excellent Intelligence Department enables them to ascertain with some certainty, they yet enormously over-rate the strength of each particular one of these units. They avowedly only make an average estimate for these, and there are two reasons why they

should tend to exaggerate their enemy's strength. First when, for the purpose of securing a sufficient preponderance to make sure of victory, they were rendering returns for their Commander-in-Chief and their Government, they were right to be on the safe side, and, as they could not possibly muster the men, it was prudent to put them at their highest. They therefore assumed a figure of 800 per battalion, and so arrived at about 350,000 as the number of the infantry. On the other hand we have specific Russian evidence for the fact that there were Russian regiments of two battalions which, when they first arrived, had less than 200 men. This was no doubt exceptional, but it is an important indication. The desertions of reservists, the general resistance of the reserves from many districts against being dragged to the standards, and the habitual bribery of recruiters to wink at absence, have left comparatively small cadres even when the corps left home. From these all the subtractions I have previously named have to be made. Having very closely watched the effect of these influences on the Russian Army during the 1877-78 campaign, in which there were not half so many causes to reduce its rolls, I am firmly convinced that Kuropatkin is absolutely justified in his assertion that he was overwhelmingly outnumbered in the battle of Mukden; I put the numbers of his combatants all told within the region south of Tiehling, but exclusive of the Tiehling garrison, at about 250,000. I do not believe that from one cause and another he could put into the firing ranks of all arms 200,000 men. Anyone who has read Colonel Wellesley's recently published volume will know that even during the Russo-Turkish War he found a similar disproportion between the nominal figures of the Tsar's army and the actual numbers available for battle. The final deduction which I have made of one-fifth from the combatants actually present in the immediate area of the battle in order to represent those

\* available for shooting is not peculiar to the Russian, but common to all armies. There must be cooks and assistant cooks, there must be orderlies to carry messages, grooms, servants, and many others who cannot be fairly counted as part of the force in the ranks. Very many more than these, such as the waggon-drivers, the commissariat, the men employed in bringing up food and ammunition, labourers of all sorts would necessarily be included in the total of the prisoners taken, so that while I do not believe that we can place the real shooting force of Kuropatkin's army, cavalry, for the Cossacks are now taught to shoot, artillery and infantry, higher than, if so high as, 200,000 men, the total of prisoners, if the entire army was captured, would be at lowest 400,000, so that when we hear of a loss in killed, wounded and prisoners of 200,000, that probably means, as it has been assumed to do, about half of the whole.

It is necessary to make clear this distinction between the two modes of reckoning up the total fighting strength of military Powers in the field in order to be just to the defeated Commander-in-Chief; because, if we look into the constitution of the army opposed to his we shall find a very different arrangement. The Japanese have adopted the same system which we for the first time applied, and as long as our reserves at home lasted, that is to say, during the year of regular warfare up to the taking of Pretoria, most successfully applied in South Africa. A short service system, such as they use, necessarily gives a very much larger body of men than are needed to make up each unit, the battalion, the battery, the squadron, to its full strength for war. Many of these have very nearly completed their training in the ranks, but not quite: others have only been for a short time with the colours and need much more; between these two extremes there are various stages, so that periodically large numbers will at different dates be fit to be counted as effective soldiers. All of these men are sent from the colours to the depots, as soon as the war begins. Their places are taken in the ranks by the perfectly trained reservists who have been sent home after having finished their training. But when any battle occurs and the units are depleted of men, the losses are at once made up from the depots by men now trained. Thus, despite the losses of Liao-yang, the siege of Port Arthur, and the Shaho, with all the other engagements of the war, instead of there being, as there were in the Russian Army, regiments<sup>1</sup> that ought to have contained 2,000 men and did not number 200, every Japanese battalion, squadron, and battery had its proper paper strength present at the beginning of each new combat. Even during the fortnight or three weeks of fighting which is known as the battle of Mukden, reinforcements were arriving every day. Japan is close at hand. Transit is easy on one line by sea to Dalny and thence by rail. By another the route runs by rail almost all the way to the Yalu, and thence chiefly by rail, partly by a well organised system of country carts. By these means it is calculated that about 5,000 men a day are able to reach the front and place themselves under Marshal Oyama's orders. Therefore, if we allow the highest reckoning that even the Russians have made for the Japanese losses during the battle of Mukden, it will yet be the case that, by the end of it, their army will have considerably increased in strength instead of having diminished.

All these points must obviously be taken into account in estimating the conditions under which the two armies fought. Even more serious, if possible, is the contrast between the two in the

(1) The Russian regiments were of two, three, or four battalions, the paper strength of each battalion being 1,000 men.

care lavished upon the sick and wounded. In themselves modern wounds are far less mortal than those of Peninsula days. Moreover, medical and surgical science, if provided with adequate means, is able to perform what in the days of our forefathers would have seemed miracles. Now, while on the one side hardly anything was actually available for the overworked nurses and surgeons, so that, according to all our most trustworthy evidence, especially that of the Russian doctors themselves, the mortality among the unfortunate *moujiks* has borne an appalling proportion to the wounds and grave illness, on the other no army has ever in the field been so well cared for as the Japanese. Apart altogether from the frightful human suffering which this suggests, as to which it would not be difficult to draw a harrowing picture, the difference that it makes in the relative power of the two sides in a prolonged campaign is stupendous. It is said that in the recent battle, for instance, the Japanese losses have been about 40,000 in killed and wounded. If we allow that about 8,000 of these were killed on the spot or mortally wounded, while 32,000 were wounded in various degrees, we may safely reckon that, with the almost ideal arrangement of the Nippon medical staff and their complete equipment, some of these will have returned to the ranks, and that, by the end of the year, should the war last, fully 30,000 will be as fit for warfare as they were before. On the Russian side no one who has read the frightful particulars of the treatment to which the sick and wounded have been subjected can believe that half of those sent north will ever be fit for anything again.<sup>1</sup> This contrast has been characteristic of the whole past year of struggle, and in any judgment either of the two armies in the recent fighting or in the future prospects of the war, it must be very seriously reckoned, and that in two ways. First, it diminishes the continually available reserve of war-tried men on the one side, and increases it on the other; secondly, the effect on the spirit and go with which soldiers enter into a fresh fight cannot but be enormously affected by the difference in the prospect before them should they meet with a chance wound or be knocked over by excessive exertion: on the one hand, tender and most skilful care; on the other, despite the devotion of particular doctors and nurses, what becomes in effect brutal neglect.

One or two other points must be touched on before we are in a position to understand the nature of the recent battle. Men speak of the Russian as a very formidable army, and there is no

(1) Whilst this article has been passing through the press, news, apparently authentic, arrives that, at Harbin alone, the deaths have been at least 5,000 in a week, which about equals the highest estimate of the number of reinforcements that Russia can deliver there.

doubt that traditionally the Chancelleries have so regarded it. Men like Mr. Wallace, who have seen much of Russia as viewed from the surface, have up till quite lately been, from the height of their great authority, laughing to scorn those who could not believe it, but, not in one country but in many, there have been soldiers who, looking below the surface, and having closely studied this apparent strength, have for years not believed in it. It may be worth while to consider the grounds on which this opinion, formed long before the present war, was founded, and to see how far it was verified by the incidents of the battle I am about to describe. The Russians have a small proportion of well-trained light troops, but the vast numbers on which she relies consist of unlettered and uneducated peasants, who could not possibly be used except in the immense solid columns or squares in which they have always fought. In the old days these were pushed forward for the very short distances over which either artillery or infantry fire was effective in the days of Wellington or Napoleon. They suffered, of course, to some extent from the shells and musketry even then, but they had ample revenge when they closed with the bayonet. During the Crimean War a round shot would plough its way through one of these solid masses of men, sweeping down whole ranks. The men behind closed up. The whole body moved on. It was a sight that naturally impressed those who saw it. That kind of indifference to death still remains characteristic of the Russian Army. It must, however, be noted in the first place that, even in the Crimea the intense natural dulness of the faculties of the *moujik* was, I believe, invariably enhanced by the serving out to him by his officers of ample supplies of the *vodka* which he loves before he was marched to attack. As early as the Crimean War some of the higher officers realised the disadvantage under which they suffered in presence of the rifles, then first introduced, from the huge target which these great masses presented. They then tried, and tried in vain, to train their men to work in freer and more open formations. With a wholly uneducated peasantry the attempt was hopeless. After more than twenty years they, having during that period of peace time not been able with the materials they had to adapt their men to the conditions of modern warfare, once more under Skobeleff tried the same methods against the much more deadly weapons which were in the hands of Osman Pasha's soldiers at Plevna. They were uselessly shattered to pieces and learnt such a lesson that, had it been in any wise to be done, there can be no question that they would have changed the whole practice of their army. There was only one method by which it could be accomplished, namely, by developing to the full the intelligence and education of their people. To that essential pre-

liminary the whole spirit of the autocracy and bureaucracy was opposed. M. Witte was dismissed because, not for military but for commercial purposes, he wished to begin to break down the brutish stupidity of the peasant. All that could be done in the Army was to have a few corps selected from the less stupid and more cultivated town folk. All the reserves left to fill up the remaining corps in Russia, outside the Guards and a few others, consist of untrained peasants, who are on the military rolls, but have not, from motives of economy, been given any drill whatever. They were met in this great battle by a race quite as ready to incur death, if need be, as the stupid *vodka*-soaked *moujik*, but brimming over with enthusiasm, trained each to act for themselves, and yet all co-operating with complete unity of purpose under the remarkable man who has been their Commander-in-Chief, and all proud of the Army chiefs by whom, under him, they were led—Nogi, the hero of the siege of Port Arthur; Oku, who captured Nanshan, that formidable intrenchment across the narrow isthmus; Nodzu, who so magnificently assailed Liao-yang, and Kuroki, whose career of triumph has been continuous ever since he won the battle of the Yalu, which opened the ball. Of these, in the original three-fold host of Marshal Oyama, Oku had been during all the campaign on the left, Nodzu in the centre and Kuroki on the right. Nogi, with his veterans from Port Arthur, replenished in numbers, lay back, his position unknown and well-concealed, ready to be launched at the decisive moment. Moreover, a fifth army on the extreme right beyond Kuroki, had been formed in Japan. It was under the orders of Kawamura.

All the winter, after the battle of the Shaho, the Russian and the Japanese Armies had fronted one another along that stream. Each had piled fortification upon fortification along it, and the whole of these bristled with great guns which had periodically exchanged bombardments. The stream flows east to west throughout great part of its length, and then takes a sharp bend southward, parallel to the greater river, the Hun, which also, after flowing with a longer course from the same mountain range in a south-westerly direction, takes, somewhat to the south-west of the town of Mukden, a southerly bend. The Sha a little to the west of Liao-yang falls into the Taitse, and yet a little further to the south-west the Taitse and the Hun join their waters with those of the Liao. From that part of the Sha and Hun where they flow south, a wide plain, about fifty miles from east to west, extends across to the Liao on the west. This plain was dotted with villages, the more northerly of which were held by the Russians. Those about the level of the east and west course of

the Shaho were occupied by Japanese detachments. On the east the great mountain range from which the Hun, the Shaho, and the Taitse-Ho (Ho meaning river; Ling, mountain range) flow was occupied by Russian troops under Linevitch, with a strong advanced body thrown forward under Rennenkampf, to the pass at the head of the valley from which the Taitse rises. It must be further noticed that the great Siberian and Manchurian railway, which runs from Tiehling by Mukden to Liao-yang, and so to the port of Dalny and Port Arthur, crosses the Hun-Ho by a great bridge just before it takes its southward bend, and runs parallel with it on the east or mountain side of it, crossing the Shaho by a similar but smaller bridge, and that the main road runs on the east of the railway, also crossing the two rivers by bridges near those of the railway. Further, about thirty-six miles a little north of west of Mukden, there is at Sin-ming-ting the terminus of a great Chinese railway connecting with the whole railway system of China and with the ports. The Russians had obtained great part of their supplies by this line, and had habitually kept Cossacks in Sin-min-ting, patrolling the road from thence to Mukden. Oyama gladly allowed the precedent to be established, ignored it, watched and waited.

On February 24th, the weather having become milder, but the whole ground and the rivers being still bound with ice, Kuroki, whose headquarters had been at Pen-si-ho, on the Taitse, moved part of his army up the valley of that river. Part of Kawamura's army, which had moved over the mountains from the Yalu, co-operated with him from the east. The battle of Mukden fairly began by their attack, on the 28th of that month, upon Linevitch's advance guard at the pass. Pushing on they drove the enemy through the next pass of the Tiehling. As there was no sign of movement elsewhere, and the Japanese seemed to be threatening to turn his left in great strength, Kuropatkin sent heavy reinforcements towards that side and, hoping to find the centre weakened, directed fierce attacks upon it. All these were severely repulsed, but on the east, without yielding the defences at the head of the Taitse valley, the assailants fell back, encouraging the Russians almost to approach Liao-yang. On his own left Kuroki made a series of attacks towards a pass on the Japanese right centre of the position, which the heavy reinforcements thrown to meet him were happy to repulse. Oyama gave Kuropatkin time to commit himself well down among the mountains on the east, but, as soon as large bodies of Kuropatkin's reserves were thoroughly involved far away on that side, Oku, on the left centre, began a very rapid and successful series of attacks upon the Russian right, close up to the bridges over the Hun. He occupied

all the villages nearly as far north as the Sin-ming-ting road. All this fighting, especially near Mukden, had been costly to both sides. Kuropatkin was not made anxious by it. News, however, reached him that another force had appeared on the Sing-min-ting road. He now saw the necessity of meeting this new danger on the west. Up till the 7th he thought himself successful, but on that day he became aware that Nogi's army, which had passed up behind the screen of Oku's attack, had swung round with its right on the Sin-min-ting road and its columns of the left striking more and more directly across the railway and main road which connected him with the north. His reserves, harassed by the immense marches over the hundred mile area of the fight, first to the left, then back to his right, were in no condition to meet this new attack. He ordered the centre to burn its stores that night and fall back to defend Mukden and the Hun-Ho. Nodzu's men promptly followed in pursuit and drove them in disorder along the Hun-Ho. Kuroki, on the right, when the right of Linevitch was weakened by the withdrawal of the reserves, captured a pass which turned that against which he had been long pressing. Kuroki, joining Nodzu's right, Oku aided by Nodzu's left, forced their way through the Russian defences. The right centre broke in near Fushun, which had been the Russian's headquarters east of Mukden, thereby cutting off from the centre Linevitch's whole army, against which meantime Kawamura, supported by fresh numbers arriving from the Yalu region, more and more severely pressed. Mukden, assailed from all sides, fell. Though through a narrow space in the mountains some part of the Russians succeeded in slipping past Nogi's intercepting army by hasty retreat and the timely evacuation of the armament of Mukden by train after train had saved something, the retreat soon became a disorderly rout, against which as the other armies came up and relieved him, Nogi swept on. Probably, considering that up to the last St. Petersburg had believed that this army was overwhelming in strength, no such sudden disillusion has ever befallen a nation, or that small part of it which is allowed to know the truth. Utterly out-generalled, out-numbered, out-fought, I am not able to put myself in the place of those who still believe that, when after a year of preparation this is all that the great Muscovite empire can do, she can have any hope of improving on it hereafter. How is she to force unwilling conscripts into her armies? How replace the lost armaments? How, at such a distance from home, re-establish her depots of food when she has lost command of all the fertile country from which she gathered them?

MILES.



## JAPANESE POETRY.

THE poetry with which we are about to deal has been defined as "the art of translating into measured musical language, that is, into verse." This subject is all the more interesting since the reading public knows so little about it.

The art of Japan is well known to us ; military or commercial Japan reveals herself daily in more and more favourable aspect ; literary Japan alone, especially in the domain of poetry, is still a sealed book to many.

This is due firstly to the difficulty of mastering the intricate characters which pass current as writing in Japan, and secondly to the fact that among the few, for whom such a task has not been too great, there has not been found one willing to make his discoveries known.

Thus, it is often asked whether Japan really possesses an anthology, and if so, what is its nature and merit.

The reply to the above question is :—not only have the Japanese their poetic writings, but they are all born poets.

Even among the lower orders, the vendors of satsuma-imo (sweet potatoes) and the hercules of the arena, the labourers or the dwellers by the riverside, is exhibited a highly-developed poetic instinct.

Exquisitely sensitive to the grace and harmony of a landscape, they also possess the ability to express their thoughts in verse, naturally and without effort.

We will quote two instances of this curious instinct for composing, one was by a simple business man upon the death of his daughter, a child of six. Condolences were offered him, when he replied in verse :—

How shall I smile again?  
My Kiyo is not here!  
What could it benefit  
To shed a bitter tear?  
Life is a joyless task,  
And to avoid its pain,  
The gods have taken her  
Back to themselves again.

The other, still more brief, and of a very difficult type (the Haikai) occurred in the case of a working woman, after a domestic quarrel which had led to her ejection from her home :—

Could the irreparable but be repaired,  
'Twould be by tears!

In order to give a proper account of the nature of Japanese poetry and its relatively narrow range, it seems best to first of all notice the great popular manifestations in which Japanese poetic sentiment has exhibited itself.

Scarcely have the February frosts—little felt in the interior of Japan—yielded to the warm March sun, when, in a few days, the young shoots of the plum tree, bursting their coverings, form an efflorescence which seems like a continuation of the snows of the departing winter.

This striking resemblance has not escaped the eye of the poet, one of whom, the priest Sosei, who flourished in the ninth century—the golden age of Japanese literature—wrote thus :—

Whose is the song which rises from the silvery brake? It is the nightingale's. Deceived in its desire for the approach of the sluggish springtime, it has mistaken the last snowflakes for the white petals of the plum.

From now onwards a continuous stream of sight-seers may be seen, clad as if about to take part in some religious procession, turning their steps towards the gardens and enclosures where the plum-tree is in flower. They have left their business and their homes and have come, many from afar, for this one sight alone.

The student of psychology will find in this simple fact a valuable diagnostic, all the stronger that this spontaneous tribute to awakening nature is manifested by every class of society with each returning spring.

The blossoms of the plum are soon followed by the cherry, "king of flowering trees, as the samurai is the first of men."

The daily papers keep the public well informed as to the condition of the shoots, and of the moment when they may be expected to unclothe their rosy flowers to the kisses of the April sun : for the Japanese are masters of good taste, and prefer the first glimpse to the full display which gives forewarning of decay.

That they have sometimes sung in praise of transient tints which pass and die, is due to the influence of Buddhism, which strongly impressed the national spirit during the middle ages.

The anxiety of the public to visit the parks of Ueno and Shiba, the banks of Mukojima and Koganei, and the numberless other places embellished by the ravishing blossom, is truly extraordinary.

The plum-tree, in spite of its supposed origin in China, is an object of deep reverence, but this amounts to adoration with regard to the cherry, native of Japan.

In proof of this we need only quote the enthusiastic words of the poet Motori, the great advocate of national tradition :—

If anyone were to question you concerning the bravery of a true

Japanese, tell him:—it is like the cherry tree which offers its incense to the Rising Sun.

One who has never witnessed the almost childish delight of the people in their favourite trees, and who has never taken part in their somewhat wild revels, can never understand what a powerful influence the intoxication of flowers may exercise over a nation of artists.

Seated at speedily improvised tables, while the *saké* passes round in diminutive cups, perfect debauchery of poetry ensues.

We do not suggest for one moment that every poem is a masterpiece, but the sight itself is unique.

After the cherry-blossom is over, the clusters of berries, the many-tinted iris, the lotus—that jewel of the pool—the chrysanthemum, and the maple-leaves all in their turn form the subject of exhibitions such as we have described, varying slightly according to the season or the nature of the flower.

To a similar train of ideas can be traced the decided affection of the Japanese for the gnarled or stunted trunks of trees, for curious stones, and their love of pilgrimages to the sacred mountains.

Moreover, in the lowliest hut, where (in our own country) we would scarcely expect to find any trace of the æsthetic, a corner is always reserved for a *kakemono*—a branch of the season's blossom; or a cheap fan is treasured upon which some poet has written a few verses.

In short, there is no carter leading his horses through the mountains, no boatman or porter who has not at his fingers' ends a few lines of poetry, and who does not himself sometimes, after refreshment, compose a couplet or two, huddled up on his mat.

The foregoing considerations easily lead us to the chief source whence the Japanese poetic inspiration is derived: an almost idolatrous love of nature—not of nature in general, the *Alma Mater* whence all life proceeds—but only of that part with which they themselves come into contact, and which appears to be but an extension of themselves.

At the same time they are only affected by its exterior, they never let us into the secret of the mysterious depths hidden beneath temporary phenomena, since they themselves never guess them.

The result is that Japanese poetry is essentially descriptive, and lacks fulness.

It resembles their simple paintings in which a maximum effect is obtained with a minimum of means, by a scrupulous exactitude in setting down on paper what they see and hear. Their “*uta*,”

for the most part, are merely the translation into rhyme of their water-colours or pastels known to all the world.

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It is difficult to believe that a people so full of feeling should be satisfied with a mere knowledge of the exterior of things, overlooking the first and foremost of all realities—man, with his infinite gamut of thoughts and emotions.

However, it must be confessed that if they have understood, they have paid little attention to this subject.

Like all Orientals, they have been extremely chary of exposing their innermost feelings.

Is this partly due to a certain tendency toward dissimulation, is it a mask which covers a depth of feeling, or does it arise from an incapacity to analyse itself?

Perhaps partly from each of these three.

Whatever the reason may be, lyrical poetry among the Japanese, as among the Chinese and Hindoos, occupies an inferior position to descriptive poetry.

The Asiatic none the less possesses within himself those depths common to all humanity whence joy and sadness, love and hate, anger and desire emanate.

Listen to what one of the greatest of Japanese poets, Tsurayuki, the composer of "Kokinshu," 'Songs Ancient and Modern,' has written upon the subject:—

What is called poetry arises from the heart: man must put into words that which he feels. How diverse are our emotions! Well, emotion in verse is poetry.

Then, returning to our first suggestion concerning the source of Japanese minstrelsy, he adds:—

The nightingale's song, the croak of the frog, are poetical each in their way. Every living thing is full of, and produces poetry.

In spite of this declaration, at once so shrewd and so true, which has served as a preface to every collection since the tenth century, it must be acknowledged that Japanese poesy is deficient in much which might lead us to understand the personal feelings of the writer.

In fact it would appear that among this curious nation, whose language is innocent of any proper personal pronouns, and the verbs of which are chiefly impersonal, the personality of a man has been deliberately obscured.

In the case of the most intimate sensations, they are described by comparisons, or by roundabout allusions, to such an extent that the author has often preferred rather to make use of mystery,

or even of a play on words, to putting his feelings into plain language.

At a distance such a procedure strikes one as childish, but at the same time it possesses a real charm, which can be appreciated, when viewed from the surroundings which have produced it.

Let us instance, as an example, a declaration of love :—

The branches of the water-wood float loosely on the surface, yet they possess but one root!

Again, instead of moaning and crying aloud the anguish of his soul, the exiled poet soliloquises :—

How mournful you appear in winter, little hamlet! Where are your people? Gone. . . . Your flowers? Faded.

At other times the comparison occasionally closes with a burst of purely personal sensations. Take, for instance, the following poor translation of the song of Nibi bewailing the loss of his love; we doubt if our language contains anything more touching :—

Who has not watched the seamews sporting among the reeds tinged with the rays of the setting sun? Who has not seen them skimming two by two across the wavelets whitening in the dawn? During winter nights, it is said, these poor birds huddle together to keep out fear and cold. . . . But I? . . . As the flower once bruised is never straightened; as the passing breeze leaves no trace behind it; so is it with poor mortals, they pass away and nought is left of them. What do I now possess of her whom I have loved? Only this garment which her hands have woven; I wrap myself therein, cower in a corner of my deserted couch, and weep. Nevermore shall I clasp her to me, nevermore will she fold me in her arms.

(Extract from Manyoshu.)

The most beautiful specimens of this subjective and sentimental poesy are perhaps to be found in the songs of Nô, dramatic odes which we shall again refer to, and in the Joruri, a form of Japanese gesture songs.

Beside descriptive and lyrical poetry the Japanese have cultivated many other kinds, erotic, facetious, and satirical.

The following anecdote well exemplifies the limits which they have set to the domain of the Muses :—

A young student once sought out the famous Kagawa (Kageki is his proper title), in order to consult him about the choice of subjects, and the proper treatment of them.

Scarcely had he put the question, when a seller of tofu (a pasty made of pounded beans) passed by, calling out his wares. The master, before answering the youth, called his servant and told him to buy some torfu—making a rhyme of the pedlar's cry.

In this manner he wished to let his questioner understand that any subject is a fit one, provided it is properly handled.

All these inferior forms, however, especially those of the present day, have little merit.

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If we pass from the source of inspiration to the method of execution and smooth construction of Japanese poesy, still further surprises are in store for us. Its principal characteristic is extremely simple and uniform rhythm.

This is due to the fact that only two lines are used, one of five, the other of seven syllables, and only two forms of stanza, one of which contains three lines of eight, seven, five syllables, the other two lines of seven and seven syllables.

Since longs and shorts are unknown—there being neither well-marked accent nor rhyme—it is evident that it ought to be easy enough for *any* one to become a poet, or at least a maker of verses. Moreover every man is a poet more or less, as has already been stated; and if a vocabulary had not been invented specially dedicated to the Muses, one would probably be as skilful at rhyming as another.

But ordinary language and expressions borrowed from the Chinese are tabooed; the verb assumes a totally different form; ellipses and inversions are very frequent; omissions and allusions are all the more esteemed the more difficult they are to fathom.

We refer particularly to the wake or national songs, the only class affected by the ancient writers and appreciated by well-educated men; for the inferior forms are, from every point of view, much more loosely composed although governed by the same laws.

As a result, good poetry is the creation of but a few of the most highly educated.

We will cite two instances in the native tongue, one as an example of the higher, the other of the lower form of composition, in order to render the rhythm clearer:—

- |                    |               |
|--------------------|---------------|
| 1. Kado-matsu wa,  | (5 syllables) |
| Meido no tabino.   | (7    „    )  |
| Ichi-ri-zuka;      | (5    „    )  |
| Medetaku mo ari.   | (7    „    )  |
| Medetaku mo nashi. | (7    „    )  |

This poem of the priest Ikkyu, famous for his fanciful ideas and his amiable scepticism, may be translated as follows:—

Upon the road of life (in the beyond) the first planted before our house on the first day of each year are like the stones by the way-side, which mark the miles; there are both joy and sadness.

The voice pauses imperceptibly after each line, and this pause is emphasised at the end of the verse.

2. Yo no naka ni	(5)
Neru hodo raku wa	(7)
Nakarikeri :	(5)
Uki-yo no baka wa	(7)
Okite hataraku	(7)

Written by an unknown, this sentence—to which many of the Japanese would willingly assent—means :—

No pleasure in life is comparable to sleep, and only fools are anxious to rise and work.

Another characteristic of Japanese poetry is its exaggerated terseness, which is evidenced by the study of the preceding examples.

Whether this is due to want of inspiration, or to arrangement between composers, who look upon poetry merely as a chant, a cry, a brief record of a passing impression, is difficult to decide.

However, it is a fact that, with the exception of the rhymed prose of a few dramas and some romances, Japan possesses as samples of poetry only a few short sentences, some unimportant lyrics, and one or two neat epigrams.

For instance the following stanzas each contain a *complete* poem :—

The wind disperses the cherry blossom;  
Then falls the rain,  
The tears of those who mourn it.

By the moon's light,  
How shall I see the flowers of the plum?  
They will guide me by their perfume.

How often have I formed a resolution!  
How often changed my mind.  
There is something which can never be relied on.  
One's own heart.

Whose voice is that?  
Can the moon have sung?  
It is the Cuckoo.

From earliest days it has always been the same; for although government, art, religion, and customs have more or less improved as time went by, poetry alone has remained, both in matter and manner, identically the same.

A tale from Kojiki, the sacred book of Japan, tells us how the first short song, which has ever since been a model for all later ones, was composed.

The goddess of the sun, the mighty "Amaterasu O mikami no mikoto," when she ruled Japan, had a brother, Susanoo, quarrelsome and coarse.

Having been turned out of heaven in punishment for some dire offence against the divine authority of his sister, he determined to go and war upon the earth, and set foot first upon the inhospitable shore of Izumo.

After countless exploits, the principal of which consisted in the slaying of the monstrous hydra, the warrior allowed himself to be enthralled by the charms of the lovely Kushinadahime, the daughter of the prince of this savage country.

Whercupon, taking horse, he set out to capture her and make her his bride. As he put his foot in the stirrup, he broke into verse :—

Eight clouds arise,  
Of these eight clouds will I build an eight-fold rampart,  
Behind which my bride may be safe.  
Oh! how beautiful is this fortress,  
This fortress eight times guarded.

In this short fragment may be already traced all the good qualities and all the failings of future poems; a certain dreamy passion spoilt by the play on words :—

Yakumo (eight clouds), Izumo (the name of a province, and, also, a cloud which rises).

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

If it were necessary to classify Japanese poetry, it might be arranged as follows :—

I.—*The Ornate Style*, exclusively confined to the wake or national songs, which have remained unaffected by vulgar or Chinese expressions.

In this class are included :—(a) the tanka, short poems, five lines containing thirty-two syllables; (b) the choka, longer poems, capable of indefinite extension in stanzas of seven lines distributed thus :—5, 7, 5, 7, 5, 7, 7 syllables; (c) the sedoka, attributed to the conqueror of the Ainos, Yamato-dake-no-mikoto, containing six lines : 5, 7, 7, 5, 7, 7 syllables; (d) lastly, the imayo, modern compositions, in which lines of seven syllables alternate with those of five syllables without precise limits.

A short and delightful example of imayo is found in the ingenious arrangement of the katakana spelling-book, rendered into verse by the bonza Kobodaishi, during the ninth century of our era :—



Iro wa nioedo,	(7)
Chirinuru wo!	(5)
Waga yo tare zo	(6—an exception)
Tsune naramu?	(5)
Ui no oku yama	(7)
Kyo koete,	(5)
Asakiyumemishi;	(7)
Ei mo sezu.	(5)

In spite of its perfume, the flower must fade!

Who, in this world, can boast of permanence?

To-day I crossed some lofty mountains. . . .

There now remains only the shadow of a remembrance,

A dream of which I shall never weary.

II.—*The Mixed Style*, in which, as its name indicates, pearls are hidden among stones. The pearls are the haikai or hokku, which seem from their brevity an outrage to the laws of good sense. This class of poem contains in its entirety only three lines of 5, 7, 5 syllables; it is all the more valuable that it possesses a double meaning, literal and figurative. The virtuoso is at his best in the hokku, and a good haikai is itself worth many a longer composition.

It will easily be understood that owing to extreme conciseness and the use of allusions difficult of comprehension for foreigners, it is almost impossible to give a proper translation.

At the same time we cannot resist the pleasure of citing one or two interesting models :—

The celebrated Chiyo, a poetess who lived at the end of the sixteenth century, once wrote :—

Asagao ni	(5)
Tsurube torarete;	(7)
Morai-mizu!	(5)

A convolvulus has seized the cord of the well! Who will get me some water?

This poem is delightfully spontaneous, and suggestive. Its author may be imagined, at sunrise, setting forth to draw water for her morning ablutions, but during the night, the little flower, anticipating her, had taken possession of the rope. What should the sensitive lady do? Rather than harm the lowly plant which has found its present support, she prefers to beg for water. It is only a trifle, if you like, but a very charming one.

Another example is taken from Baron Kawaguchi, steward of the Imperial household, who was obliged to resign in 1901, owing to an odious plot against him :—

The past is a cloud :—*Kako wa kumo*,  
 The future, rain—*Mirai wa mizu ya*  
 Or a fragile creation of snow. *Yuki-botoke*.

And so, farewell!—Saraba tote,  
 She is hunted away—Oyeba niguru y a.  
 The poor winter gnat.—Fuyu no hai.

These two hokku went the round of the Press, and this leave-taking of an honest and brave man was universally praised.

2. The kyoko, a wild chant of the same metre as the tanka already referred to introduces a lighter vein, some pleasantry both in good and bad taste.

3. The rigen, sentences which are almost proverbs, as the following :—

Autumn sky and woman's heart are much alike; each of them changes at least seven times in a night.

4. Lastly, the shiintaishi or new poetry. In the history of Japanese literature, these are the sole instances of any attempt at reform—by no means revolutionary—made by a rising generation initiated into the beauties of Western poesy.

In spite of the universal respect for tradition, the old national models have seemed to these decadents to be too musty, the ancient idylls too crude. They have made an attempt to widen the framework both in subject and in form.

Their success has not been marked. The greater part of their attempts remain as second-rate imitations of our lyrical poetry; the personal inspiration of the poet is lacking; and one cannot help comparing these essays with those of the period following the revolution, when the runner who drew the carriage wore a stylish head-dress and breeches, while the student went robed in white, his bare feet shod with wooden shoes.

Needless to say, the patriotic songs sung in the schools since the war with China, are drawn from the shiintaishi.

III.—*The Commonplace Style*.—It is only looking at it from the Japanese point of view that we can give this title to a collection of poems of which some form only too good a justification of the title, but others, on the contrary, are, in my opinion, among the best contained in Japanese literature.

The most human and full of life, such as the joruri, dramatic recitations in vogue among the people, and the Nô, exclusively devoted to the nobles and the Court, do not come under this head. These two styles, which now form the basis of the Japanese theatre, call for separate examination.

From the point of view which we are now considering—poetical composition—they belong to the category of the imayo, with much greater latitude, since they are interwoven with conversations in ordinary language.

The limits of this article will not permit us to give extracts from the *Nô* or *Joruri*; we must content ourselves with recalling the fact that the portion of the *Nô* which was sung or declaimed by a choir to the accompaniment of music, is still in existence under the name of *utai* or *yokyoku*, the perfection of poetry for connoisseurs.

If the *Utai* and the *Joruri* contained some real jewels, the same can hardly be said of the *Ha-uta*, upon which the little geisha relies for enlivening the guests at a Japanese festival.

We fear that the reader can have gained but one impression from this rapid survey, which is that Japanese poetry must be rather monotonous.

This idea we shall be unable to dispel; but although the Japanese have never mastered the art of varying either rhythm or cadency, of giving freer range to their half-stifed Muse, we owe them a debt of gratitude for their compact style.

Moreover, it must be allowed that they have a marvellous knack of describing animate nature, which sings and dies, and are unequalled in their treatment of sound and colour.

Their language is also specially constructed for presenting to us this luminous, resonant medium in which they prefer to move—deficient to us in general terms, and incapable of translating an abstraction otherwise than by the use of that Chinese phraseology absolutely forbidden to poets of the first rank, yet it is realistic, reckless, full of onomatopœia and figurative words, such as the expression used above in the lines of Chiyo—"asa-gao, face of the morning"—applied to the convolvulus.

If you would hear the sound of the bamboo cracking beneath its weight of snow, listen to the wind whistling through the pine trees, or taste the melancholy of a moonlit night, partly dimmed by cloud, it is not necessary to appeal to Nature, you need only read a few of the odes of *Manyôshû*, the most ancient and, consequently, most esteemed of Japanese anthologies.

The illusion is complete, which means much.

There is still one more interesting subject to be studied, be it only superficially, and that is the position occupied by poetry as an art, among all classes of society, and in all epochs of history.

It first appears, according to tradition, as the invention of warriors, and practised as a recreation by the greatest heroes of primitive times.

Thus, after *Susanoo*, the author of the *tanka*, his brother-in-law *Onamûji*, produces the *choka*, or long ballad; whilst *Yamato-dake*, the invincible, inaugurates poetical competitions among his fighting men in the first centuries of our era.

Then, when the *Mikados* became undisputed masters of the

kingdom, and spread the benefits of peace and that of Chinese civilisation coterminous with Buddhism, they in their turn became poets.

As early as the third century the peaceful Nintoku Tenno, after having suppressed all taxes for three years in order to alleviate the poverty of his people—forgetting that his own palace was fast becoming a ruin—wrote in a poem which painting has immortalised :—

From the heights of my palace  
I gaze upon the country;  
Smoke rises all about me,  
A sure sign of the comfort of my people;  
Everywhere the pot is smoking on the fire.

The eight, ninth and tenth centuries form the golden age of poetical literature. Akahito, Hitomaro, and Tsurayuki, are the immortal names shining out of the distant past with a glamour which has never since been equalled.

With the approach of the middle ages, the feudal system commenced, and whilst the great feudal lords were disputing about the Regency, the Mikado's court became the refuge of Literature and Art.

There men beguiled their leisure by intrigue, by pompous ceremonies, and by composing verses.

From the Court this instinct spread to the precincts of the Shoguns the Daimyos; all true samurai should know how to frame a tanka as well as wield a sword.

In fact, verse-making is a pastime, one of society's amusements, an absolutely factitious art, and this defect has always marred it. The poetical tourney, under the name of renga or uta-awase, inaugurated about the twelfth century, came greatly into vogue.

As a consequence a *bon mot* was very greatly prized, so much so that it was often able to ward off a death thrust.

One day, in the thick of a fight, a samurai seized the sleeve of an old warrior, who had grown grey in harness; but before dealing the death-blow, he quoted the last stanza of a tanka, as was customary in the tournament :—

The sleeve of your coat  
Is worn out!

This signified "You are dead." The other making no attempt to parry the blow, replied with the lines which formed the complement of those just cited :—

The cause is decay,  
It is so long  
Since the cloth was woven!

The samurai understood, and stayed his hand.

The Revolution of 1868, with its consequent upheaval in customs and education, have made no change in this state of things.

Many people of mark will still hold what we might call their "day of poesy."

Even the Court, in spite of its European leanings, has not given up the ancient traditions in this respect; the following, for example, is a description of a poetical meeting held at the palace on New Year's Day, 1902:—

The last Shogun overthrown, Keiki Tokugwa filled the position of reader. Their Imperial Majesties had sent in some poems overnight, and each contestant—all great dignitaries or princes of the blood—brought his with him to be publicly recited. The subject was the usual one, the blossom of the plum tree—symbol of spring.

Both the theme and the tanka dealing with it have little literary merit. The best of all was composed by Prince Keiki:—

Hail to the New Year!  
The morning brings us joy. . . .  
On opening my casement,  
A delightful perfume greets me,  
The plum tree is in flower!

Nothing could give a better idea of the subtle and refined culture of Japanese society than the following extract from the memorandum book of an elegant lady of Tokio. It was intended to simplify the choice of subjects by her guests:—

FEBRUARY.—The weeping willow to the spring.—The cock to the dawn.

MARCH.—Morning mist,—We wish our friends the long life of the pine.

APRIL.—Cherry blossoms at even,—The longings of love restrained from fear of others.

MAY.—The cuckoo in the night,—Gio and Gijo (two of Kiyomori's cast-off mistresses, who had become nuns).

JUNE.—A fan in a lad's chamber.—A fishing boat far out to sea.

SEPTEMBER.—Moon-gazing.—The young daughter of Oiso (Tora Gozen).

OCTOBER.—The stag on the mountains.—A chance meeting with a lady-love.

Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress Haruko, wife of the present Emperor Mutsu Hito, takes a keen interest in poetry, and has written some pretty verses herself, of which the following are samples:—

(1) Asaku tomo, sekaba afuren  
Kawamidzuno Kokorowa  
Tamino Kokoronarikeri.

The shallow stream when unobstructed flows gently and imperceptibly over the weir,  
 But let an obstacle be placed in its course, and it quickly gathers strength and volume;  
 So with the will of the people; harmless in normal times, it acquires the force of a torrent if needlessly repressed.

(2) Mikaki moru Yezino Kokorono  
 Hakararete shimoyono Kaneno  
 Itoto minishimu.

The temple bell strikes the midnight hour, and its sounds are born to my ear through the frosty air as I rest on my cosy couch;  
 My thoughts revert to the sentinel on guard, as he paces his lonely round, and despite the warmth of my own surroundings, in my sympathy with him I shiver in my wraps.

The Japanese have often been accused of want of originality, and of owing to the foreigner all the improvements which have gradually transformed their intellectual and social life.

Nevertheless, they have one trait of their own—they are eminently conservative and loyal to their poetical traditions.

We can only praise them for it; for whatever they possess of subtlety, of refinement and individuality, of aspirations, either positive or abstract, is exemplified in their poetry rather than their art, and it is there that we have to study them if we wish to judge them equitably.

J. C. BALET AND L. DEFRANCE.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT THE COLONIAL OFFER.

WE have at length received some enlightenment from Mr. Chamberlain as to what he believes the Colonial offer to be. It was indeed not until February 1st that he clearly and definitely produced for the inspection of inquirers his "exhibit" of the "offer." Lord Rosebery some time ago raised the point as to what exact offer Mr. Chamberlain alleged to have been made, and by whom, and had never received a definite reply, though he and others met with much denunciation for their stupidity or wilful blindness. We now learn that the authentic offer was made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who said, "we offer to meet you and to make a treaty with you by which you shall treat us and we shall treat you a little better than we both treat the foreigner," and that this offer has been "repeated again and again" by him and other Canadian statesmen, and "by the statesmen of the other self-governing Colonies." Now here again we have not chapter and verse for the "offer" even of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but as to the latter part of the assertion we have a very definite repudiation of this construction from the mouth of a leading statesman, in the second in importance of our self-governing Colonies, the Australian Commonwealth. Mr. Deakin, at that time Premier, was questioned in the House as to the alleged "offer" on October 9th, 1903, when the following dialogue followed:—"He (Mr. Deakin) thought Mr. Chamberlain had referred to Canada and South Africa. If the allusion was meant to refer to anything else it must have been to the resolutions passed at the Premiers' Conference in London in 1902 in favour of Preferential Trade." Mr. Reid: "That Conference did not represent the views of Australia but of seven gentlemen." Mr. O'Malley (Tasmania): "Is there any danger of the tariff being reduced in favour of the home country?" Mr. Deakin: "If there is any such danger it will come from my right hon. friend the leader of the Opposition." (Laughter and cheers.) Mr. Deakin, therefore, Premier at the time, made no offer, and his successor, Mr. Reid, repudiated the results of the 1902 Conference even to the extent of its purely academic conclusions. Nor do we find the enthusiasm of Mr. Seddon any more ready to "offer" anything to the Mother Country. Introducing his Preference Bill on November 18th, 1903, he affirmed that "the scheme was only an instalment—there was more to come. He would ask for no return from Great Britain. Consideration for the industries of New Zealand prevented a reduction of the duties

on British imports." Is it "ineradicable stupidity" to ask where the offer is here? Clearly it is not made by Mr. Seddon, who denies that he asks for anything, and a perusal of the Act in question shows that its method of giving us preference is not to reduce duties on our goods, but to raise them on many foreign-made articles and to impose them on others which formerly came in free, and the "more to come" will be of the same nature.<sup>1</sup> This will not help us to compete with New Zealanders in their own market, though it treats us at present a little less ill than the foreigner. On this principle Polyphemus might have argued that he gave Ulysses "preferential treatment" because he promised to eat him last of the band. But he never maintained that he made him any "offer." Mr. Seddon, indeed, is far too modest to make any such claim. It is Mr. Chamberlain who makes it for him.

Mr. Maxse<sup>2</sup> would have us believe that the Colonies have been making us an "offer" for years past, which we with purblind indifference have been continuously flouting, and other politicians entertain similar views if we may draw deductions from mysterious references to the Sibylline books and other well-worn apoloques. We may surmise that anything which can be remotely construed into an "offer" has been carefully noted by Mr. Maxse, but, when we have gone through the whole of his instances, we find that we come back in the end to the one somewhat obscurely alluded to by Mr. Chamberlain as "Sir Wilfrid Laurier's offer."<sup>3</sup> This suggestion of the Canadian Premier must be that made in 1902 at the Coronation Conference. Previously the subject had been discussed again and again, but nothing had ever come of it. Mr. Maxse attributes the lack of interest shown by the Mother Country to the imperviousness of our statesmen to new ideas, but its true cause must be found in the vague and unsubstantial nature at that time of the Colonial proposals. The only concrete suggestion had been Mr. Hofmeyer's at the Conference of 1887, that a duty of 2 per cent. all round the Empire should be levied on foreign imports, the proceeds to be earmarked for the purposes

(1) The only article British produced from which duty is removed is tea, and the gain here will not be great, for the British Empire already monopolises the New Zealand tea-trade. In 1902 the total value of imports of tea from China to New Zealand was £671, while India and Ceylon sent £151,220. Cf. Coghlan's "Statistical Account for Australia and New Zealand," published by Government authority, Sydney, January, 1904.

(2) In the *National Review* for January last.

(3) If any "offer" is to be assumed from this Act, it is made as much to foreign countries as to ourselves, for the title of the Act is "An Act to encourage Trade within the Empire by imposing extra duties on certain imports and to provide for reciprocal trade with Foreign Countries."



of Imperial Defence. It is not surprising that this proposal met with little enthusiasm in the Mother Country, for the burden imposed would have fallen far more heavily upon our shoulders than on those of the Colonial taxpayer, seeing that we import a far larger amount of foreign goods both actually and in proportion to the rest of our imports than the Colonies do. In 1903, our possessions, out of a total importation of £309,090,000, only imported £108,056,000 from foreigners, while we, out of a total of imports in 1903 or £542,600,289, imported £428,929,479 from foreign countries. Had we, therefore, accepted the suggestion of the ingenious Mr. Hofmeyer, we should by this time have been paying on four-fifths of our imports, and our possessions only on one-third of theirs. This would not have done much to relieve the British taxpayer or to benefit the "weary Titan"; the burden would have fallen upon us still more heavily than it did before, while we should have been obliged to increase enormously our Customs service to meet the new demands upon it. In every way, therefore, we stood to lose, and it is hardly to be wondered at that what Mr. Maxse calls "the historic motion of Mr. Hofmeyer" lacked the driving power behind it necessary to translate it into action. In 1894 there was an inter-Colonial Conference at Ottawa which resulted in what Mr. Maxse terms with fervid inconsequence "the offer of Ottawa," but which was in truth nothing more than a resolution expressing a pious opinion of "the advisability of a Customs arrangement between Great Britain and her Colonies." Mr. Maxse expresses much ingenuous surprise that there is no detailed report of the proceedings at the Jubilee Conference of 1897, but the fact was that the members at the Conference resolved not to publish the result of their deliberations. Had the tenour of that discussion been faithfully reported in place of the "bald summary" of which Mr. Maxse complains, we should have had an instructive object lesson in the obstacles standing in the way of any attempt to arrange the details of a preferential tariff which should give what Mr. Chamberlain calls "reciprocal advantages." A similar publication in full of all the discussions held during the Conference of 1902 would be warmly welcomed by Free Traders.

But up till 1902 it is quite clear that Mr. Chamberlain himself was as hopelessly "pachydermatous" under Colonial blandishments as any other "mandarin," to employ the elegant phraseology of Mr. Maxse. In 1896 he had addressed the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire and expressed his opinion that "there was not the slightest chance that in any reasonable time this country or the Parliament of this country would adopt so one-sided an agreement." And the reasons he

gave then are reasons that hold good to-day for adopting that point of view with regard to the Colonial "offer." It is true that the speaker had then been only one year in office as Colonial Secretary, but even six years later he does not seem to have been impressed with the existence of any Colonial "offer" which, in the interests of the Empire at large no less than of ourselves, it was imperative for us to accept. Speaking at the Conference of Colonial Premiers in the summer of 1902, four years after the Canadian Preference had been in force, he said that "the very valuable experience which we have gained from the history of the Canadian tariff shows that, while we most readily and most gratefully accept from you any preference which you may be willing voluntarily to accord to us, we cannot bargain with you for it. We cannot pay for it unless you go much further and enable us to enter your home markets on terms of greater equality." This utterance is proof enough that even after seven years at the Colonial Office Mr. Chamberlain was still in an unregenerate frame of mind with regard to the Colonial "offer." What sudden access of light brought about in a few months the *coup de théâtre* at Birmingham in May, 1903, and the conviction that the Empire was rushing to dissolution and could not be stayed unless we determined speedily to pay for what nine months earlier we had been told "we cannot bargain for"? Mr. Gladstone once interested the world by presenting them with the "History of an Idea," and endeavoured to make clear the mental process which had led him to embrace Home Rule. It would be still more instructive if Mr. Chamberlain would allow us to follow the method of his change of conviction. As it is, we can only conjecture, but perhaps we may do so with some chance of success. A distinguished Colonial politician has already made an attempt to solve the problem. Mr. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, in introducing his Budget on June 7th, 1904, spoke as follows:—"It is a curious fact that, at the opening of the Colonial Conference in 1902, Mr. Chamberlain made a speech in which he rather minimised the value of the Canadian preference. We had a strong hope that before the Conference ended, and after he had had an opportunity of studying the question more fully, his views would be modified. *Of course*, the proceedings of the Conference were not made public. The public received Mr. Chamberlain's initial speech (in which he rather minimised the effect and value of the preference), but they did not receive the discussions which ensued. My belief is that as a result of all the discussions which took place Mr. Chamberlain at the end of the Conference found himself enthusiastically in favour of the preferential idea, and determined if possible to carry it out." Whether Mr. Fielding be right or not

in his diagnosis of Mr. Chamberlain's change of attitude, everyone will regret that those proceedings were not made public, for in the first place they might have supplied the true reason for Mr. Chamberlain's *volte face*, and in the second they might help to convince others who have hitherto failed to be moved. But it is also possible that they were not published because the course of the discussion hardly tended to illustrate the benefits of such tariff bargaining to the Empire at large. Even with such materials as we do possess, we may perhaps draw some not altogether erroneous deductions as to the course things took. It is entertaining to find that though Mr. Fielding treats it as a matter "of course" that the proceedings of the Conference were not all made public, yet Mr. Maxse complains that "there seems to be almost a conspiracy to conceal the practical indications of what the Premiers were prepared to do from the British public." What were the "Premiers prepared to do"? For this proposal contains the only tangible form of the "offer" to which Mr. Chamberlain can refer us. This is the official statement:—

"The representatives of the Colonies are prepared to recommend to their respective Parliaments preferential treatment of British goods on the following lines:—

"CANADA.—The existing preference of  $33\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. and an additional preference on lists of selected articles:—

(a) by further reducing the duties in favour of the United Kingdom;

(b) by raising the duties against foreign imports;

(c) by imposing duties on certain foreign imports now on the free list.

"AUSTRALIA.—Preferential treatment not yet defined as to nature or extent.

"NEW ZEALAND.—A general preference of 10 per cent. all-round reduction of the present duty on British manufactured goods, or an equivalent in respect of lists of selected articles on the lines proposed by Canada, namely:—

(a) by further reducing the duties in favour of the United Kingdom;

(b) by raising the duties against foreign imports;

(c) by imposing duties on certain foreign imports now on the free list.

"THE CAPE AND NATAL.—A preference of 25 per cent., or its equivalent, on dutiable goods other than specially rated articles, to be given by *increasing the duties on foreign imports*."

The result of these recommendations has been that Australia repudiates any offer, and on her present attitude we propose to say a word later on. New Zealand has made no reduction on

British goods, though Mr. Seddon has faithfully fulfilled his promise to 'raise duties on foreign goods. As to the Cape, a reduction of 25 per cent. on British goods has already been made, but it is of no material benefit to the Mother Country, for it works out thus. The actual preference in favour of this country only comes to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on value for (with a few insignificant exceptions) the duties only ranged up to 10 per cent. The  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. *ad valorem* duties already in force are altogether remitted. But this preference only applies to *ad valorem* duties, and has no effect upon the fixed duties, and a great portion of the duties are therefore not touched at all. It is hardly possible to believe that Mr. Chamberlain, in his capacity as a business man, was overwhelmed by the magnitude of the gain likely to accrue from such proposals, or that, on the other hand, he was irresistibly impelled as a patriot to meet the generosity of our Colonial statesmen half way. Nor can we believe that he was affected in either of these directions by the "offer" of Canada, identical in terms with that of New Zealand, especially when we recall the "minimising" speech with which he opened the Conference. Were we left without further guidance, we should gravely doubt the accuracy of Mr. Fielding's diagnosis of the process of conversion, but reference to a memorandum put in by the Canadian representatives at the Conference may explain something. They point out in this that, "From the beginning of the proceedings, the Canadian Ministers have claimed that, in consideration of the substantial preference given by Canada for some years to the products of the Mother Country, *Canadian food products should be exempted in the United Kingdom from the duties recently imposed*," and that, "If they could be assured that the Imperial Government would accept the principle of Preferential Trade generally, and particularly grant to the food products of Canada in the United Kingdom exemption from duties now levied, or hereafter imposed, they, the Canadian Ministers, would be prepared to go further into the subject and endeavour to give the British manufacturer some increased advantage over his foreign competitors in the markets of Canada." This extremely vague suggestion of an endeavour to do something in the future Mr. Maxse thinks to be "remarkably like a further offer." People who are implored to look upon the whole affair from a business-like point of view will hardly endorse Mr. Maxse's opinion. But to be of the true faith in these matters implies a rapid and Polonius-like adaptability. "Do you see yonder memorandum that's almost in shape of an offer?" "By the mass, and 'tis like an offer indeed." But what is much more to the point is the sentence which follows in the Canadian memorandum:—"If, after using every effort to bring about such a readjustment of the fiscal policy

of the Empire, the Canadian Government should find that the principle of Preferential Trade is not acceptable to the Colonies generally or the Mother Country, *then Canada should be free to take such action as might be found necessary in the presence of such conditions.*" "Methinks this is like a threat." "It is backed like a threat." We are inclined to believe then that it was this memorandum backed like a threat rather than the vague, shadowy, and unsubstantial suggestions of the Conference which worked upon Mr. Chamberlain's susceptibilities and left him, as Mr. Fielding assured us he was, converted at the end. Putting together the speech of Mr. Fielding, the proceedings of the Conference, so far as we know them, and Mr. Chamberlain's subsequent campaign, together with the course of affairs in Canada, we can arrive at a fairly accurate estimate of the origin and development of the "offer." The preference originally given by Canada was said by Mr. Chamberlain to be made in consideration of the fact that the United Kingdom was the "largest and best and the most open market in the world for all the products of the Colonies." By giving this preference, also, the Liberal Government in Canada were able to deal two strokes at their opponents who claimed to be especially patriotic. It was a move in favour of Great Britain, and it was also a slight advance in the direction of Free Trade, which Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues advocated in 1896 before coming into office; as Mr. Chamberlain said in 1902, there was no "reciprocal obligation" on our part. Subsequent events in Canada showed that the Liberal Party there might be hard hit if they could produce nothing to show in return for their concessions, and this they pressed upon Mr. Chamberlain in 1902. The remission of the corn duty (1s.) on Canadian corn would be something to show the Canadian elector. Mr. Fielding was clearly led by something said by Mr. Chamberlain to believe that he had become "enthusiastic" in support of the Canadian view before the end of the proceedings. But Mr. Chamberlain soon learned that his colleagues were not prepared to revolutionise the fiscal policy of the country by adopting the principle of preference, and therefore found himself in the unpleasant predicament of having to make good the expectations which his assured conversion to their views had aroused in the breasts of the Colonial delegates. The complete abolition of the duty on corn then became the only way in which the Canadian demands could be staved off, for if the decision was to do away with the duty altogether there would be no opportunity of giving a preference to Canadian wheat. But Mr. Chamberlain then found himself in the awkward position of no longer appearing to his Colonial friends quite so irresistible an influence in British

politics as they had persuaded themselves, or been persuaded by him, that he was, and the campaign which has followed is the natural result of the combination of circumstances set forth above.

Such is the theory of the evolution of the "offer" which is to be drawn from a careful perusal of the facts as set forth in official publications and recorded by ardent supporters of Mr. Chamberlain. But the utterances of politicians are not in reality so instructive as to what we may hope to gain in the way of "reciprocal advantages" from the Colonies as are those of their commercial men and industrial authorities. Of course, any actual facts showing the tendency of Colonial policy are no less helpful when they are clearly dictated by the exigencies of Colonial politics.

Let us take first the case of Canada. It is said that British imports into that country have greatly increased since the initiation of Preference. They have. But so also have the imports from the United States and other countries. Taking the figures as given by the official publications of the Canadian Government, we find that they stand as follows:—<sup>1</sup>

GREAT BRITAIN TO CANADA.—IMPORTS.

	1899.	1903.
Dutiable goods .....	\$27,450,325	\$42,438,595
Free       ,, .....	9,366,340	16,524,248

UNITED STATES TO CANADA.—IMPORTS.

	1899.	1903.
Dutiable goods .....	\$44,471,824	\$68,538,323
Free       ,, .....	43,995,349	60,251,914

These figures represent the increase of imports since the 25 per cent. preference, subsequently increased to 33½, came into operation. The imports from the United States into Canada in the last recorded year were nearly 2½ times greater than ours, and it must be noted that the increase in free goods in each case is enormous. There are things in which no amount of Preference will help us to show an increase. The advocates of Preference do not deny the American increase, but they allege (to quote Mr. Maxse) that the "increase is mainly in raw materials in which we do not compete." If so, how can we hope to gain much at the expense of the United States? But it is evident from the figures that the increase of dutiable goods in the case of the United States is enormous—\$24,000,000 against our \$15,000,000—and the increase in our case in free goods greater in proportion than in dutiable.

Our principal gain has been in wool and manufactures of wool,

(1) "Dominion of Canada. Report of the Department of Trade and Commerce for the Fiscal year ended June 30th, 1903." Ottawa, 1904, pp. 20, 21.

and about 41 per cent. of our total imports consist of metals and woollens.

But the increase in metals imported from the United States was :—

	1899.	1903.
Dutiable goods .....	\$14,458,526	\$23,396,428
Free „ .....	5,314,680	10,521,943
Machinery (dutiable) amounted to.....		5,804,230

Reasons of distance, carriage, &c., forbid us to expect that we can gain much more at the expense of the United States.<sup>1</sup> Another 21,000,000 dollars' worth of the dutiable goods exported by the United States to Canada represent tobacco, oaks, leather, fruits, breadstuffs, coal, grain, and animals, with none of which can we hope to compete. The remaining 20,000,000 dollars worth of dutiable goods includes things such as electrical apparatus, in which we are not likely to beat the United States, nor are we likely to infringe much further on the German imports, already subject to a surtax, and only amounting to 10,000,000 dollars' worth of dutiable articles. We are driven, therefore, to the conclusion that our real competitor in Canadian markets is Canada, and against that competition no preference will be allowed to prevail. It is in considering this, the most vital point in the whole scheme, but most carefully kept out of sight by the advocates of preference in this country, that the hollowness of the whole proposal and the impossibility of any genuine "offer" is made clear. An amusing instance is seen by reference to a resolution passed by the Legislature of Manitoba on February 5th, 1904, which runs as follows :—"This House strongly commends and endorses the policy advocated by the Right. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain involving certain fiscal charges within the Empire, and is of opinion that the inauguration and putting into practical effect of such policy would be of paramount importance and benefit to the people of Manitoba." This is given in the recent Colonial Office White Paper (Cd. 2326), but that official publication is discreetly silent on what followed. A rider was proposed by the Opposition to this effect, that "the people of Canada should be prepared to make such further substantial reductions in the Canadian tariff against British goods as shall ensure to British manufacturers an enlarged market in Canada, in return for a preference by Great Britain upon Canadian food products." The rider *was lost by 28 votes*

(1) The United States railways give every facility to their exports to Canada in iron and steel goods, coal, and other heavy articles, so that we cannot really compete in those lines.

to 9. This is highly instructive, and puts in a nutshell the real intentions of Colonial Protectionists regarding "equal measure."

Unless Great Britain becomes a Protectionist country before she enters the proposed Conference, she will not be *ad idem* with her Colonies, for a Protectionist country will applaud Preference but not allow it to affect her protected industries to any injurious extent. This is the fundamental principle of the policy of the Colonies. It could not be otherwise under their system of trade, and it is vitally divergent from ours. We do not blame them, but let us face facts and consider the utterances of Canadian traders. As the Ottawa correspondent of the *Economist* wrote in the autumn of last year, "The Preference to imports from the United Kingdom will be maintained on paper, but hereafter is not likely to be of much value to the British manufacturers," *i.e.*, we have already gained practically all we can hope to gain, and this is borne out by the language used by Mr. Drummond, the President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, at a meeting at Montreal in September of last year. A resolution was passed which "while always favouring a preferential tariff for British goods," insisted that "the first care of Parliament shall be to protect Canadian industries," *i.e.*, of course that real competition with Canadian industries will not be allowed us. The President, in his address, then defined the object they had in view "with a properly constructed tariff, admitting raw material at a low rate of duty and with proper protection upon the finished article, we could easily increase our output of manufactures by £12,000,000, and *reduce to that extent the importation of dutiable goods*, which last year amounted to £29,800,000." The President of the Quebec branch of the same association, speaking on the 6th August, 1903, had used even more emphatic language: "In the matter of a *quid pro quo* for favours received, Canada must not offer anything tending to the destruction or curtailment of her manufacturing industries. Free Trade within the Empire is an impossibility, but Canada should offer a more substantial preference to Great Britain as regards goods *not manufactured in Canada*." It is instructive to note in this connection what goods are actually exported from Canada, and not merely manufactured there.<sup>1</sup> According to the Government statistics they include beer, biscuits, boots, bricks, candles, carriages, cycles, carts, cement, clothing, cordage, cotton goods, felt, fertilisers, glass, flax, hemp and jute manufactures, india-rubber goods, hats and caps, leather, harness and saddlery, iron and steel, agricultural implements, hardware, machinery, stoves, mineral waters, musical instruments, oils, paints and colours, *papier maché* ware, ready-made doors and windows, and

(1) *Op. cit.*, p. 29 *et seq.*



woollen goods. The field, therefore, from which any practical preference will be excluded is fairly large already, and it will grow larger as manufactures develop. With these utterances in view, it is not surprising if the references by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in addressing the Association with regard to Preference were of the vaguest, and the "Colonial offer" becomes in them no offer at all. After pointing out the impossibility of a common tariff for the whole Empire, a sensible view enough, he proceeds as follows :—"What is possible is to have between the Motherland and the Colonies *treaties of commerce* by which we could sit down and by mutual concessions by granting and giving we could develop the trade of Great Britain and her Colonies to the mutual advantage of all . . . when the Motherland has chosen its policy *and we have chosen ours*, it should always be possible to come to some conclusion which will strengthen still more the friendly relations existing between us." This, then, is the last phase of the "offer." English and Colonial Ministers are to "sit down," for all the world like Russian and German, Austrian and Hungarian Ministers, and draw up "Treaties of Commerce," sacrificing in the end agrarian to manufacturing interests as the Russians have done, or manufacturing to agrarian as the Germans, and expecting thereby to "strengthen friendly relations." "Treaties of Commerce" leave little room for sentiment, for they can be made as easily with foreigners as with a Mother Country, and this, indeed, has been already declared to be the aim of the New Zealand Government, specified in the title of the Preferential Act given above.

But the effect of trade-pressure on Preference may be seen in a concrete example. In the same Budget speech of last June, in which the Canadian Finance Minister disclosed the manner of Mr. Chamberlain's conversion, he affirmed that he had been convinced that there was reason in the outcry of Canadian woollen manufacturers against British competition, so the Preference is reduced from 30 to 23½ per cent., *i.e.*, the *ad valorem* duty being 35 per cent. our Preference is only one-seventh, and with regard to twine and cordage the British Preference had admitted our goods at an *ad valorem* duty of 16½ per cent. This was raised to 20 per cent.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Fielding's Budget, though by no means sweeping in its changes, is particularly instructive with regard to the actual amount of trade we are ever likely to gain in future under Preference. Canada is especially the Colony in which we are told

(1) Other minor alterations were made all in favour of the Canadian manufacturer, and duties have been taken off certain classes of machinery, which will leave us without any preference in face of United States competition.

we are to make large gains, but here industries are daily being more highly developed and will cry more and more for protection against British manufacturers no less than foreign, and they get it in every direction.<sup>1</sup> Even in the iron and steel trade we are now meeting with heavy Canadian competition fostered by their Government. In August of last year the Algoma steel works in Ontario were completed and expected to turn out 500 tons of steel rails a day. On such rails there is a duty of 30s. a ton which, with our Preference, leaves the British importer saddled with 20s. a ton, and there is now a demand for a further increase to \$11.76 a ton, which with the Preference would leave us with a duty to meet of \$7.84 a ton. The Leader of the Canadian Opposition is not likely to allow the Government to grow slack, and he supplies a formula worth the attention of British Preferentialists. "I consider that an industry in Canada is worth as much to the Empire as one in Great Britain." This motto may be recommended for a blazon at Protectionist meetings, and for those who think Imperially, but it will help others to understand that the growth of British trade with Canada is not the first object of the Canadian Preferentialist.

We have already pointed out that the New Zealand offer resolves itself into the raising of duties on foreign goods, and the South African Preference to a beggarly  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on value. Mr. Seddon, with his usual plain speaking, in recommending his scheme to New Zealanders in an oration at Akaroa, in the summer of last year, said that "This course *would not increase imports from the Mother Country*, but would check imports from alien countries." This is at least ingenuous, but does not call for gratitude. And indeed we have little to gain from New Zealand. Of her total imports in 1903, which amounted to £12,788,675, we and our possessions sent £10,648,142 worth, while of her total exports of £15,010,378 we took £14,166,683. From South Africa we took in the same year £23,000,000 out of £28,000,000 worth of their exports, while of their imports £32,000,000 out of £54,000,000 came from the United Kingdom and its possessions. To make clearer the delusive character of the movement in South Africa, it must be remembered that the Preference does not cover a large number of articles on which there are fixed duties, and further that in the course of the debate in the Legislative Council of Cape Colony an amendment was moved to eliminate the Preferential proposals and to substitute others highly Protective, This

(1) Canada does not hesitate to dump her bounty-fed iron on us. In 1901 she sent 52,161 tons, value £116,670; in 1902, 51,041 tons, value £116,154; in 1903, 3,981 tons, value £10,430. The sudden drop shows how completely this was a "dump."

was only lost by the casting vote of the President. These facts are carefully avoided by the advocates of Preference, but an honest and statesmanlike survey of the whole position demands that they should be borne in mind when we are thinking Imperially.

We take the course of events in Australia last, and perhaps it is the most full of instruction for the impetuous Preferentialist. The whole matter has been fully and carefully debated in both Houses of the Commonwealth Parliament, and by some members with a width of view which may be commended for imitation to our own Imperial thinkers. The question was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Senator Pulsford on December 13th, in a motion against Preference, and in the House of Representatives by Mr. Deakin in the opposite sense.<sup>1</sup> So little interest was taken in the matter as a practical proposal that it seems to have been difficult at times to form a quorum in the House, and in the end both debates were adjourned *sine die*. When we hear much talk on this side about "Imperial ideals," and "welding the Empire together," it is much to the point to see the matter as it presents itself to many Colonials. There is no unanimity in Australia as in Canada, for there is no certainty of gain, and Imperial difficulties are therefore perhaps more squarely faced. Mr. Chamberlain's repeated assertions that the continuance of the Imperial tie depended on Preference met with some well-merited criticism. Mr. Glynn (the representative of Augas, S.A., in the House) gave notice of an amendment to Mr. Deakin's motion to the effect that "The continued loyalty to the Empire of the people of the Commonwealth to no extent depends upon the Preferential fiscal treatment of their products on importation into the United Kingdom." Mr. Poynton (Grey, S.A.), Free Trade Labour representative, used these words: "I take this opportunity to deprecate the way in which Mr. Chamberlain has placed this question before British audiences. He suggests that the loyalty of the Colonies depends on their obtaining the proposed Preference, and that unless it is granted they will cut the painter. That is a very unfair way in which to state our position, and one that is calculated to cause greater friction between England and her Colonies than anything else could do," and later on: "I object to the action of Mr. Chamberlain in representing from the outset that Australia was demanding Preference. *The demand has come from him all along.*" Mr. Lonsdale (N.S.W.), who followed, said: "I regard the whole of these proposals in connection with Preferential Trade as an arrant piece of sham and hypocrisy and as partaking of the most despicable meanness." Mr. Kennedy: "Does the hon. member do anything for

(1) No. 39. Commonwealth of Australia Parliamentary Debates Session, 1904.

nothing?" Mr. Lonsdale: "No, but if I am making a bargain, although I try to get the better of the other man, I do not boast that I am trying to let him get the better of me. I would not try to represent myself as a great patriot or philanthropist if I were trying to cheat my fellow-man or taking advantage of him. But that, in my opinion, is the position of those who are behind this movement." To use Mr. Maxse's exuberant phrase, "it is refreshing to think of this blast of Australian commonsense." Mr. Robinson (Wannon, V.), a subsequent speaker, put the matter thus: "It is not safe for the Protectionists to give up their generalisations and come down to what is practical," a remark which applies with equal force to Preferentialists in this country, and later on he said: "When I see upon the public platform gentlemen demanding Preferential Trade with Great Britain who have repeatedly referred to the 'sweated labour' of the Mother Country, and denounced the English labourer as a 'serf,' I cannot help thinking that there is a good deal of bogus loyalty behind the demand." Later on Mr. Hume Cook interjected a remark, "We fight for Australia, not for the Mother Country." This puts in a nutshell the Protectionist case and requires no comment. Mr. Joseph Cook (Paramatta, N.S.W.), said of Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Luton: "It was pure Protection, and of course dragged in the old gag that if the people of Great Britain did not vote for his Preferential Trade proposals they would be in danger of losing the Colonies. A greater slander was never perpetrated upon the people of Australia." Mr. Kelly (Wentworth, N.S.W.) "thought that the proposed system of reciprocal Preferences would be detrimental to the very unity which it has been devised to establish more firmly." That gentleman also went on to point out the impossibility of treating the Colonies fairly as between one another. "The staple product of Australia is wool, of which England takes about five-twelfths<sup>1</sup> only (raw materials under Mr. Chamberlain's scheme are not to be taxed), therefore we should obtain no advantage whatever in regard to that product, while we should have to stand the risk of retaliation in regard to seven-twelfths of our principal export. The benefit we should receive would be gained only by entering into fierce competition with the sister Colony of Canada, a Colony which, owing to her natural advantages and comparative proximity to the English markets, holds a position greatly superior to ours." The views of such conspicuous men as Mr. Reid on one side and Mr. Deakin on the other, are already well known, but it is interesting to observe that one clause in Mr. Deakin's motion, the fourth, runs thus: "That the Prime

(1) This, no doubt, includes estimated value of wool bought by foreigners in London market.

Minister be invited to obtain all data necessary for the preparation of a measure granting a Preference to British imports into Australia which compete *solely with imports from foreign countries.*" Will such a Preference be worth anything? Practically nothing, for we already almost monopolise most of the branches of trade in which we can compete with foreigners. In all manufactured imports to Australia we are far ahead of others. Of the imports to the Commonwealth in 1903 we find that of manufactured articles for domestic use, we imported £6,905,000 against £1,250,000 from foreign countries, of metals and machinery £4,500,000 out of £6,500,000, of china £211,219 out of £428,384, of cutlery, jewellery, clocks, &c., £962,911 out of £1,255,268, of drugs, chemicals and dyes £607,107 out of £915,328. In articles such as oil, timbers, tobacco, sugar, grain and pulse, and tea, we sent in 1903 only £1,920,036 out of a total of £11,609,667, but in these articles no amount of preference will allow us to compete. The total imports to the Commonwealth in 1903 amounted to £37,810,560; of these Great Britain and the British Empire sent £24,815,346. At the utmost, then, with a very substantial preference we could gain very little from foreign countries in the Australian market, little more than in New Zealand. Clearly large sections of Australian opinion see that it is not worth our while to disturb our whole system to gain so little, and look with apprehension on the results of Mr. Chamberlain's campaign. As for the goods imported by Australia from foreign countries, they consist mainly of tropical products, or of goods in which foreign countries specially deal. The trade between Australia and the Continent increases yearly, and it is of no use our trying to prevent it if we wished to do so, because Australia sells yearly more and more of its wool to outsiders. In 1902 foreign countries took 32 per cent. of the wool exported direct from Australia against 2·2 per cent. thirty years ago; of course a great deal more is bought for foreign countries in London.<sup>1</sup> It is not likely then that the Commonwealth wants a tariff war with foreign nations. What the Australian Protectionist Party, like the Canadian, would like, is a Preferential market in Great Britain for their agricultural products. Mr. Chamberlain has aroused them to activity, and their leaders in Australia are now promising the farmers that Great Britain is prepared to "take them into partnership and give them a better market for their wheat, wool, wine, and everything grown on the soil that Great Britain wants as food and raw materials for her manufactures"<sup>2</sup> (Mr. Irvine), "to feed

(1) Cf. Coghlan's "Statistical Account for Australia and New Zealand," 1904.

(2) These quotations are given on the authority of Senator Matheson, of Western Australia, in the *Westminster Gazette* of February 7th.

and clothe those teeming millions in England who are waiting for our food and the wherewithal to be clothed" (Mr. Isaacs). The "equal measure" we are to receive in return from these gentlemen and their friends is succinctly set out by the *Melbourne Age*, their principal organ, which speaks of Mr. Chamberlain's campaign as "a trumpet-call to the Protectionist Party. The Protectionist majority has its cue. It has pledged itself to a Preferential Trade policy. Let it organise and force that policy through the House, and in doing so *it will incidentally give more Protection to Australia*. It is admitted that our tariff is so low that the only matter in which we can give England effective preference is by decisively raising the duties against foreigners and *leaving them as at present against England*." The *Age* quotes the case of the "Otis Engineering Works," whose manager demands a doubling of the tariff "under which the works would be in full swing. During the last few days they had lost nearly £10,000 worth of work which they would certainly have got, had it not been for the low tariff. That work has gone to England." On October 3rd, 1904, the Melbourne Chamber of Manufacturers declared that it was impossible to give preference to Great Britain on the present tariff, and that they might as well close their factories.<sup>1</sup> The only way would be to admit free a limited list of articles not manufactured in Australia. As we already import thither most of those goods, that will not help us much.

The views, then, of Mr. Chamberlain's supporters in Australia and New Zealand differ in no whit from those in Canada, and, after considering their curiously parallel pronouncements, we may ask again what "substantial preference" and what "equal measure in return" for the taxation of our food stuffs and the dislocation of our foreign trade are we to receive? Nothing, we are told, that will injure the productions of these countries that are now producing, or beginning to produce, most of the things we make, and hope to produce more.

As to the Colonial "offer," we have seen that Australia stoutly denies its existence, and the Canadian suggestion has now become in the latest utterance of the Prime Minister one of "commercial treaties" which have nothing especially imperial about

(1) On December 9th, 1904, "The Manufacturers' Encouragement Bill," passed its second reading in the Commonwealth House. Its avowed object is to give bounties to Australian manufacturers to enable them to compete with both British and foreign made goods. Mr. Chanter, a leading Protectionist Labour M.P., said "£8,000,000 were expended by the Commonwealth in the purchase of manufactured goods, of which iron and steel form the base, it is clear that the local productions of iron would afford a very large measure of employment," and later on, "I do not know what opinion Mr. Chamberlain holds in this matter; it is of no concern to me."

them, and may be extended to other countries, as New Zealand actually provides for by legislation. From New Zealand and South Africa there is no "offer," only illusory preferences. We may well ask then, "*Qui est-ce que l'on trompe ici?*" Not the British Protectionist, for he only regards preference as a stepping-stone to Protection for his own goods; not the Colonial Protectionist, for he wants it as an excuse for further raising duties on the foreigner. Probably in this country the only people deceived are a small number of enthusiasts whose heady imperialism is being exploited by practical men for their own ends. In the Colonies, however, there is every reason to fear that great disappointment will result among certain classes, especially the agriculturists, whose hopes have been unscrupulously aroused, if they find those hopes will not be fulfilled. This is not the fault of the majority of Colonial statesmen or of Mr. Chamberlain's opponents in Great Britain. The blame lies elsewhere, and the debate in the Australian House shows clearly that leading Colonial politicians quite understand the situation.

The appalling lack of statesmanlike foresight which has brought that situation about is none the less to be deplored. In no phase of the question has this uncalculating indifference to Imperial interests been more heedlessly displayed than in the reckless manipulation of the story of the Colonial "offer." The causes of our Imperial greatness seem to be better understood by some Colonial statesmen than by Mr. Chamberlain and his friends. The view of those in Great Britain opposed to his enterprise cannot indeed be better expressed than they were by Mr. Reid, speaking in the Australian House on December 13th, 1904: "We must remember that the stability of the British Empire was never greater than it is to-day and that a grave responsibility rests upon those who wish to contract that freedom. . . . Business arrangements between close relations do not always present the best method of preserving the peace and harmony of family life . . . when difficulties and dangers do arise, they seem to be far more bitter and obstinate than those which occur between others not so closely connected." With these pregnant words of Colonial wisdom I may well conclude.

W. B. DUFFIELD.

## DEVOLUTION AND THE FUTURE IN IRISH POLITICS.

THE Devolution project put forward by the Irish Reform Association last autumn has not been let die. Lord Dunraven, who unites the qualities of chairman, spokesman, and brains-carrier of that body, has shown in his recent speeches in Dublin and Belfast, that he is still convinced of the soundness of its underlying principles, and has given proof that it will not be through any lack of energy on his part that the scheme he has espoused so warmly will be refused a trial. Further, the recent announcement made by Mr. Wyndham in the House of Commons, showing that the projectors had the advice, and to some extent the co-operation, of Sir Antony MacDonnell has not only attracted public notice upon their scheme, but has also fortified it with the authority of a great administrator whose integrity is undoubted, and whose ability is beyond question. Probably Devolution is a word that will frequently sound on the lips of Statesmen in the coming years; perhaps even as Isaac Butt's more moderate scheme of Home Rule superseded O'Connell's ideal of a Repeal of the Union, so too may Lord Dunraven's Devolution project, more moderate still, usurp the place Home Rule has taken in modern politics. It is at least worth while to consider what this project is, and the likelihood of its meeting with success, despite the cold welcome it received from men of all shades of political feeling when first advanced.

When the Land Conference Committee announced to the world that it had ceased to be, but that a new body, styled the Irish Reform Association, had sprung up from its ashes, certain general principles adopted for the guidance of the new body were made public. It was said, "While firmly maintaining that the Parliamentary Union between Great Britain and Ireland is essential to the political stability of the Empire and to the prosperity of the two islands, we believe that such union is compatible with the Devolution to Ireland of a larger measure of local government than she now possesses." It was then proposed that this Devolution should take the form (1) of a decentralisation or localisation of Irish finance, and (2) of the establishment of a body, constituted on Scottish lines, to deal with private Bill legislation.

It was justly objected by critics that nothing was here contained beyond pious wishes; that the advocates of these wishes should at least give some idea of the form in which they hoped to see



their desires embodied. The Irish Reform Association met again, and on the 23rd of September came down to detail in a fresh manifesto, the original draft of which was made by Sir Antony MacDonnell. There it was proposed to create a Financial Council, consisting of twelve elected and twelve nominated members, whose province it should be to prepare and submit the Irish Estimates to the Imperial Parliament; the decision of this Council was to be binding upon Parliament, unless rejected by a majority of at least one-fourth of the members present; the savings made by this body in reducing expenditure were to be spent in the development of Ireland; private Bill legislation was to be dealt with by a body constituted of the Irish Representative Peers, Members of Parliament for Ireland, and past and present Members of the Financial Council, but this body was to be given power to deal, not only with private Bills, but also with such other matters as Parliament, in its wisdom, should place under its control.

It may be briefly said that in the whole of this scheme there is not one novel idea; it may have the authority of Sir Antony Macdonnell for its soundness, but it most certainly is not the product of his brain. Vague suggestions of reform had been floating round Dublin Castle before his advent, and schemes of a nature similar to this had been drafted, it is said, and pigeon-holed. But even in print the idea had been put forward, and as far back as the year 1896. In Lord Welby's memorandum contained in the report of the Committee on the Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland, the following passages occur: "Hitherto there has been no inducement to economy in Ireland. The people of Ireland obtain no direct or appreciable benefit from retrenchment of lavish expenditure or reduction of costly establishments. . . . If, then, expenditure is to be effectively reduced, Ireland must benefit directly by the reduction, and I venture to think that such an inducement to economy might be granted without impairing the Imperial control or materially changing the system under which Irish Revenue is collected and Irish expenditure is sanctioned and checked." And later on he says:—"It is further very desirable that independent and unofficial opinion in Ireland should be interested in economy, and I would suggest for consideration the appointment of a Committee of representative Irishmen, whom the Irish Government might consult on possible reductions in ordinary heads of expenditure and on the best method of applying a surplus of revenue for the benefit of Ireland."

Here we have at least the germ of the financial portion of the Devolution project; for we have the two cardinal points of the

scheme, viz., the placing of all savings made in Irish administration to the account of Ireland, and, secondly, the appointment of a committee, clearly enunciated. In one case the idea is more developed, and in the other case it is less developed, but it is the same idea in both.

It is not to be objected fairly to the principles underlying the Devolution project that they are not novel; on the contrary, it seems to be a strong argument in their favour that, thought out by one body of men, they have appealed so strongly to another that an association has been formed for their furtherance. It is not parental fondness that has inspired the sturdy action of the Reform Association; but they have quickened the inert idea, they have brought it into current politics, and they must take the praise or censure according as its fruit proves good or ill.

We must now deal with the proposals themselves. The necessity for establishing a tribunal to deal with private Bills has been long urged by every political party in Ireland—it is the one point on which Nationalists and Unionists are in complete agreement. It is hard to see any fair objection, and Lord Dunraven, if he went no further than this, would not be lacking in supporters. But Lord Dunraven has proposed that the body created for the purpose of dealing with private Bills is also to have power to legislate for Ireland within such limits as the Imperial Parliament shall impose upon it. It would be interesting if Lord Dunraven would point out the essential difference between this scheme of his and the idea which is popularly named Home Rule. Both this body and a Home Rule Parliament would be “fixed” constitutions, with their powers strictly defined by the Act of Parliament which called them into being, in both cases if they trespassed beyond those limits their acts would be void, but both within those limits would have power to enact laws binding on the community. There are some differences indeed, but they are differences of degree and not of kind. The one body would have the name of Parliament and all the pomp and circumstance that is associated with the name of Parliament and clings round the honoured offices of Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the other would have none of these things; the Home Rule Parliament would deal with Irish Finance, the Devolution Legislative body could not; but this only touches the extent of the delegated authority and not the nature of the body to which it is delegated. Lord Dunraven proposes to create a parliament without the name of parliament—a parliament partly constituted of nominees of the Crown, partly of hereditary peers and partly of elected commoners, and therefore the least popular parliament in the world,

but still a parliament. In advocating this scheme he is advocating Home Rule. Home Rule has long since been a *res-judicata*. Men have made up their minds upon it for good or ill. He has brought no new idea into the currency of political thought; he is merely a new convert to an old idea. As far as this portion of the project of Devolution is concerned the sooner it is quietly dropped or boldly enlarged the better. It has nothing in it sufficiently tempting to induce Nationalists or Unionists to make it the basis of a compromise. The position of the Reform Association is untenable; they must frankly throw in their lot with the Unionist Party, who will have one Parliament, and no more than one, to direct the fortunes of Great Britain and Ireland, or else frankly join with the majority of the Irish electorate in their cry for political autonomy.

It is, however, extremely improbable that Lord Dunraven and his friends will become Home Rulers in name. Habit has a great deal to do with politics, and so has sentiment. It is a hard wrench that shakes us free from the companionship of our political friends, and a harder wrench still that frees us from the principles of political action in which we have been reared. Ideas long assented to hold the most vigorous mind enthralled. "There is no jar or discord between genuine sentiment and sound policy," wrote Burke, and possibly we are as likely to be right in politics as in philosophy, but the methods we adopt are different. In philosophy we reason; in politics we feel. In philosophy we start with an open mind and by dint of argument reach a conclusion. In politics we start with a conclusion and use our reason in finding arguments that may support us in our belief. And, therefore, no man is held to be immoral because he changes his views in matters philosophical, while a change of views in matters political is almost universally held to be the sure mark of a contemptible nature and a degraded intellect. Our allegiance may be transferred from St. Thomas Aquinas to Kant, from Hegel to Spinoza, but not from Beaconsfield to Gladstone. Consistency has been made the touchstone of every politician's honour. If a leader of a great party like Peel or Gladstone change, his party may change with him; but when members of the rank and file change they must expect hard words from the men by whose sides they have fought and whose principles they have honoured. It would, therefore, require no small amount of moral courage on the part of the members of the Reform Association to join the Home Rule Party.

There is another motive as strong which must deter them from joining Mr. Redmond's followers. The success or failure of a Home Rule Parliament must largely depend upon the personality

of the legislators, and it must be confessed that the Irish Party, as at present manned, is not a body calculated to gain recruits for its ranks, or proselytes for its ideas. It may be a splendid fighting and agitating force, able to disturb the course of Parliamentary business, forcibly resist the closure and threaten a Prime Minister with physical violence when sitting in his place in the House of Commons, far more effectively than men with finer feelings could do ; but certainly, with the exception of a very few, it is not composed of a class of men to whose legislation the welfare of a country could be entrusted without grave risk. It may be said that if a Home Rule Parliament were established this class of men would have done their work and would be superseded ; that there is no leisured class in Ireland, and that busy commercial or professional men who are unable to attend a Parliament in London would have no difficulty in appearing nightly during each session in College Green. It certainly cannot be doubted that Ireland has plenty of men capable of ruling her affairs and shaping her destinies aright, for she has produced too many able administrators, and too many men distinguished in every branch of life to let the matter rest doubtful. She has men of genius and virtue, " the passports of Heaven to human place and honour," but the question is, has the electorate ability to discern and willingness to elect these men. It is beyond question that the new members of the Irish Party are far below the men whom Mr. Parnell gathered round him during the early years of his leadership in all the qualities that go to constitute a sound or brilliant politician. And in the County Councils, where there is no question of distance to be taken into consideration by busy men, the gentleman who has a front of brass and lungs of leather is steadily crushing out the more sober-minded Nationalist.

For these two reasons, though the Attorney-General for Ireland has denounced them as betrayers of the Union, it is improbable that the members of the Reform Association will ever become professed Home Rulers. But from reading their first manifesto we get a still stronger argument. There, their adherence to the principles of the Union is clearly expressed. Now that it must be apparent to them that the establishment of a body with legislative powers in Ireland does trench on the principles that underlie a Unionist policy, they will certainly abandon such an idea. It is inconceivable that a body of Irish gentlemen would embark upon an undertaking that concerns the dearest interests of their country with a lie upon their lips.

Turning next to the financial proposals, it must be granted by everyone who approaches the question with an open mind, that

the Reform Association has proved to demonstration that the system of Government expenditure in this country is wasteful and improvident in the extreme. But this does not carry them very far. It is not by their skill in discovering a plague spot, but by their skill in branding it out that these gentlemen must be judged. They propose, as we have seen, a Financial Council to prepare the estimates. Now this body must either control the House of Commons totally, or in some degree, as Lord Dunraven has proposed, or else not control it. If it controls Parliament it strikes at the most sacred and inviolable principle of the British Constitution, and, therefore, is as unconstitutional as any measure passed by the King, Lords and Commons can be. But it is inconceivable that the House of Commons should ever deprive itself of its most cherished privilege—the sole and unfettered power of dealing with financial matters. The strange thing is that grave and responsible men have gravely, and with a consciousness of their responsibility, put forward a scheme so fantastic. But if the Financial Council is only to advise Parliament or the Ministers of the Crown it becomes a body of doctrinaires merely, and we hope in the interest of Ireland that its advice will be disregarded. “I have,” wrote Edmund Burke, “in general no very exalted opinion of the virtue of paper government; nor of any politics where the plan is to be wholly separated from the execution.” We have no doubt that some of the body would advance the most extravagant suggestions in the hope of notoriety, or the hope of popularity, and others would put forward the most visionary ideas and be consumed with a fierce anger because no one in power would take the responsibility of acting on those ideas. How often have we seen leaders and parties denouncing schemes in opposition which they acquiesce in when in power, and advising schemes in opposition which they discard when in power, because they shirk the responsibility of a revolutionary measure and feel the overruling power of compromise! How often have we seen them taunted with the desertion of principles which they have rashly but honestly advanced in opposition! Charles James Fox denounced the French War with vigour, and carried it on when in power with equal vigour; we do not think that Mr. Lloyd-George, if he were to become Prime Minister, would evacuate the Transvaal. This advisory body would be a rash body, for it would have no responsibility, and responsibility is the cooling draught which keeps politicians sane.

These proposals, therefore, cannot be regarded as reasonably likely to benefit Ireland or reasonably likely to prove acceptable to any party. But it must be always remembered that they have only been put forward tentatively. The Reform Association is

committed to its principles, but not to these particular methods of bringing its principles into action. The real underlying principle, the establishment of a Moderate Party in Ireland, and the ruling of Ireland according to Irish ideas, is a very attractive and possibly a very sound one. It is to this principle, no doubt, that Mr. Wyndham gave assent, and considering the abstract views on nationality which he recently expressed in a rectorial address, he could hardly do otherwise. He cannot wish to see the relationship between England and Ireland that of slave-driver and slave, or of patron and parasite; he must rather desire to see Ireland sturdily independent of undue English influence, keeping its own national life uncontaminated and intact, but united to a strong neighbour on friendly terms, to better pursue the weal of both.

It is possible that Lord Dunraven may yet adopt some happier method of embodying his ideas, and, confident in our own insignificance, and that if we cannot do much good we also cannot do much evil, we offer the following reflections as food for the thoughts of his political friends and of his own.

It is a well-known fact that down to the year 1817 the Irish and English Exchequers were kept apart. Ireland then contributed 2-15ths of the expenditure of the United Kingdom; but it was speedily proved that the taxable capacity of Ireland was grossly over-rated, her national debt was quadrupled, as was her taxation, and she stood on the brink of national bankruptcy when the two Exchequers were amalgamated. It may be noticed that the Act of Union having distinctly contemplated and actually brought into being a separate Exchequer for Ireland, it is impossible now, with any show of reason, to maintain that the separation of the Exchequers again would constitute an infringement on that Act; and, secondly, that it was not the taxing of Ireland separately, but the over-estimation of her wealth, coupled with the extraordinary expenditure necessitated by the French War, which brought her to these dire financial straits. If Ireland's fair contribution were to be carefully and properly estimated no such results need follow. For the financial year 1903-4 the total revenue collected in Ireland amounted to £9,748,500. The expenditure in Ireland totalled £7,548,000, leaving £2,200,500 available for Imperial purposes. As the entire Imperial expenditure was £95,158,000, therefore Ireland only contributed 2.31 per cent. of the whole. It must be confessed that this is not an equal contribution from Ireland for Imperial purposes on any estimate furnished by any of the members of the "Childers" Committee on Financial Relations, who endeavoured to gauge the relative taxable capacity of Great Britain and Ireland. But this sum is what the Exchequer actually received from Ireland for

Imperial purposes, and considering that Ireland has not an equal interest with England in Imperial matters, it is perhaps not an unfair contribution. If it were settled that Ireland should for the next 15 years contribute  $2\frac{1}{2}$  millions annually for Imperial purposes, and if the Exchequer for Ireland were to be separated from the British Exchequer, and if the Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer were free to make what savings he could, and to apply those savings as best he might for the development of Ireland, it is obvious that the Irish people would be strongly interested in retrenchment and reform. But for the easy and successful working of a scheme such as this, it would be necessary for the Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer to be in close touch both with the Cabinet and with the Irish people. The police force, for example, could not be reduced until an increased tranquillity on the part of the people rendered it possible and until the Minister responsible for the peace of Ireland consented. It must, therefore, be confessed, when we consider how impossible it is for any Englishman to completely win the confidence of the Irish people, even though, as in the case of Mr. Gerald Balfour, he be animated by the best and kindest feelings, that the consummation of this scheme would require the presence of the leader of Irish opinion for the time being inside the Cabinet. But this also would be the consummation of the Unionist ideal. There would have to be an Irish Party which had learnt this great truth in politics: that an Opposition may have a great negative influence, but that it never can hope to direct the course of a Government, and that the position of a mere ally is very little stronger. A party abandoning Home Rule and seeking for Ireland the maximum of advantage which the Union can bestow, with its leaders anxious for places in the English Cabinet, that they might suffuse that Cabinet with Irish ideas in the conduct of Irish affairs, would be a party giving the Union what it has never yet had—a fair trial. “The marriage has been made,” said Henry Grattan, “let us make it fruitful,” but the people have never acted on the advice of one who had been the most brilliant and inexorable advocate of legislative independence, and they have never acquiesced in the Union. The popular party have always looked at it through the mists of prejudice, and have never endeavoured to make a dispassionate or scientific examination of its possible advantages. It may be remarked that the failure of the Irish Parliament after 1782, and the ultimate passing of the Union, was due to the refusal of Grattan and the rest of the patriot party to accept offices. Out of office they could deliver philippics against the Government, but could not disturb its course. O’Connell did actually accept the office which Saurin held not

many years before when he ruled Ireland as autocratically as any Czar could do ; but he feared the popular indignation which then, as now, declined to believe that an Irish patriot could be a patriot in office, and he resigned so speedily that his acceptance was unknown in his lifetime. The failure of Grattan and the authority of O'Connell both must go to convince all Nationalists that Ireland will never be governed according to Irish ideas, as even Unionists like Mr. Wyndham and others wish her to be, during the continuance of the Union, until Irish politicians strive to be not merely the critics of the Irish executive, but to themselves constitute the Irish executive.

A party formed on these lines would undoubtedly have to change the verdict of an electorate which has declared again and again for Home Rule ; but allowing that the Irish mind is very far from being plastic, and that political ideas are stubborn things not easily re-moulded, yet perhaps this task is not so very difficult as it appears to be.

The advocates of Home Rule do not base their case on any hostility to England or upon any desire for Irish independence. Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sexton and Mr. Davitt freely declared that the Home Rule Bill of 1893 would, if it had become law, have had the immediate effect of converting them into loyal subjects of the Empire. Home Rule to them and to their followers does not appear to be, and is not welcomed as, a stepping-stone to separation, and therefore it has not the basis invulnerable because sentimental, which the Fenian movement and other movements for Irish independence had. The real basis of Home Rule is not sentimental at all ; it is bottomed on the argument that Ireland would thrive better, and have her material resources more carefully developed if her interests were watched over by a native Parliament. We are far from contending that this is not in itself an adequate ground for justifying support for Home Rule ; if it can be proved, it is from the Irishman's point of view an irrefragable argument in its favour. All that we wish to emphasise is that the Home Rule movement in Ireland is of the same nature as the movement for Fiscal Reform is in England ; both are in the long run reducible to a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, and are only sentimental in a very secondary degree. The Home Ruler who sees that his country can prosper better while the Union lasts, or who sees that Home Rule is impossible of attainment, must cease to be a Home Ruler. And possibly the adherence to Home Rule is not anywhere much more than skin deep. We know that Mr. Parnell had to utilise the land question in order that he might, by the association of ideas, arouse an interest in Home Rule ; and the financial support given to the Irish Parlia-



mentary Party is much smaller in those parts of the country where the peasantry have availed themselves of the Land Purchase Acts than where the land war still rages. Death has been faced time and again on the battle-field and on the scaffold in the cause of Irish independence. Not merely ignorant peasants, but men of high position like Lord Edward Fitzgerald and of great talents like Theobald Wolfe Tone have with firm heart and head erect died with the name of Ireland on their lips. In the land war the trials and hardships of prison life were frequently and cheerfully borne. The attachment which men bear to any cause may be easily measured by the sufferings they will endure for it; and it is hard to imagine that any one would sacrifice one hour of his liberty, impossible to imagine that anyone would offer up his life a sacrifice for Home Rule. It must not be confused with those bygone movements which appealed to sentiments deeply rooted in the national heart.

One praise certainly cannot be denied the Reform Association. They are the first Unionists who, while still adhering to Unionist principles, have offered a solution for some of the many difficulties which beset the path of those who would remove the grievances of Ireland and upraise her condition. Irish Unionists have hitherto been a body who clung blindly to all existing institutions, and resisted all innovations. In our own time, and even in the whole course of the 19th century, they came forward with no suggestion for the amelioration of the condition of the country, even when that condition had become intolerable. Men who knew the country, and who might have prevented sweeping innovation by the introduction of moderate reform, relied solely on coercive measures. The Tithes Acts, the Church Disestablishment Bill, the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, the Land Code which originated with the Act of 1881, the Local Government Act of 1898, some of them passed by their political friends, some by their political foes, some wise and beneficent measures, some faulty, some glaringly unjust, have been put upon the Statute Book and they have offered the same opposition to all. They have, in our present recollection, proposed no alternatives. Their conservatism, in Disraeli's phrase, has been the mule of Irish politics; it has engendered nothing. It is surely a healthy sign now at length to see that mind so long dormant actively at work, recognising that there are abuses, and in a calm and moderate spirit endeavouring to work their redress.

JAMES FITZGERALD KENNEY.

## THE POETRY OF THOMAS MOORE.

MR. STEPHEN GWYNN, who is responsible for the appearance of Thomas Moore among the "English Men of Letters," tells us that he is afraid "such criticism as is found in this book will seem a kind of impiety and certainly of ingratitude" to Irishmen of the old school. But does he realise that to those Irishmen who are now making a literature really Irish as well as really literary, "such criticism as is found in this book" will seem not nearly definite enough, but a sort of swaying between two stools, unable to be at ease on either? The book as a whole is just and sensible, and gives us a pleasant and probably a true picture of Moore's happy, easy, and honourable nature, and of the main circumstances of his life and work. Only here and there does Mr. Gwynn seem to us to look at these personal matters from a wholly wrong point of view; and chiefly in regard to Moore's indefensible act of literary wrong-doing in the destruction of Byron's Memoirs. Mr. Gwynn does not seem to see that nothing, none of his own scruples and none of the scruples of Lady Byron and her party, can excuse in Moore the betrayal of the last and most serious confidence of his chief friend. It was done because Moore was a coward before ideas, before the naked truth. It shows him at the same distance from reality as in his verses.

Moore as a poet is the Irishman as the Englishman imagines him to be, and he represents a part of the Irish temperament; but not the part which makes for poetry. All the Irish quicksilver is in him; he registers change with every shift in the weather. He has the spirits of a Dublin mob; and it is the voice of the mob, prettily refined, sweetened, set to a tune, which we hear in his songs. But the voice of the peasant is not in him; there is in him nothing of that uneasy, listening conscience which watches the earth for signs, and is never alone in solitude. He is without imagination, and his fun and his fancy are but the rising and sinking of the quicksilver, and mean no more than a change in the weather. The imagination, which made the great Irish legends, is still awake in the peasant; education has not yet robbed him of the best part of his birthright; and in Mr. Yeats, and in A. E., and in Dr. Douglas Hyde, we see the Irish imagination again creating nobly after its kind. Moore prattled of "the harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed"; but the harp to which his ears really listened was modern and gilded,

and played by a young lady in a drawing-room. He sang to it with an agreeable voice, and he delighted his contemporaries.

In considering the question of any individual popularity, it is needful, I think, to take into account the general level of taste which can be distinguished in the public which has created that popularity. Sophocles was popular in his time, and if we scrutinise all that is known of the Athenian public which appreciated his plays, we shall see that the general level of that public's taste was very high, and we shall not be surprised by the popularity of so great a poet and so severe an artist. The public which delighted in Shakespeare was the public which had a more vivid appreciation of strange and stirring things, a more lively sense of personal adventure, and a more friendly and intimate love and cultivation of music, than the public of any other century in England. What then was the general level of taste in art at the time when Thomas Moore was (in the words of Byron's dedication of *The Corsair*) "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own"? Blake was living, and, when known, known only to be mocked, when Moore's career as a poet was practically over; the *Lyrical Ballads* appeared two years before the *Odes of Anacreon* and three years before the *Poetical Works of the Late Thomas Little, Esq.*, and Wordsworth and Coleridge were probably little more than uncouth names, just known enough to be scorned, to the "princely" circles in which Moore was an idol and the world-wide circles of whom he was the poet; Keats and Shelley, both younger men, died thirty years before Moore, and we find Shelley in the year of his death, speaking of *Hellas* (he might have spoken for *Lamia* as well) as "the last of my orphans," and asking a friend if it was he who was "introducing it to oblivion, and me to my accustomed failure." Scott, an older man, and Byron, a younger man, were Moore's only serious rivals in the affection of the public; and Byron was loved more for his defects than for his qualities, and Scott, as a poet, was scarcely less overrated than Moore. What then can be said of the general level of taste of the public which Moore intoxicated? Can we argue from what we know of it that Moore's popularity was greatly to his credit?

"It is Moore's great distinction," we are told in this book, "that he gave real pleasure to all sorts and conditions of men." That is true, and it gave to his fame a pleasant flavour: "my friendly fame," he calls it. He pleased by his songs and by his singing of them: how is it that the songs to-day seem to us like last season's fashions, melancholy in their faded prettiness? He gave pleasure, but the quality of that pleasure must be con-

sidered, and it will be seen that it was not the quality of poetic pleasure.

Moore, it may be said, wrote to please, not out of any deep inner need; yet, if he wrote what pleased others, it was mainly because it had pleased himself. No; what is poetry can be distinguished from what is not poetry by none of these tests, which are tests of probability, at the utmost; it can be distinguished only by the presence or absence in it of the qualities common to all genuine poetry: some quality of strangeness in its beauty, some gravity or gaiety beyond the mere sound or message of its words in the ear, and, in its sincerity to a mood, an emotion, or a sensation,

One grace, one thought, one wonder, at the least,  
Which into words no virtue can digest.

Herrick wrote drinking songs, and he left in them some of the mournful ecstasy of the vine. But, in the drinking-songs of Tom Moore, only the lees are left.

In the preface to his early poems we find Moore wishing himself Catullus. But did he ever quite realise what was said in that naked speech, that word like a flame of live coal, of the great lover and the great hater? It does not seem so, for he praises him for his "exquisite playfulness," his "warm yet chastened description." Even in Rochester and Sedley, whom he professes to have learnt from, he sees only the "graceful levity," and this as a mere "dissipation of the heart," set off by "those seductive graces by which gallantry almost teaches it to be amiable." What counts in Rochester is not that, but the sting; and the sting comes from some quintessential expression of a nature which at least paid the price of sincerity. Do Mr. Thomas Little's "ten or twenty kisses," however counted or however multiplied, fill up the millionth interval of Rochester's "live-long minute" of fidelity, or even Sedley's regret that he cannot "change each hour"?

It is to the Cavalier Lyrics, no doubt, that Moore at his best comes nearest; never within recognisable distance of any Elizabethan work, and never near enough to good work of the Restoration for the comparison to be seriously made. He has their fluency, but none of their gentlemanly restraint; touches of their crudity, but none of their straightforwardness; and of their fine taste, nothing, and nothing of the quality of mind which lurks under all their disguises. In Moore's songs there is no "fundamental brain-work"; they have no base in serious idea or in fine emotion. The sensations they render are trivial in themselves, or become so in the rendering; there is a continual effervescence, but no meditation, and no ecstasy. Between this faint

local heat of the senses and the true lyric rapture there is a great gulf. Moore brims over with feeling, and his feeling is quick, honest, and generous. But he never broods over his feeling until he has found his way down to its roots : the song strikes off from the surface like the spurt of a match ; there is no deep fire or steady flame. He never realised the dignity of song or of the passions. In his verse he was amorous, but a foolish lover ; shrewd, but without wisdom ; honest, but without nobility ; a breeder of easy tears and quick laughter. He sang for his evening, not his day ; and he had his reward, but must go without the day's wages.

In his *Book of Irish Verse* Mr. Yeats has made a cruel and just test of the essential quality of Moore's lyrical work by printing, one after the other, a song of Moore :—

You who would try  
The terrible track ;

Théophile Gautier's close and heightened translation :—

Vous qui voulez courir  
La terrible carrière ;

and Mr. Robert Bridges' translation back into English from Gautier :—

O youth whose hope is high,  
Who dost to truth aspire,

in which, as he rightly says, the lines are at last lifted " into the rapture and precision of poetry." A similar test might be made by looking from the lines of Dante which Moore paraphrases in his " Dream of the Two Sisters " to the tripping triviality of his version. Three lines will sufficiently show the havoc.

Giovane e bella in sogno mi pareo,  
Donna vedere andar per una landa,  
Cogliendo fiori ; e cantando dicea :

So far Dante : this is what Moore thought Dante meant :—

Methought at that sweet hour  
A nymph came o'er the lea,  
Who, gath'ring many a flow'r,  
Thus said and sung to me.

But if these comparisons seem too lofty, I have a very legitimate one in reserve, and I am not sure that it is not the most convincing. There is an " Irish Melody " of Moore which begins :—

Oh ! had we some bright little isle of our own,  
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,  
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,  
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers.

The idea has been repeated by another Irishman, Mr. Yeats, and his poem begins :—

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

No two poems could be more exactly comparable; the resemblances are as striking as the differences; and the differences might teach in one lesson all that distinguishes what is poetry from what is not poetry.

And further, if you will compare the versification of these two poems, or indeed any other poems of the two writers, you will see how cheap, for the most part, were Moore's rhythmical effects, how continually he sacrificed the accent of the sense to the accent of the rhythm, and how little he made even out of those rhythms which he is believed to have introduced into English. Those who still claim for Moore some recognition as a poet claim it mainly on account of his skill in metre, and on account of his tact in writing words for singing. Mr. Gwynn, in making one of his compromises, says rashly: "The best verse is not that which sings best." What then of the songs of the time of Elizabeth, and are they any the worse because they were made for singing, and go perfectly to music? With a good poet, good music can make good songs; with a bad poet, the best of all music cannot do as much, and Moore, in putting words to his "Irish Melodies," did not always give the tunes a chance. We are told: "He based his work upon Irish tunes, composed in the primitive manner, before poetry was divorced from music. One may say, virtually, that in fitting words to these tunes, he reproduced in English the rhythms of Irish folk-song." But we are told further, and then the case is altered: "The thing was not done completely: for instance, in the first number of the 'Melodies,' the song, 'Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye,' is to the tune of 'Eileen Aroon,' and the Irish words . . . do not correspond in metre with Moore's. He has varied the tune, and is consequently using a different stanza." If, further, one may judge from Dr. Hyde's translations in his beautiful book, *The Love Songs of Connacht*, Moore has come very far short of having "reproduced in English the rhythms of Irish folk-song." Certain cadences he has caught, like that cadence of

At the mid hour of night, when the stars were weeping, I fly,

which we are told is "a metrical effect wholly new in English." To have introduced a new cadence into English is quite a

creditable thing to have done, even without writing a good poem by its aid. And, though the poem beginning with this line may be "the most beautiful lyric that Moore ever wrote," I do not think it can be accepted as really a good poem.

In refusing to accept even this poem or the other poem to which even Mr. Yeats still clings, I am only, it seems to me, judging Moore's verse by the standard of poetry. "All he had of high poetry," says Mr. Yeats in his *Book of Irish Verse*, "is probably in 'The light of other days,' and in the exquisite lines beginning, 'At the mid hour of night.'" It is true that Mr. Yeats wrote that ten years ago; I am not sure that he would write it now. To be "exquisite," or to attain "high poetry," requires qualities which Moore never possessed, and in neither of those two lyrics, graceful and plaintive as they are, can I find an exception to those qualities of strictly second-rate skill in verse-writing which he did possess. I find in both poems a facility which carries the tune and the sense smoothly and quickly along; a prettiness, alike of sentiment and form; a certain elegance, yet a thin elegance, which covers nothing vital; and the sincerity of a superficial emotion which I can neither respect nor share, for it is fancy playing the part of feeling.

Moore's trot, gallop, and jingle of verse has, no doubt, its skill and its merit; but its skill is not seldom that of the circus-rider, and its merit no more than to have gone the due number of times round the ring without slackening speed. It entertains the most legitimately when it carries mere folly on its back. But Moore had ideals and ideas, and only the same trained nag to carry them. "Almost without knowing it," says Mr. Gwynn, "he wrote primarily for his own countrymen;" and it was to his countrymen that he said: "There exists no title of honour or distinction to which I could attach half so much value as that of being called your poet—the poet of the people of Ireland." First, and for long, he sang his patriotism to the strains of his own barrel-organ; and makes pity and anger jig to the same measures as "endearing young charms." Gradually he gave up writing verse, and wrote prose, controversial prose, and was looked upon as "the champion of the liberties of Ireland." It is significant of the whole man, and of how small a segment of him was an artist, that for Moore to become really serious meant giving up verse. Only in prose could he conceive of people being quite serious, and writing nobly.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

## MEMORIES OF SPRING IN SICILY.

"The mood of the soul created by passion and by music is natural here, spontaneous, prepared by the divine artists of earth, air, and sea."

### SICILIAN ALMOND BLOSSOM.

It is not usually until February that the snows of Etna melt into the snow of blossom, but in an exceptional year of grace, when in colder countries the misguided birds are said to have been deceived into laying eggs in November, small wonder is it that in the sunshine of Taormina the almond trees were laden with blossom towards the end of January, while February saw spring's triumphant progress on every side.

Frost exists not at Taormina, therefore winter is virtually non-existent, too, for before we have time to realise that the December roses are over, the long blissful springtide is with us with its fairy-like buoyant radiance. The bare brown almond trees which surround Taormina begin their spring preparations by changing almost imperceptibly to a greyish hue, the result of a faint white glimmer of closed buds. Again there is a change, and according as the sunlight falls the buds flush rosy red or in yellow lights seem almost of a warm brownish hue. And then comes the full awakening of blossom-tide and the trees are a mass of snowy flowers, with faint pink hearts. Almond blossom must be the blossom of fairyland; that delicate mother-of-pearl hue of the almond groves against blue sky or blue water it matters not, are alike "a vision entrancing," and even a grey day now and then is welcome for the sake of the contrast, when illumination comes in the wake of the sunshine.

In spring at Taormina nothing is so easy to understand as sun-worship. That wondrous globe of fire seems to hold the earth in its hand and to trifle with it at will. And after all, what is the most beautiful sight in the world without its radiance? At best colourless form, always waiting for that magic finger of flame to reveal the beauty, the meaning, and the power which earth grants only to her love the Lord of life, to the kiss of the sun. Then the almond blossoms flush a rosy red from dawn to sunset, happy in the sun's embrace, and spring has come in Taormina.

### A GARDEN IN TAORMINA.

But would you follow the springtime in Sicily I would ask you to come with me a few days later, when the scent of the almond



blossom is full on the air, to a certain garden at Taormina. A garden should always be the temple of the sun, but a garden at Taormina is the sun's holy of holies. So at least it seemed as one hastened in the sunlight of that rare February day, though it is ill to mention the month, because the sentiment and sensation of the day had nought in common with our February or her "fair maids." In this temple of the sun February was June as to warmth, and April as to colour, combined with the odour of the orange blossom belonging alone to Southern skies, which holds in its scent the languor of our day-dreams, the rare moments when beauty of sound, of sight, and sense seem the only realities of life.

It was a little monastic garden in the heart of hills overhung with almond blossom, surrounded with orange trees, where "sun lights up a land we love." A walled-in little garden, as became its monkish proprietors, but it suggested that where much is stifled, some senses will out; and it seemed to me that all the monks had lost in God's world had revenged itself by an almost passionate care and attention for this little fragrant spot, which it pleases me to call the Temple of the Sun. Its paths are paved with the irregular picturesque Italian tiles, and the low marble seats are here and there in quaint regularity. Over these paths and up and down the marble seats race and peep the little green lizards of the sunshine, revelling in the orange-scented air among the roses and almond trees. Right above the garden tower the crags of Mola, and all around the tiny enclosure is to be heard the subdued lazy tinkle of the goat bells which sound as if the sunshine had had its effect even on them, so leisurely is their murmur. A splendid looking monk in the white garment of the Trappists comes slowly out of the Convent and gives a loving glance at some large oleanders and some directions to the handsome dark garden boys working among the acanthus leaves. Without thinking, he picks a bit of orange blossom and saunters slowly on to the marble seat, where even in shadow all is sunshine. His face makes one feel his struggles are behind him—and yet. He sits down with his mockery of orange blossom and a tired look comes on the still young face. Before long the spell of the sun is upon him, and the world of dreams is with him, a world of one face. There it glances through the orange trees, a mixture of bewildering, dazzling smiles and "infinite vague regrets," a thing to die for and a thing to deal death, not pitiful, but proudly, divinely fair, a daughter of the Gods, on whose face it would seem as if only the kiss of the sun could bring the flush of love's morning. The parted lips and the whole attitude of the man are full of infinitely sweet suggestion, and he smiles in his sleep with a rare

radiance as he, a priest, dreams a Pagan dream in this holy of holies of the sun—just for a moment. Then a cloud comes over the sun, the monk starts and shivers, and with a stern set face turns back towards the monastery.

And the lizards dance and the oleanders rustle in the breeze, and the Lord of life, the sun, is triumphant and alone in his Pagan temple. So spring comes, and its fancies, in a garden of Taormina.

#### A RUSTIC BALL IN TAORMINA.

But springtime has its nights as well as days in Sicily as elsewhere; those warm starlit nights where a reminiscence of winter seems to mingle with the spring feeling which the faint, sweet odour of the almond blossoms gives to the soft night air. The crescent moon has long since sunk behind the snow-clad slopes of Etna. The village people hang about their doors and windows, from the latter of which come ever and anon the wafted fragrance of trailing carnations and the "buona sera's" of their owners. Turn up a side path of fairly rocky description, difficult perhaps in which to pick your way, were it not for the starry sky above, to say nothing of the hospitality of Taormina beneath it, for before there could be any doubt as to a path of difficulties, four coloured lanterns rise out of the darkness and are borne rapidly towards us like colossal fireflies. A little procession is formed, fireflies in front, making the path a fresh picture at every step, ordinary mortals behind, feeling that the whole scene (to say nothing of the Greek heads of the guides) was not of to-day, but of some far distant age when romance was reality and realities romantic. So we pass on half a mile it may be, along the slopes of Taormina, when the distant sound of a forcible but antiquated hurdy-gurdy announces the vicinity of a village ball. The fireflies are extinguished suddenly, with that unerring dramatic instinct which is so part of these southern folk, and our way is groped in pitch darkness through a little passage-room into a larger one illuminated by one small stinking oil lamp. This apartment is packed with men, women, and children, but principally men, and in the centre a certain number are executing a species of lancers with a good deal of the "kitchen" about them. As is always the case everywhere at rustic balls, steps are a very important feature, otherwise the dances were uninteresting, and one wished for a tarantella or saltarello, neither of which it would appear is popular in Taormina. But the chief interest in the dimly-lighted room, reeking of bad tobacco, was to be found in the faces of the men and boys. The many races that have had a hand in making the Sicilian were never more clearly in evidence. Here was a Greek faun, vitality in every line and shade of colouring; there

stood a boy who appeared to have just stepped out of an Egyptian bas-relief, alongside of him laughed a veritable imp of Murillo, all black curls and white teeth, and throughout the little gathering magnificent black eyes flashed their curious slumbering fire. The women of Sicily are, on the whole, most disappointing as to beauty : they are, and look, the household drudge, and if they ever have had any good looks, these are over at fourteen ! The respectable women of Sicily do not dance, or, in fact, do anything but grub at their own firesides, but we were told that the proprietor of this dancing room, possessing two daughters, and as it seemed a strange number of other female relatives, arranged that respectability and amusement could join hands under his roof ! Certainly, the same women danced every dance to endless sets of men. The women conduct themselves like wooden images more than anything else, while the men are all boundless energy, gesture and animation. Such are the approved manners at a ball in Sicily. For a while the dancing proceeded in peace, then suddenly some accepted rule was violated, the whole place was in an uproar, and the cry of " *Carabiniere* " was heard on all sides. The principal assailant rushes to fetch them, and imprisonment appears the least thing possible for the entire gathering ! In course of time the representatives of order appear accompanied by the apparently infuriated complainant, when the entire community with one voice puts the state of the case before them with a noise worthy of bedlam. They were a meek looking couple of innocent looking lanky police, with the evident intention of taking no notice of anything. They refer to the proprietor, who declares there is nothing wrong, and never has been, so the offended dancer makes the best of it and sits down with his men in authority to a bottle of wine with sublime content. So do storms rise and fall in Sicily, like those of its own Mediterranean.

A little of a smelling oil lamp, bad tobacco, and the *same* tune on a hurdy-gurdy, for it possessed but one, goes a long way with most of us, even in the interests of local colour, and as one listened to that hurdy-gurdy, it was impossible not to decide in one's own mind, that truly the Italian and Sicilian are singers, but what power on earth would make them musical ? Nowhere, in all probability, in the world can you hear so much bad music, badly performed, as in Italy. Of course, all musicians recognise the gift of voice, which I would say is the gift of climate, but where else could a hurdy-gurdy have been listened to with perfect indifference, playing the same tune from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. ? So, not unwillingly, though the sight had a curious interest of its own, we step out again under the perfect starlit sky ; the fireflies form up into procession, and the scent of the almond trees is

wafted towards us on the soft sweet air of a spring night in Sicily.

### NELSON AND BRONTË.

#### *Maniace.*

The very name is a romance in itself ! Back we go at once to the great English hero and his enchantress, Lady Hamilton, in their Neapolitan days, when Ferdinand IV. bestowed on Nelson as a recognition of his, and perhaps of the services of the Queen's great friend Lady Hamilton, the Dukedom of Brontë, in Sicily, "a Feud of, it is said, about £3,000 a year," as Nelson wrote to his father. This was just after the flight of the Royal family from Naples, in which, without doubt, both Lady Hamilton and Nelson had been of great service to the Royal Family. Little Prince Albert died in Lady Hamilton's arms during the voyage, her services to the Queen were many and devoted, and from this period the great admiral's signature was always "Nelson and Brontë." The approach to "Maniace" (the name of the residence which went to Nelson with the dukedom of Brontë) has been materially altered during the last few years by the Etna railway, which takes you within about three miles of the castle itself, instead of your being obliged, as in former days, to drive along the brigand-infested slopes of Etna from Catania. Now, a very comfortable, if leisurely little train drags you along, through wonderfully diversified scenery ; from anemones and almond trees, through bare tracts of lava (reminding one of nothing but Gustave Doré's "Purgatorio"), twisted into the hideous and almost painful shapes which lava only can assume, until you arrive in the wild mountains round Maniace, in our case, in sleet and snow and a driving wind, for the Highlands of Sicily are essentially different in climate from Taormina. Sicilian brigands seemed a reality for the first time at that little wayside station, when one saw the Brontë servants, on the carriages, each armed with a gun, in a very workmanlike looking livery, a sort of cross between a soldier's and a postillion's.

As we drove to the castle there were endless places where lurking desperados could have made easy havoc of us and our possessions ; however, nothing happened, and we were assured that it is now always known when the brigands are in the neighbourhood, though, indeed, it is only a few years since their last capture took place half a mile from the house, just as it were to refresh the memory of the old castellated walls as to their bygone struggles. Clattering over a bridge and under an archway into a courtyard, a dozen or so more soldier-postillions presented arms as we were ushered into the inhabited part of Maniace,

where fancy allows one to think Nelson and his "ladye faire" may have passed secluded days from tumult and unrest. The courtyard is three-sided; one side of it is a great granary where the wheat of the tenants is stored by the "Duca," to be bought back by the same tenants as winter supplies fall short. The building at the end of the court is an oil distillery, so that only one side of the Castle is inhabited, a long, long corridor, reminding one of monastic arrangements.

On the ground floor are offices, among others the guardroom, where a fair amount of warlike equipment is kept in case of need.

You mount a stone staircase, which feels a little as if you were ascending from a dungeon, when you suddenly awake to the fact that you are on the first floor of a low, pleasant room of the English small hall or library pattern; there you ~~are~~ hospitably entertained with tea à l'Anglais; on one side, opening out of this pleasant living-room, are the drawing-room and dining-room (the first looking on to the garden, the second with a delightful glimpse of snow-clad Etna), and on the other side the long corridor with all the bedrooms opening out of it, at the end of which Mr. Marion Crawford makes the brigands enter the castellated walls of "Camaldoli" (or Maniace) in his novel of *Corleone*. At the end of this gallery runs "the grey rushing water that sparkled here and there in the starlight, at the eddies. The brambles grow low down to the water's edge, and the tall eucalyptus trees make black shadows. Higher up wild olive trees and wild figs grew out of vegetation that covered the precipitous ascent all indistinguishable in the dim light. High above all to the right, the outline of the gloomy Druses' Tower is sharp and dark against the sky, and the straight line of the rampart is drawn like a black band over the more uncertain shadows below." But though Mr. Crawford has drawn us our last romance with Maniace for a setting, one feels that its grey old walls have many an earlier history to tell, possibly even of Saracen days. Still it may be doubted whether any tale they could tell us would ever rival the romance of Lady Hamilton, which saw the Dukedom of Brontë the possession of an Englishman, an honoured name as it is at present, and as it was of yore.

A. M. WAKEFIELD.

## SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

A WELL-KEPT secret, especially if it lies hidden in a packet of old letters, and relates to high romance and broken hearts, improves marvellously by age. Some people there are, indeed, who affect to regard as ghoulish any disinterment of dead passions—a man's private life, they say, is his own and should be kept sacred; the tears and sorrows of those who have wept in secret should never be revealed to the gaze of the curious. It is a false argument. If a man deserves to be kept in memory at all—apart from his work—let us have the whole man; if love played a masterful part in his life, let posterity know. It is essential to the understanding of his character, and it may throw a new light on his work. But if there be a tragedy in his love, then by all means let plentiful time elapse before the old letters are opened again and sob out their story anew. A century is long enough. After a hundred years have flown, even the most hypersensitive descendant of the dead man can look with detachment upon the foibles of a grandparent or great-grandparent; after a hundred years even a cemetery may be transformed, without shock to public sentiment, into a decorous playground, a no man's land where all may enter. So much by way of exordium to a most interesting collection of letters, written between the end of 1797 and the middle of 1799, which tell for the first time—not quite completely, it is true, but much more fully than ever before—the history of the extraordinary love passages between Thomas Lawrence, the artist, and the two ill-fated daughters of the beautiful Mrs. Siddons. They consist of the correspondence which passed between Sally and Maria Siddons and their girl friend and confidant, Miss Bird, and also of the correspondence between Mrs. Pennington, an old friend of Mrs. Siddons, and Lawrence, Sally, and the great actress herself. Edited with great judgment by Mr. Oswald G. Knapp, they have recently been published under the title of *An Artist's Love Story*.

During the last decade of the eighteenth century one of the most interesting figures in the artistic world of London was the young painter, Thomas Lawrence, who was afterwards knighted and for ten years, 1820–1830, was President of the Royal Academy. He had come up to town in 1787, at the age of eighteen, after surviving the manifold perils which threaten the future of an infant prodigy. His father, one of those clever but wayward men who are always changing their calling and entreating the support of their friends,

had kept during Lawrence's childhood an inn at Devizes, on the Bath Road, where, if patrons were moped after supper, the landlord was ready to recite Shakespeare or send in his clever little son to make sketches for their amusement. The child became well known to the persons of quality who then thronged the road and, at the age of eleven, was sent to Bath as a pupil of Mr. Prince Hoare, the fashionable portrait painter of that most fashionable spa. There he remained six years, until he went to London. In 1791 the Royal Academy elected him a Supplementary Associate, despite the fact that he had not reached the age limit, and in 1794 George III. expressed a wish, which was tantamount to a command, that Lawrence should be elected a full member of the Academy. He was then twenty-five years of age, of tall, striking presence, exceedingly handsome, and with polished, courtly manners which subsequently won the praise of the First Gentleman of Europe. He possessed all the accomplishments. He danced well; he sang; he recited; he was a good amateur actor and an adept at billiards. And, in addition to his good looks, his talent, and his graces, he was a man of sensibility and sentiment. Frankly emotional, he made little effort to disguise his feelings. Susceptible to female beauty, which threw him into transports of worship and adoration, he was as romantic as the heart of any girl of the late eighteenth century could desire.

While he was still apprenticed to his art at Bath, Mrs. Siddons had more than once sat to him for her portrait. The great actress took an interest in his career, and, when he came to London, invited him frequently to her house at 49, Great Marlborough Street, where she lived during the years with which we are concerned. The household consisted of Mr. Siddons, a cold, reserved man, who became more and more estranged from his brilliant wife, Mrs. Siddons, two sons, Henry and George, and three daughters, Sarah Martha, Maria, and Cecilia—the youngest a child who does not enter into the story. The eldest, usually called Sally, was born in 1775; her sister Maria was four years her junior. They seem to have returned to London from their boarding school at Calais in the year 1792 or 1793, and were two charming girls, fond of gaiety, but devoted to their mother and to one another. Maria developed the greater beauty; Sally had the better disposition and was the cleverer of the two. She sang well enough to silence even a sister's criticism. "I never heard singing," Maria wrote to a friend, "that delighted me as hers does; there is something so touching in her voice that one must be in very good spirits to hear it without approaching to a pain."

Lawrence was a constant visitor, but the precise nature of the footing upon which he stood in the Siddons' household prior to

1797, when the letters begin, is left a mystery. That he was strongly attracted to Sally, with whose tastes he had so much in common, we can well believe. That she was in love with him subsequent events clearly prove. Her mother's keen eyes detected the attachment, and the discovery gave Mrs. Siddons much anxiety, for though she was exceedingly partial to Lawrence and admired his talent and good qualities, she had grave doubts as to his constancy. There was certainly, as Mr. Knapp contends, no open engagement, for Lawrence's affairs were rather embarrassed, and he had to assist his family, for his father's projects all turned out badly. Mr. Siddons, moreover, evidently knew of nothing between Lawrence and his daughter. Was there, then, as Mr. Knapp supposes, an understanding known only to themselves and Mrs. Siddons? Or was it merely that Lawrence paid Sally much attention, without seriously intending marriage, and then, as Maria grew up into young womanhood and developed great beauty, did he transfer his attentions from one sister to the other? This seems, perhaps, the most reasonable explanation—that Lawrence was not definitely pledged to Sally, who, on perceiving that he had begun to love Maria, and that Maria loved him, concealed still more her own feelings and did all she could to promote her sister's happiness.

At any rate, by the winter of 1797 Lawrence was a declared suitor for the hand of Maria, then a girl of eighteen, and as Mr. Siddons refused his consent, the lovers arranged clandestine meetings and exchanged clandestine notes. Miss Bird and one of the painter's sisters were their confidants, and they met in Lawrence's studio in Greek Street, Soho. The course of true love did not run smooth, and Maria fell seriously ill, the first warning of the consumption which was so soon to prove fatal. Then, as her condition caused her family the greatest anxiety, and the girl was desperately love-sick, Mr. Siddons gave his reluctant consent to the engagement, and Lawrence's suit was formally accepted. What did Sally think of it? The answer is seen in a letter to Miss Bird, dated January 5th, 1798, wherein she bravely announces the engagement as "a piece of good news." She says:—

Maria determined to speak to my father when she was much worse than she is now; she did, and he, moved by the state in which she was, and considering, no doubt, that the union must take place with or without his consent, thought it most wise to agree to what was inevitable. Some letters passed between him and Mr. L——, and now all is going on smoothly, and he regularly makes us a visit every evening. Should not this happy event have more effect than all the medicines? At least, I cannot but think it will add greatly to their efficacy. But what will our friend do without some difficulties to overcome? But, perhaps, in this pursuit he has found enough to satisfy him and will be



content to receive Maria, tho' there now remain no obstacles. Well, I rejoice sincerely that there is an end to all mystery, and I think Maria has as fair a prospect of happiness as any mortal can desire.

Nothing could be more magnanimous. Sally might weep when she was alone, but outwardly she rejoiced in her sister's happiness. This did not last long. Six weeks after Sally's letter Maria wrote to the same correspondent in a tone which clearly denoted that all was not going well. Tired of her long confinement to the house, she was pining for air, but the doctors forbade her to stir out until April, and it was then only the middle of February. She said :—

I agree with you that nothing can be so delightful as the *unremitting* attention of those we love, but where shall we find constancy enough in this wicked world to make us always happy? . . . There are more real delights at home than I thought there were. The love of a mother and sister never fails; did we but know when we were happy, how many sorrows should we escape!

Evidently there was a rift in the lute. Sally had been right! Once the "obstacles" were removed, Lawrence's enthusiastic passion waned. He grew moody and dejected; his regular attendance at Great Marlborough Street became irksome and intolerable. Maria was an invalid, condemned, according to the mistaken treatment of the time, to dwell in rooms hermetically sealed. The clever Mrs. Piozzi showed herself cleverer than all the medical pundits when she said, "Shutting a young, half-consumptive girl up in *one unchanged air* for three or four months would make any of them ill and ill-humoured, too, I should think. But 'tis *the new way* to make them breathe their own infected breath over and over again, in defiance of all books, old experience, and good old common sense. Ah! my dear friend, there are many new ways, and a dreadful place do they lead to." Very likely, too, Maria was fretful and querulous. She was not a girl of resource—her mother said that she was incapable of exertion either in mind or body—her attractiveness had lain in her beauty and freshness, and these were impaired, no doubt, by continued illness. Lawrence, perhaps, may have realised too late the delicateness of Maria's health and have shrunk from the prospect of marrying a confirmed invalid. The situation was a cruel one, but the means he took to free himself from it were beyond palliation or excuse. For, as his love for Maria cooled, his old flame for her sister shot up into new life. He saw, doubtless, in the devoted and unremitting attention which Sally gave her sister, what a sweet-natured and unselfish girl she was. He realised what he had lost. He became, says Fanny Kemble, in her *Records of a Girlhood*,

“evidently extremely and unaccountably wretched. Violent scenes of the most painful emotion, of which the cause was inexplicable and incomprehensible, took place between himself and Mrs. Siddons, to whom he finally, in a paroxysm of self-abandoned misery, confessed that he had mistaken his feelings, and ended by imploring permission to transfer his affections from one to the other sister.” No description of the scene itself has survived; there is only an incidental reference to it in a letter written many months later by Mrs. Siddons to Sally herself. From this we gather that one day, after the Siddonses—probably Mrs. Siddons and Sally—had been with Lawrence to Miss Linwood’s Needlework Exhibition, Lawrence had an interview with Mrs. Siddons alone and raved and stormed like a madman, protesting his love for Sally, and threatening to rush into her presence and declare his passion. Here is the passage :—

Let not my beloved Sally fear *my persevering firmness*, dearest of creatures! Does she not know that it was my dread of making *HER unhappy*, which, ever since that terrible visit which followed Miss Linwood’s Exhibition, has forced me into toleration; when, without the least consideration for poor Maria, I was even on my knees to prevent his rushing into her presence. Yes, I will own that though I could not wonder at the effect my adorable Sally’s perfections had wrought upon him who was in the daily contemplation of her perfections, I believe no time, no change could wear away the unfavourable impression of his selfish, unfeeling conduct at that tremendous moment. He said it was madness, and the fear of losing them both, for, next to Sally, he adored Maria.

Mrs. Siddons’ conduct is as inexplicable as Lawrence’s was despicable. Why did she allow herself, as she says, to be “forced into toleration”? Why did she not reject Lawrence’s outrageous proposition with indignation, show him the door, and lay the whole matter before her husband? The reasons were complex. She could not help pitying Lawrence’s distraction; she was genuinely alarmed lest he should carry out his threat of committing suicide; she was nervously apprehensive of scandal, and it is also certain that at this time she was not on very good terms with her husband. She feared from him a violent explosion of wrath. Naturally, he had to be told that the engagement between Lawrence and Maria was broken off, but of the true cause he was kept in the dark; nor had he any idea that Lawrence was clamouring to be allowed to pay his addresses to Sally.

Sally gave no hint of her own feelings in the letter which she wrote to Miss Bird a fortnight later to tell her that the Lawrence affair was at an end, and that Maria bore her disappointment well—in short, “like a person *whose heart could never have been deeply engaged*. . . . She is in good spirits, talks and thinks of dress and company and beauty, as usual. Is not this fortunate? Had

she *loved him*, I think this would almost have broken her heart. I rejoice that she did not." Maria, too, hid her wounded pride, and her chief anxiety, poor girl, was to get out into the open air again. "It appears to me," she says pathetically, "that I should be very like myself if I could but take a walk and feel the wind blow on me again." Renewed bleeding and blistering made it hard for her to keep up her spirits, and she looked eagerly forward to the coming summer, which she was to spend at the Clifton Hot Wells, where she hoped to regain her lost health. Sally's situation was as embarrassing as her sister's. She had never ceased to love Lawrence, and she must have been secretly pleased at his renewed passion for her, and anxious to persuade herself that Maria's affections had not been deeply engaged. Yet she gave this second courtship no encouragement and was miserable at heart, "surrounded," as she says, "with doubts, fears, and perplexities, from which I do not see how to extricate myself, obliged to appear cheerful, while everything about me distresses or is totally forgotten by me. Oh! you cannot guess my situation, but you pity me, I am sure. I fly to employment to cheat the time, and, tho' it sometimes fails, it is the best thing to be done." There was no estrangement between the sisters; but whether Sally gave Maria her full confidence may be doubted.

Summer came at last without further developments, and in the beginning of June the whole Siddons family went down to Clifton, where Maria revived a little, and was even able to go to an assembly ball, though not to dance. Then in July Mr. and Mrs. Siddons started on a professional tour in the Midlands, taking Sally with them and leaving Maria in the charge of Mrs. Pennington, wife of the Master of the Ceremonies at the Hot Wells, a clever, good-hearted woman, inclined to gush and be romantic, but a singularly devoted friend. Mrs. Siddons renewed her old triumphs at Cheltenham, Worcester, Gloucester, Hereford, and Birmingham, but she had a wretchedly anxious time, for Sally was prostrated by a bad attack of asthma, and the accounts of Maria's health grew worse and worse, until, by the beginning of August, it was known that the end was only a matter of weeks. Moreover, Lawrence was pestering Mrs. Siddons with his entreaties to be allowed to see Sally, and was urging his suit in his best tragedy manner. Mrs. Siddons, after a talk with Sally, wrote thus to Mrs. Pennington:—

The GOOD SENSE and TENDERNESS, it was evident, had *needed no prompter*, and, while she ingenuously confessed her predilection, she was as well aware of Mr. L.—'s blameable conduct as anyone could be, and declared that (*Maria totally out of the question*) she felt the weight of many other objections that seemed to preclude the possibility of the dreaded event.

Sally, indeed, had made up her mind not to give Lawrence a word of encouragement until Maria had completely recovered, and that was never to be. Eventually, tired of fruitless entreaties by post, "the wretched madman" travelled down to Birmingham for an interview. Mrs. Siddons thus describes what took place :—

His hopes with regard to Sally, I, with her own concurrence, told him were entirely at an end, representing at the same time the situation of her sister. I suppose he is almost mad with remorse, and think it is likely he may be at this moment at Clifton. I pray GOD his phrenzy may not impel him to some desperate action. . . . Mr. S. knows nothing of *all this*, the situation of dear Sally, when one recurs to her original partiality for this wretched madman, placing *her* in so delicate a situation, we thought it best to keep the matter entirely concealed, as it was *impossible* that anything *could* come of it, if *ever*, NEVER she was RESOLVED till her sister was perfectly restored. I hope it will always be a secret to Mr. S., as it could answer no end but to enrage *him* and make us *all* still more unhappy.

Mrs. Siddons guessed that Lawrence would go straight from Birmingham to Clifton—whither Sally had just gone to nurse her sister—and was afraid lest he should make a scene at Mrs. Pennington's. She was partly right. Lawrence posted off to Clifton, took rooms under the assumed name of Jennings, and wrote to Mrs. Pennington imploring an interview and begging her to hand an enclosed letter to Sally. "By a profligate daring," he wrote, "I might see Miss Siddons, but I cannot. Yet something I must do, and what better than at once repose a confidence in a Woman of Sense and Honour, trust implicitly to her Candour, nor believe that I shall suffer by it till the suffering comes?" The appeal throughout was to her pity :—"I love—exist but for Miss Siddons, and am decisively rejected by her. . . . My situation is a desperate one, but my soul is yet unwilling to be subdued by it. . . . Trembling Hope, half broken as it is, my heart still cherishes as its sole spring of Life." And so on in wild, high-flown strain! Mrs. Pennington agreed to see him, but when Lawrence tried the heroics which he had found so effective with Mrs. Siddons, she calmly told him that "she had seen such scenes better acted before, and that, if he wished to secure her friendship or hoped for her good offices, a rational and composed behaviour was the best way to obtain them." This quiet sarcasm brought him to reason, and he promised to leave Clifton on the understanding that Mrs. Pennington should send him frequent word of Sally. Returning to Birmingham, he had two more interviews with Mrs. Siddons, pacing up and down the room, she says, in agonies that brought her almost to fainting three or four times. Once, indeed, while rising to ring for hartshorn and water, she swooned and would have fallen had he not caught her. Fancy

the Tragic Muse herself being imposed upon by the "wild transports" of an amateur actor threatening self-destruction or flight to the mountains of Switzerland, as though that were an alternative only less horrible than suicide! Mrs. Siddons confessed to Mrs. Pennington that Lawrence "TERRIFIED her into her *toleration* of his love for Sally by the horrible desperation of his conduct," and added, "I gave him my sincere forgiveness and calm advice, but told him positively that he had NOTHING MORE to hope from *me* except my good wishes for his success and happiness. . . . He went off calmly and with resolutions to be all that could be wished." And Mr. Siddons still knew nothing! His wife was receiving Mrs. Pennington's letters addressed to Sally Briggs—her maid—"lest they should fall into improper hands," *i.e.*, her husband's.

For six weeks after Lawrence's return to London he and Mrs. Pennington kept up a lengthy correspondence, full of heroic protestations, cajolery and flattery on his part, and full of voluminous detail and good sense on hers. Yet it is evident that Mrs. Pennington had also fallen under the Lawrence spell, and was secretly very well pleased to figure prominently in this melancholy romance, and be the intimate correspondent of such a "dear, afflicted, and unfortunate Being" as Lawrence, who "attacks, agitates, interests, and distracts" all connected with him. Maria, meanwhile, was sinking fast, and though once she sent word that "she wished Lawrence no ill and freely forgave him the uneasiness he had caused her," her chief anxiety was to prevent Sally from marrying him. A few hours before she died on October 7th, she said to her sister, in the presence of her mother, "Promise me, my Sally, *never* to be the wife of Mr. Lawrence. I *cannot* BEAR to *think* of *your* being so." Sally murmured some evasive words which Maria misunderstood, but the dying girl, after asking her mother to read prayers, again returned to the subject. This time no evasion was possible, for Maria expressed her joy at her sister's promise and turned eagerly to Sally to hear her confirm it. At such a distressing moment, what could a sister do? To refuse was to agitate the last moments of the dying; to comply was to cut herself off from hope of happiness. Sally, quite overcome, gave the required pledge.

"I did *not* promise, dear, dying Angel," she said, "but I *WILL* and do if you require it." "Thank you, Sally; my dear mother—Mrs. Pennington—bear witness. Sally, give me your hand—you promise never to be his wife. Mother—Mrs. Pennington—lay your hands on hers." (We did so.)—"You understand! Bear witness." We bowed and were speechless. "Sally, sacred, sacred be this promise"—stretching out her hand, and pointing her forefinger—"Remember me and GOD bless you!"

When Lawrence received the long letter in which Mrs. Pennington thus graphically and minutely described Maria's death, and read the promise which rudely shattered all his hopes, rage overcame him and he hurriedly sent off a frenzied note :—

It is only my Hand that shakes, not my Mind.

I have played deeply for her, and you think she will still escape me. I'll tell you a secret. *It is possible she may. Mark the end.*

You have all played your parts admirably!!!

If the scene you have so accurately described is mentioned by you to one Human Being, I will pursue your name with execration.

This "diabolical letter" was forwarded to Mrs. Siddons and shown by her to Sally, who remarked, "If this is love, defend me from it!" "It may be love," she wrote to Mrs. Pennington, "but such love as I never wish to inspire. I fly with horror from such a passion. . . . I will not say that weakness shall never return, but, if it does, it shall be confided only to you, and you shall advise, and love and pity me. Oh! you can do it so sweetly, and never will your kind heart be shut to the sorrows of your Sally! We cannot, you know, quite conquer all our *feelings*, but virtue and reason may regulate our conduct, and, with the help of Heaven, I fear not for myself in that respect. Whatever I may *feel* I will ACT AS I HAVE PROMISED." She kept her word, though she found it hard, for her love for Lawrence survived her reprobation of his violence, and survived also her emphatic protestations that she loved him no longer. When she returned to London, she persistently avoided him, refused invitations to houses at which he was likely to be of the party, and when Lawrence wrote a last appeal in December, she answered it in so decisive a manner that it seems to have succeeded in destroying his infatuation. Mr. Siddons at length was informed of what had taken place, and forbade all intercourse with Lawrence, "whom he reprobated"—so Mrs. Siddons sarcastically says—"with the spirit of a just man above the weaknesses which are the misfortunes of the Race in general."

Lawrence soon found consolation elsewhere. By the beginning of February, 1797, the gossips were talking of the attentions he was paying to a lady at Clapham, one of two sisters who painted extremely well and had "extensive possessions." In June there were whispers of a certain Miss Jennings. Sally tried to persuade herself that she had resigned all thoughts of love or jealousy, but when she passed Lawrence close in Kensington Gardens one Sunday morning her heart sank. "Whenever," she wrote, "I meet his eyes with that glance that pierces through and through one, it is like an electric stroke to me." She loved him still, and.

woman-like, felt wounded at heart when she found that he had taken her at her word and had ceased to love her. Nor was Lawrence long in making his peace with her mother, whom he assured in July that he thought of Sally only as a friend, though he still refused to send back her letters until he should marry. By December the old friendly relationship between actress and painter was fully resumed, the only difference being that their meetings were confined to the theatre, and Lawrence no longer called at Great Marlborough Street, so that he might not see Sally. "Our Knight Errant is tired of fighting wind-mills," wrote Mrs. Siddons, "and is very peaceable." Sally was troubled at this intercourse. "I know my mother sees him often," she writes, "and I know she cannot cease to look upon him with the partiality she always did and always, I believe, will feel for him, yet she never mentions him to me, never tells me he has spoken of me, or desires to be remembered to me. Perhaps, indeed, he never does think or speak of me; but can I ever forget the days that are past? Is it easy, is it *possible* to wish to be quite obliterated from a heart which I once thought it the extreme of happiness to possess? Ah, no, no, I feel it is not possible, and however *right* I may think it that we are separated, I would not have him forget me." And so on, we may suspect, to the end, though the edge of her sorrow was blunted by time. Sally survived Maria less than five years, and died in 1803 of her old trouble, the asthma. It is strange, indeed, that for a hundred years these letters which tell her sad story should have been kept so secret. But the whole episode was kept marvellously close, considering what a gossiping age it was and how much Mrs. Siddons lived in the public eye. The public only knew that there had been an engagement between Lawrence and one of the ill-fated sisters. Even Fanny Kemble, Sally's own cousin, did not know the whole truth and confused Sally with Maria.

Mrs. Siddons retained through life her affection for Lawrence, though their paths diverged as he rose to high fame and she retired into private life. Nearly thirty years later, when she made her will, she expressed the wish that Lawrence should help to carry her to the grave. "Good GOD! did she say that?" was his exclamation when he was told. Yet she survived him by a year. With the Charles Kembles Lawrence kept up close relationship. Fanny Kemble tells an interesting story of a portrait of herself which Lawrence painted and showed, when completed, to Mrs. Kemble. As she looked at it Lawrence said, "What strikes you? What do you think?" "It is very like Maria," said Mrs. Kemble. The incautious words recalled the past so vividly that Lawrence became so agitated as scarcely to be able to speak. At

last he said :—" Oh ! she is very like her : she is very like them all." But what is even more remarkable is Fanny Kemble's own confession that she too came perilously near losing her heart to the very man whose love had been so disastrous to her two cousins long before she herself was born. Here are the words in which she describes with what grief she heard of Lawrence's sudden death in 1830 :—

The shock of this event was terrible to me, although I have sometimes since thought it was fortunate for me rather than otherwise. Sir Thomas Lawrence's onthusiastically expressed admiration for me, his constant kindness, his sympathy in my success, and the warm interest he took in everything that concerned me, might only have inspired me with a grateful sense of his condescension and goodness. But I was a very romantic girl, with a most excitable imagination, and such was to me the melancholy charm of Lawrence's countenance, the elegant distinction of his person, and the exquisite refined gentleness of his voice and manner, that a very dangerous fascination was added to my sense of gratitude for all his personal kindness to me and my admiration of his genius; and I think it not at all unlikely that, had the intercourse continued, and had I sat to him for the projected portrait of Juliet, in spite of the forty years' difference in our ages and my knowledge of his disastrous relations with my cousins, I should have become in love with him myself, and been the fourth member of my family whose life he would have disturbed and embittered. His sentimentality was of a particularly mischievous order, as it not only induced women to fall in love with him, but enabled him to persuade himself that he was in love with them, and apparently with more than one at a time.

This extract bears out Lawrence's extraordinary power of fascination and personal attractiveness. He was much run after, oftener wooed than wooing, as one lady wrote of him after his death, adding that, in her opinion, " he never gave pain wilfully to any human being or flirted for the gratification of his own vanity." Another, who knew him well, said that his manners were likely to mislead without his intending it. " He could not write a common answer to a dinner invitation without its assuming the tone of a *billet doux*; the very commonest conversation was held in that soft low whisper and with that tone of deference and interest which are so unusual and so calculated to please. He was not a male coquette; he had no *plan* of conquest." A nice distinction! But one can easily see how such a man obtained the character of being " an old flirt," even when he was in his fifties. He schooled himself to self-control as he grew older, and most people only knew his suave and collected society manner. But he was always emotional at heart, always liable to be carried away by floods of sentiment. He had more than one serious love affair after his tragic passages with Sally and Maria Siddons. For two years he was madly in love with a sister of Lord Templeton,



and a still more enduring attachment was to a Mrs. Wolff, the wife of Mr. James Wolff, the Danish Consul, an art-loving connoisseur who had a large picture gallery at his Battersea residence. Lawrence painted her portrait for the Academy Exhibition of 1815, and seems to have been at least partly responsible for the break-up of the Wolff household, Mrs. Wolff living first in Kent and then at Fairfield, near Ross, in Herefordshire. There was some scandal at the time, and one or two ill-natured paragraphs got into the newspapers, but the friendship, ardent as it was, remained, it is said, platonic to the end. Mrs. Wolff, like Sally Siddons, composed songs, and Fanny Kemble tells a curious story of how Lawrence once asked her to sing a song entitled "These Few Pale Autumn Flowers." When she had done so he showed her a portrait of the lady who had written it. Fanny asked who she was, and to her surprise Lawrence could only stammer out:—"A—a lady towards whom—for whom—I entertained the profoundest regard." Then without another word he fled from the room. Mrs. Wolff died in 1823.

Lawrence never married, and remained a sentimentalist to the last, cultivating still, as he wrote in his large grandiloquent style to a lady correspondent, "the same delight in pure and simple pleasures, the same disdain of low enjoyments, the same relish for whatever is grand, however above me, the same admiration of what is beautiful in character, the same enthusiasm for what is exquisite in the productions, or generous in the passions of the mind." One can the better understand, therefore, his extraordinary relations with Sally and Maria Siddons in his younger days, when his extreme susceptibility was most sensitive to impressions, and he swayed, without effort at resistance, before the tempest of his emotions. His was precisely the character to inflict torture upon others without meaning it, and then to suffer keen, but strictly momentary, anguish. That he remembered Sally with tears towards the end of his life is probable enough, but the story that after her death he used none but black-edged note-paper and black sealing-wax we may charitably dismiss as the sarcasm of some ill-natured friend.

J. B. FIRTH.

## THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF WOMAN.

IN a very interesting article which appeared in the March number of this REVIEW, Mr. Vere Collins discussed the possibility of development in the view now commonly accepted of the ethics of marriage. He pointed out that every other human institution is admittedly subject to the law of evolution, whilst marriage alone seems to be regarded as immutably fixed, and in no need of adaptation to a changing environment. But that the environment has changed, changed rapidly and changed vitally, he suggests without distinctly stating it by his reference to the economic independence of woman at the beginning of the twentieth century. "As a worker competing with man in almost every branch of industry, she is making herself an economic unit. Economic liberty will lead to moral and intellectual liberty. Freed from the necessity of marrying in order to gain a roof and food, she will no longer be content to accept man's estimate of her as 'half angel and half idiot,' and the renaissance of woman will correlate itself with the general stream of progress so as to force on a re-adjustment of sex ethics." What form this re-adjustment will take depends, therefore, on the conclusion to which society finally comes as to the economic value of woman's work and of woman herself.

Probably no one intimately acquainted with the actual facts fails to recognise that the existing state of things involves a deplorable economic waste. Take its most obvious form, the decline in the birth-rate amongst just those classes of the community which are socially and economically the most desirable. So far from increasing and multiplying and replenishing the earth, the Anglo-Saxon race shows an unmistakable incapacity to fill up the waste places in its own Colonies, which are a far greater hindrance to Imperial prosperity than any number of tariff walls and protective duties. Perhaps, after all, it is President Roosevelt and not Mr. Chamberlain who is the truest Imperialist. If children are a nation's wealth, and if in all ages the refusal to bear them has been held a sign of national decay, how shall we rest contented with a state of things which enforces childlessness upon so large a number of possible and desirable mothers? The State undeniably suffers an actual loss both in the quantity and quality of its population. Does it make any corresponding gain?

Now that woman has become a worker, is her economic independence being gained by competing with men, or by creating

new branches of industry? If the second, well and good; but if the first, she would certainly need to prove a degree of superiority which would justify the superseding of one sex by the other. Exceptions apart, there has been nothing yet to prove that the work of the average woman equals the work of the average man. So far in the professions men hold their own, as they have always held their own in the arts and sciences. Where women do seem to be driving men out of the field is in the lower walks of business, and here, I am afraid, a large part of a woman's economic value is her undoubted cheapness. It pays the employer to use her because her wages need only be sufficient to keep herself. They are often insufficient, but let that pass. Any way, she is not expected to earn enough to support a husband and children.

Of course, if the increasing employment of women as clerks and secretaries and shop assistants, their invasion of the journalistic world, and their onslaught upon the professions does really tend to displace men and to send them out of the country, any possible gain to the State is largely offset by the consequent increase in the number of unmarried and childless women of the child-bearing age. It should also be remembered that it is largely offset by the stunted development of the women themselves. I am speaking, I need hardly say, of mental and moral development. In these days of athleticism and physical culture, a woman, whatever her occupation, has only herself to thank if she fails to attain her full growth and her proper symmetry. But to an observer who has sat year after year in an office where women are employed, there are other unmistakable signs of arrested development. Man cannot live by bread alone, and woman, a creature of the emotions, cannot live by even the most remarkable degree of professional success. What shall it profit her if she gain the whole world and lose just those qualities of her own heart and soul which make life, any life, alone worth living? Leaving out of account the purely medical aspects of the case, about which nerve doctors could, if they thought it desirable, make many revelations, there is a general dulness and mental apathy, which settles down upon a woman between thirty and thirty-five, and all unconsciously to herself greatly detracts from her economic value. Many things may mitigate it. Working with men does a great deal. I have seen a wonderful change wrought in a few weeks by just that sort of stimulus, and probably the ideal form of literary collaboration will always be between a woman and a man. It sounds a truism, but it is a truism which will bear a good deal of repetition, that here again we need to move on Nature's lines if the "woman movement," as it is sometimes called, is to work out successfully.

But we need more than collaboration. Is it not an irony that when we set ourselves the problem of achieving economic independence we took every means to make the problem as difficult as possible? We are the weaker sex, we are easily discouraged, we always want to shift responsibility on to someone else's shoulders, we need an object to devote ourselves to, and an incentive to work for. At the bottom of our hearts, as we grow older, very few of us really want to be independent. But we begin by wanting to be free, and we work either because we must, or to get the wherewithal to lead the particular life which is attractive to our youthful fancy. We succeed, some of us more, some of us less; and when we reach middle life even the most successful of us have to cast about in all directions to find substitutes for those natural ties and those legitimate objects of affection which family life, and above all the gift of children, were intended to supply. That, it seems to me, is the commonplace, every-day tragedy underlying so much of women's work. It is very seldom expressed; it is often not clearly recognised even by the women themselves; but it is, none the less, Nature's voice trying to make itself heard in vindication of her broken laws.

For after all Nature looks always to the future. No action, no life is an end in itself. The individual develops altruistic qualities that the race may be preserved; the balance of his whole nature is so contrived that he may leave behind him a healthy progeny. Woman's work, in so far as it is the work of unmarried women, has to be an end in itself. It may be philanthropic, and therefore altruistic; but if it is merely professional it affords the woman support, and in favourable cases provides for her future, but with very rare exceptions it is not work for posterity. With the pioneers it was different. There is a marked difference between the women who were in the van of the movement, many of whom fortunately still survive, and the great mass of professional workers who are following in their footsteps. Those older women have a ripe maturity, a motherliness of aspect, and a largeness of nature, which one would be glad to think will be in time attained by their successors. But one doubts, and for this reason. Those women were working for posterity; for no child of their own, but for the women who should come after them. They saw that feminine education was non-existent, and that women's lives were starved for want of opportunity, and they threw themselves heart and soul into the struggle for emancipation. Whether they were right or wrong, the effect upon their own natures was almost wholly good. The children born of them were the widening of women's horizon, and the strengthening of women's minds.

Between that time and this lies the lifetime of a generation. Women's work as doctors, as factory inspectors, as teachers, as clerks and secretaries, as nurses, and in a hundred and one lesser occupations, is no longer a crusade, or a war of liberation. It is a prosaic, every-day affair of bread and butter, sometimes interesting and calling out the best powers of brain and character, often enough deadly dull and soul-wearing in its monotony. Those qualities it shares, no doubt, with masculine professions; but a man is not expected to find his work a substitute for domestic happiness. To a woman it has to be all in all. She can belong to clubs, she can go to theatres and concerts when she can afford it, she can take that rather subordinate place in society allotted to middle-aged spinsters; but she can have no real home companionship and no outlet for her maternal instincts. Of course, for the earlier part of her working career she is often a daughter at home, so that the sense of want does not arise. It is in those perilous years from thirty to forty that it most generally awakes, with the result that society is face to face with a grave social danger, the growth in its midst of a feminine counterpart to what Russia and Germany have happily called "the intellectual proletariat." Not that in England we need anticipate any violent outbreak of militant Socialism or any revolutionary movement. There will be nothing worse than a depressing collection of human beings at war with their surroundings, or attempting under difficulties to live a life neither masculine nor feminine, which tends to produce a type of no particular gender even in appearance. But it is a question whether all is well with a State which contains a growing number of citizens who have consciously or unconsciously landed themselves in a false position. Discontent is always a disintegrating force. And certainly there can be no doubt that such a community suffers an economic loss, because the value of the work of women of this type must sensibly deteriorate.

We seem forced to conclude that woman as an economic unit is a commodity of very fluctuating value, whereas woman as a mother of future citizens is an important asset in the national balance sheet. If, as Mr. Vere Collins urges, the renascence of woman is to force on a readjustment of sex ethics, what form is that readjustment to take? He seems to incline to a Socialist solution. Maternity is to be a charge on the State. The permanence of ill-assorted marriages will be less necessary, if the wife is secured an allowance from Government in respect of her children. That principle might go far. It need not stop at legitimate motherhood, and he even seems to hint that it would not. One weight would doubtless be given to considerations of "eugenics," to adopt Mr. Francis Galton's term for his proposed

science of sound births; but it is difficult to see why in such a scheme the present monogamic structure of the family should alone survive. If a woman is mistress of a means of livelihood, she is in a position to maintain a child, provided it were recognised that maternity was merely an interruption of her work, and not necessarily a disqualification. If such a state of things were possible, there is small doubt that the gain to the natures of women themselves would be enormous, and the gain to the State from the improvement in their working power by no means inconsiderable. Moreover, if anything could check the unfair competition between women and men, it would be the fact that a mother with a child to support could not afford to take the lower and hitherto sufficient wage which made her a cheaper, and therefore a more desirable, labourer.

But is such a change in the organisation of women's work compatible with the continuance of the present view of marriage, as long as that view is in sole possession of the field? Men have a prejudice against their wives working, though in view of the increasing demands of an idle and leisured feminine population, they might sometimes not be sorry to correct a woman's love of luxury by allowing her to learn by experience the cost of it in labour. Again, if married women compete with unmarried, the risk of underselling recurs in another form. The wife with a husband to supplement her earnings will be tempted to take a lower sum. Moreover, though the possibility of the wife's working might bring marriage within the reach of some men too poor to undertake family responsibilities alone, this could do no more than offer a very partial solution of the difficulty of women's economic position. Nature did not make her a unit, and if, as Mr. Vere Collins suggests, she makes herself "an economic unit," she is thwarting Nature's plans, and that in the long run always spells disaster. The degree of independence which she has secured will enable her to make terms with society. It is for her to ponder deeply what terms she will make.

We English are not by nature socialistic. Our deep-rooted individualism has won us our political freedom and our commercial prosperity. If it should ever happen that any large number of educated and intelligent women see the necessity for variations in the accepted social code, they will make individual experiments, without waiting for State support, and the most beneficial forms of sex relationship are the forms that will survive. The obligation of child maintenance thrown upon the mother, if unmarried, would be a far better safeguard against irresponsible maternity than any socialistic law with regard to the granting or withholding of a State allowance such as Mr. Bernard Shaw

has proposed. But probably he is the only person who knows whether he made that proposal seriously.

The pioneers will have much against them, not least the enormous power and strenuous opposition of the Church, still under the dominion of a period when the upholding of the monogamic ideal was an absolute necessity for the raising of woman's status above chattel slavery. But woman, economically independent and treating with man on equal terms, may decide that the mediæval ideal has served its purpose, and must give place to something more fitted to the needs of the newer age. The interests of children she will make her first care; they must be born under healthy conditions, they must be under no social or economic disadvantage; therefore she herself must see to it that the conditions of her work are not such as to injure herself, and that its remuneration is not hopelessly inadequate. But whether maternity is to involve permanent marriage, and whether marriage is to be in itself a profession exclusive of all others, are questions about which the woman of the future will have to come to terms with a future Society. One thing only seems clear. To be of the highest economic value, a woman must either be a mother or must so choose her line of work that in the care of others she finds scope for her maternal instinct, and works upon, and not across, the lines laid down by Nature.

## THE COST OF CHEAPNESS.

AMONG the many glories of this enlightened age which are the theme of such proud boasting, one of the most loudly-trumpeted is its cheapness. The columns of the newspapers are full of advertisements setting forth the exceedingly low prices of the wares offered, on all sides, to a discerning public. The goods exposed in the shop windows bear tickets indicative of the desire of the vendors to cut down their profits to the uttermost farthing. Placards announcing that "unparalleled value" may be obtained at this or that store, are borne through our streets by ambulatory men-machines. I need not enlarge upon what is so familiar. My object in the present paper is to inquire what is the cost of this cheapness.

Some three or four years ago the question was brought home to me in a curious and pathetic way. One afternoon I chanced to meet in Regent-street three lady friends who had come up to Town for shopping, and I remember their surprise and delight at finding in one of the establishments which they visited shirt blouses, of a dainty kind, on sale at half-a-crown each. They purchased a dozen, and evidently regarded this cheapness as simply miraculous. They were so good as to invite me to dine with them that evening at a restaurant of which I will not mention the name, for I have no desire to advertise it. Nor indeed is that necessary. The perfection of its cuisine and the excellence of its wines have deservedly won for it a world-wide reputation. It is as deservedly celebrated for its high charges. I could not help noticing that upon the occasion of which I speak my kind hostess received very little change from the Five Pound Note which she tendered in payment for our dinner. The evening was fine : and after taking leave of my friends I set out to walk to South Kensington. When I reached Hyde Park Corner a carriage dashed rapidly out of the Park, and a young girl, who was walking just in front of me, was almost run over. Apparently she had not noticed it : fortunately I had seized her by the arm and pulled her back in time. She seemed a good deal frightened and inclined to be hysterical. A constable came up, and I looked at him interrogatively, wondering whether she was quite sober. He caught my meaning, and after giving a swift glance at her, said : "No, sir, it's not drink : it's hunger. If she sits down for a bit she will pull herself together." He helped her to a seat just inside the Park and left her there, after



a minute, murmuring something which I did not quite catch about sending someone to her. The girl said to me, "Thank you for saving me; I was nearly killed, I think"; and she shuddered. She was a slight, delicate-looking creature, of plaintively prepossessing appearance, neatly dressed, and quiet in manner. I replied: "Yes, you had a narrow escape: now that you have recovered from your fright, shall I put you into a hansom and send you home?" "Thank you," she answered, "but I mustn't go back yet: I have come out to try to earn a little money; I spent my last shillings in buying these shoes to come out in, and I owe my landlady a fortnight's rent: I haven't been able to get any work lately." I inquired what she worked at. She told me she made ladies' shirt blouses, but could not live on what she earned in that way; she was paid four shillings for making a dozen: it was the usual rate; she worked for Messrs.——, mentioning the tradesmen whose shop my fair friends had visited that afternoon. It is a dictum of Renan that the miraculous is the unexplained; and this was the explanation of those miracles of cheapness at which my friends had marvelled. Two benevolent-looking women, connected, as I judged from their garb, with the Salvation Army, now came up, sent doubtless by the constable, and spoke gently to the girl. I said: "I will leave you to these kind ladies, who, I am sure, will be willing to help you"; and, putting money in her hand, I went my way.

The incident set me thinking. The amount which the girl told me she received for making shirt blouses seemed so incredibly small that I inclined to doubt her word. But I found that what she had said was true. I was led to make further inquiries in the course of which I learnt many ugly facts. These are some of them. Girls are paid three shillings and sixpence per dozen for making ulsters; from fivepence to sevenpence per dozen for making children's pinafores, and they have to find their own cotton; one shilling and fourpence per dozen for nainsook chemises trimmed with lace or embroidery—these are sold at one shilling and fourpence each; from two shillings to two shillings and sixpence per dozen for making night-dresses with toby frills; two shillings and ninepence a dozen for making workmen's shirts; ninepence each for covering umbrellas, including the cutting out; one shilling and threepence each for making blouses which a skilled workman could not finish in less than a day; one shilling and twopence for making a lined skirt with striped flounce and stitching: a good worker, it is calculated, working at high pressure, would turn out eight of these in a week; two shillings and threepence for making a bell-shaped skirt with seven seams, lined, and strapped with thirty-six yards of satin strapping; and a penny

a pair for making "golf knickers, complete," Is it any wonder, human nature being what it is, that many girls find this life of such hard toil and such scanty remuneration intolerable, especially when we remember that the employment is precarious?

"Young men will do't :  
If they come to't,  
By cock they are to blame,"

we are admonished in poor Ophelia's song, "To blame" : but how much? The wonder to me is not that many of our poor seamstresses yield to temptation, but that so many resist it.

Again. The shops which vend these wares are carried on at great cost. Rents are high, rates are high, and returns are uncertain. Shopkeepers are naturally anxious to keep down their expenses. Young women fair to see, and quite capable of the not very arduous function of selling their goods, are to be obtained in abundance; and it is notorious that the salaries received by these damsels, in some West-end establishments, are inadequate even for the purchase of the raiment which adorns them. "How do they manage?" Madame Logerais, the shop proprietress, asks Marguerite, the shop-girl, in a suggestive passage of Brioux' pathetic play, *La Petite Amie*; and she replies, quietly, "Madame, you know very well how they manage." But the passage is worth quoting, for it is as applicable to London as to Paris.

MADAME LOGERAI : Mon petit chat, il faut être un peu plus coquet. Nos clientes aiment à voir des vendeuses gentiment habillées.

MARGUERITE : Oui, Madame—

MADAME LOGERAI : Très gentiment habillées !

MARGUERITE : Madame, avec ce que je gagne—

MADAME LOGERAI : Comment avec ce que vous gagnez ! Mais, mon enfant, à ce prix là j'en aurai tant que je voudrais et bien attifées, je vous en réponds. Comment font-elles celles-là ?

MARGUERITE (*avec douceur*) : Madame, vous le savez bien comme elles font."

One item, then, of the cost of cheapness is the chastity of young girls. Another is the unspeakable degradation of family life. The foul hand of the sweater has been laid upon the English home with appalling consequences. Occasionally, of course, his victims find their way into the criminal dock. I have before me a bundle of reports of cases which are sickening reading. I will here briefly present two of them—they are not the worst, but perhaps they are the most typical. On November 16th, 1903, a widow, fifty-four years of age, described by trustworthy witnesses as "honest

and hardworking," was charged before Mr. Alderman Alliston at Guildhall with stealing, from a Jew clothier, certain vests which she had pawned. She pleaded Guilty, adding—and the truth of her statement was not impugned—"I had to make forty coats for ten shillings, and I can make a coat for you, sir, for threepence. I got three shillings a dozen, and had to pay a girl something for pressing them. When I paid my rent I had scarcely anything left; I am sorry." Another poor woman was charged at Worship-street with stealing a quantity of boys' suits. She had worked for the prosecuting firm, off and on, for twenty years, and they were in the habit of sending her, in considerable quantities, materials cut and prepared for making up. In November, 1899, she received from them a bundle of boys' reefing jackets which she was to finish at sixpence each, but before she and her daughter could do them, a quantity of boys' suits was sent her; these she agreed to make up for fivepence farthing each suit. Being in dire need of money just then, she pawned some of them. Hence the prosecution. The poor woman was committed for trial, and at the trial it appeared in evidence that she, her daughter, and her husband lived together in one room the rent of which was four shillings and threepence a week, and that they paid weekly one and sixpence for the hire of a sewing machine, eightpence for soap for pressing, sixpence for sewing cotton, sixpence for oil for lamp, and two shillings for coal. It appeared also that the three of them, working fourteen hours daily, and sometimes all night long, could earn only two shillings and ninepence a day, or sixteen shillings and sixpence a week, so that when expenses were paid, they had seven shillings a week to live on.

Father, mother, and daughter living together in one small room, and toiling there incessantly to earn a shilling a day between them, wherewithal to eat and drink and be clothed! Thousands upon thousands of such homes exist among us. They are a notable item in the cost of cheapness. But if we ascend somewhat higher in the scale of workers, we find a condition of things very little better. Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's book *Poverty* is probably known to some of my readers; I would it were known to all. It gives an account of unskilled labour in the city of York. And this is what the account amounts to: that nearly twenty-eight per cent. of the population of that city—which we may safely take to be no worse and no better than other cities of the same size, but a fair average specimen—are living in a condition which Mr. Rowntree calls "poverty." I do not think the word very happily chosen. It is all too weak to express Mr. Rowntree's meaning, which is the state of life wherein the earn-

ings of a family are "insufficient to obtain the minimum necessities for the maintenance of merely physical efficiency." He shows by most careful and exact calculations of the cost of the necessary foodstuffs, clothing, and fuel, that the lowest income on which a family of five—man, wife, and three children—can subsist without necessarily incurring physical deterioration, is twenty-one shillings and eightpence a week. He takes "necessary" in the strictest sense. "The estimates of necessary minimum expenditure," he tells us, "are based upon the assumption that the diet is even less generous than that allowed to able-bodied paupers in the York workhouse, and that *no allowance is made for any expenditure other than that absolutely required for the maintenance of merely physical efficiency.*" Ponder these last nineteen words which Mr. Rowntree puts in italics; not a penny to be spent on a train or an omnibus, on a book or a newspaper, on a pipe of tobacco or a glass of beer, on a toy for a child, on a popular entertainment for the man or his wife. It is a standard of animal, not human life. But in York twenty thousand three hundred and two persons—nearly twenty-eight per cent. of the population—cannot attain even to *that* standard, and are living, in varying degrees, below it. Why is this? It is chiefly because, as Mr. Rowntree bears witness, "of the low wage of unorganised labour"; or, as Mr. Charles Booth puts it, in his well-known work, because of "the unrestricted competition in industry of the needy and helpless." Here is another item of the price which we pay for cheapness.

"Never before," Mr. Chamberlain told us some years ago, "was the misery of the poor more intense, never were the conditions of their daily life more hopeless and degraded." True as his words were when spoken, they are even truer now. But there is something more to be said on this topic of the degradation of the English home. That degradation is the direct cause of the physical deterioration of our race, which is beginning at last to force itself upon reluctant minds usually absorbed in the fascinating game of party politics. What kind of children are they that grow up in the conditions indicated by Mr. Rowntree? Conditions which mean dirt and disease, with their invariable concomitants, drunkenness and crime. I know of nothing sadder than to go into the poor quarters of one of our large cities and to gaze on the multitudes of stunted, sickly, suffering boys and girls whom one sees there, with their narrow chests, their rickety limbs, their faulty teeth. The causes are clear enough: such as the overcrowding of human life in the slums where they dwell, their unwholesome and insufficient food, the ill-health of mothers toiling incessantly for a precarious pittance under the sweating

system, or in conditions hardly less crushing, until the very birth of their offspring. The disintegration of the family has now been going on in our country for many years, and we see the result of it in "the more vitiated progeny" which swarms in the streets and lanes, the alleys and courts, where the indigent are congregated. I need not pursue this topic. I must refer my readers who wish to know more about it to the analysis of the physical condition of very poor children which they will find in Mr. Rowntree's book. Here I will merely note the terribly significant fact that "sixty per cent. of our adult male population now fail to reach the already low standard of the recruiting sergeant."

Again. Consider the case of the multitudes of men, women, and children employed in "dangerous" trades. Think of the numerous accidents attended with loss of life, or with corporal mutilation, which befall them; think of the gradual impairment of health, terminating in premature death, which is so frequently their doom. "Accidents!" "The greater part of what we call accidents are crimes," says Dr. Opimian, in that fascinating book, *Gryll Grange*. "Crimes!" the shocked manufacturer would reply: "Why, my hands take the risk: how can I provide expensive safeguards when I have to produce cheaply?" It is true. This is unquestionably the reason why various approved contrivances for the protection of life and limb and health are often withheld in dangerous trades: the expense of production would be unduly increased thereby. Mr. and Mrs. Webb put it with grim terseness: "In the majority of industries it costs less, whether in the form of an annual premium, or in that of an occasional lump sum out of profits, to compensate for accidents than to prevent them."<sup>1</sup> Here the cost of cheapness is the health, the life of the worker. This truth has received recognition—if recognition were wanted—in the *Workmen's Compensation Act*.

Such are a few of the items—to present the complete account would require a volume—of the cost of cheapness. They are enough, surely, to make us ask, "Ought these things so to be?" The "ought" in this question, please to note, is an ethical ought. But before we proceed to consider it, a *caveat* must be entered.

The first thing which occurs to anyone who brings to the discussion of any social problem even an elementary knowledge of history, a rudimentary acquaintance with political philosophy, a moderate power of reflection, is the necessity of guarding against superficial data, abstract logic, intemperate dogmatism. The

(1) *Industrial Democracy*, p. 375.

simpler a formula is in such a matter, the less trustworthy is it. The existing organisation of society is the outcome of many causes working through long tracts of years. The men and women of the present generation are directly responsible for it only in small degree. A division of mankind into good and bad, robbers and robbed, tyrants and victims, may pass in parables. It does not correspond with reality. The *habentes* are not all thieves: the *non-habentes* are not all injured innocents. There is no panacea for the maladies of the body politic. Even the most specious looking remedies must be applied cautiously, tentatively, gradually. But an indispensable preliminary to the application of any remedy is to trace the mischief to its cause, which will usually be found to be some false doctrine, some wrong conception of man, of society. Let us try to pursue that method with regard to the mischief dwelt upon in the foregoing pages.

What then is the doctrine in which this "frantic race for cheapness in production" finds its justification? It is unquestionably the doctrine of the sect of Political Economists called orthodox—a sect which for the greater part of the last century dominated the English mind. The fundamental principle of that school, the corner stone elect, precious, of all its system, is covetousness, disguised, generally, under a less ill-sounding name. Senior avers: "The proposition that every man desires to obtain additional wealth with as little sacrifice as possible, is in political economy what gravitation is in physics: the ultimate fact beyond which reasoning cannot go."<sup>1</sup> From this ultimate fact the doctors of "the great science," as it used to be termed, derive their so-called "laws" of competition, prices, profits, rents—which are merely hypothetical statements of the way in which covetousness operates: and "these laws," Toynbee truly observed, "have come to be looked upon as a complete philosophy of social and industrial life." Adam Smith assures us that "the natural effort of every individual to better his own condition, when suffered to exert itself with freedom and security, is so powerful a principle that it is, alone, and without any assistance, capable of carrying on the society to wealth and prosperity":<sup>2</sup> Francis Newman lays down what he calls "the grand and noble moral theorem" that "the Laws of the Market which individual interest generates are precisely those which tend best to the universal benefit:"<sup>3</sup> and Bastiat declares "Competition is to the moral world what the law of equilibrium is to the material one."<sup>4</sup> Now covetousness naturally leads a man to buy in the cheapest market and to sell

(1) *Political Economy*, p. 28. (2) *Wealth of Nations*, Book IV., c. 5.

(3) *Lectures on Political Economy*, p. 63.

(4) *Essays on Political Economy*, p. 57 (Eng. Trans.).

in the dearest ; and to do this is the Orthodox Political Economist's first and great commandment, on which hang all his law and his prophets. Nor is a man's bargaining to be affected, or conditioned, by any considerations whatever independent of this master principle. The proper price of a commodity, and human labour is viewed merely as a commodity—"die Arbeit ist eine Waare"—is the lowest sum for which it can be procured. On the one hand, is the Demand : on the other, the Supply ; and of course, if the Supply exceeds the Demand, Competition rules the price. This is the glorious liberty of the seller of labour according to the economic gospel so long received and believed among us. They are free to compete among themselves. What more *can* they want? It is what Adam Smith calls "the obvious and simple system of natural liberty:" by which "every man, so long as he does not violate the laws of justice"—he means thereby the criminal law—"is left perfectly free to pursue his own interest his own way, and to bring both his industry and his capital into competition with those of any other man, or order of men."<sup>1</sup> It is true that the capital of the unskilled toiler—"lord of himself, that heritage of woe"—usually consists of his ~~ten~~ fingers : that his liberty consists in his power to elect between a competition wage and death by starvation, or the workhouse. The competition wage, as we have seen, is seldom more than enough, and often not enough, to supply the labourer and his offspring with the bare means of subsistence. The surplus value of his labour belongs to the man who hires him. This is the state of things blessed and approved by the Orthodox Political Economists as "the free play of natural forces." It is not so very long ago that one of them inveighing, after the manner of his kind, against Trades Unions, insisted that "the reward of labour like the exchange of commodities" should be "free to be regulated by the heaven-ordained laws of Supply and Demand." Mr. Sterling's conception of heaven must have been a strange one if he imagined that his "laws of Supply and Demand" emanated thence. But it is probable that this reference to the celestial region was only a rhetorical trope, a mere flight of economic fancy. Professor Jevons, however, in his *Primer of Political Economy*—I select that work because it is addressed *ad populum*—seriously maintains : "The employer is, generally speaking, right in getting work done at the lowest possible cost : it is a question of Supply and Demand."<sup>2</sup> "Right" : the word may well make us pause. But I shall return to it hereafter. Here I quote the Professor's dictum as a striking manifestation of the spirit animating the old Orthodox Political Economy,

(1) *Wealth of Nations*, Book IV., c. 9.

(2) P. 67.

which in spite of many somewhat inconsistent modifications in text books, and remedial measures of legislation, still retains pre-dominance in theory and in practice. Professor Ladd is well warranted when in his suggestive treatise, *Philosophy of Conduct*, he observes that as a matter of fact, at the present time, "we are witnessing a return to the brutish point of view, to the doctrine of the right of might, to the concealed or expressed opinion that it is justifiable for the strong to go as far as they can, by pushing the weak and unfortunate over the wall."<sup>1</sup>

No doubt society is ever a tumult of hostile interests; no doubt selfishness, like sympathy—I decline to employ the barbarous jargon of "egoism" and "altruism"—is a permanent element of human nature. But mankind is governed by its ideals. And the ideals which dominate our age are quite other than those which, however imperfectly apprehended or haltingly followed, yet ruled the minds and guided the lives of so many generations of our forefathers. There is a vast difference between the way in which we regard selfishness, and the way in which they regarded it. What the Orthodox Political Economy venerates as the "powerful principle alone and without any assistance, capable of carrying on the society to wealth and prosperity," as a sort of law of gravitation in the economic order, as "a grand and noble moral theorem," the ethical teachers, from whom the western world learnt for a thousand years, numbered among the seven deadly sins. Chief among those teachers is St. Thomas Aquinas, and this is his definition of avarice: "The sin by which a man desires to acquire or to retain in undue measure: an immoderate love of having."<sup>2</sup> The appeal is to what is due: "necessary to a man's life, according to his rank and condition:" to what ought to be: to reason speaking through the moral law. For note, please, that for Aquinas, for Kant, and indeed for transcendental moralists generally, the moral law is not, as is alleged by a popular writer, whose confident dogmatism was largely the outcome of his colossal ignorance, "a code of theological ethics:"<sup>3</sup> that he is utterly in error in asserting that for us "right and wrong are right and wrong simply in virtue of Divine enactment."<sup>4</sup> The moral law is another name for the ideal of justice—τὸ δίκαιον, the old Greeks called it—a fundamental, aboriginal, indecomposable ideal, the authority of which is intrinsic and unconditioned: which is its own evidence, its own justification; which would subsist to all eternity, as it has subsisted from all eternity, though all the religions of the world should vanish away. It depends, Suarez well teaches, upon

(1) Pref., p. xi.

(2) 2, q. 118, a. 1.

(3) Spencer's *Data of Ethics*, pref., p. iv.

(4) *Ibid.*, p. 50.



those dictates of reason which are "intrinsically necessary and independent of all volition, even of the Divine."<sup>1</sup> It is the rule of action which necessarily arises out of the relation of reason to itself as its own end; and you cannot derive it from anything else; not from self-love, or prudence, or interest, tribal or personal, or even from sympathy. These can but counsel: the moral law commands. Necessity is its primary note: the necessity denoted by the word "ought." Its imperative is, in Kant's phrase, categorical. Duty is the ethically necessary: the absolute and unconditional claim of Right on me. Morality consists in deliberate submission to that claim. Nor is the objection urged from the diversity and conflict of the moral judgments which have obtained among mankind, any argument against this doctrine. If I may quote from words of my own, written elsewhere, as I do not know how to better them:

The objection is not a novel one, and was sufficiently met by St. Augustine a thousand years ago. "Do as thou wouldst be done to, is a sentence which all nations under heaven have agreed upon"; and here is the sufficient germ of a complete ethical code. The sense of duty is a form of the mind itself, although it may be said to exist as a blank formula which is filled up in a variety of ways. It is universal: it is an essential attribute of our nature, inseparable from the consciousness of self and non-self; not a complete revelation, but the revelation of an idea, bound to develop according to its laws, like the idea, say, of geometry. The ethical ignorance of barbarous tribes is no more an argument against the moral law, than their ignorance of the complex and recondite properties of lines and figures is an argument against geometrical law. It is the function of the intellect, here as elsewhere, to evolve abstract truths from the complex and chaotic mass of appearances and events, and to clothe them in postulates and propositions which shall serve as current coin. I do not doubt that our insight into the moral law grows deeper in successive ages. But that does not deprive either the moral law or conscience of their imperative character for each particular act recognised by me as obligatory, any more than it implies the destruction of ethical liberty, properly understood. What I discern as my duty is binding upon me, *hic et nunc*, whether my mental vision be true or false. The point upon which my conscience never varies is, that duty exists. It is in vain for Montaigne to assert: "Les lois de la conscience, que nous disons naître de la nature, naissent de la coutume: les règles de la justice ne sont qu'une mer flottante d'opinions." Montaigne confounds the idea of duty in general with men's notions of their particular duties.<sup>2</sup>

For so much I strenuously contend. And I gladly adopt the words of a recent writer that the recognition of "Reason as supreme moral faculty . . . is the significant mark which distinguishes the real from the spurious in moral schemes."<sup>3</sup> But

(1) *De Legibus*, c. vi., n. 1.

(2) *On Right and Wrong*, p. 106.

(3) *Courtney's Constructive Ethics*, p. 193.

although the authority of the moral law is absolute and unconditioned, and independent of theological doctrines, it doubtless finds in religion its strongest sanction. The command : "Thou shalt not steal," is valid for all time, and irrespective of all cults. But Christianity—the religion with which, as a matter of fact, we have to do—powerfully enforces it by that word of the Apostle : "that no man go beyond or defraud his brother in any matter, because that the Lord is the Avenger of all such."

We are told that European society can do, and will have to do, without Christianity. I do not discuss the question. But I am sure that European society cannot do without ethics—a science well described as "supreme over the whole of human practice" :<sup>1</sup> and as a student of history, I am led to doubt whether morality is *practically* sufficient for the government of life apart from the support and sanction of religion. However that may be, certain it is that man is, in Aristotle's words, an ethical animal, having perception of right and wrong, justice and injustice, and the like : this is his special attribute, differentiating him from the rest of animate existence. Certain, too, is it that society is an ethical organism ; as Euripides puts it, "we live by common rules of right and wrong." It is a function of ethics—in the admirable words of the writer quoted just now—"to bind all humanity into one corporate commonwealth of moral units."<sup>2</sup> The moral law it is which transforms life from a war of all against all, into an ordered community founded on justice—*justitia fundamentum regni*. And what is justice but, as the Roman jurist has excellently defined it, "the constant and ever-present will to give each his due?" Justice should rule in all the relations of life. There is a *justum pretium*, a fair wage for labour, even unskilled labour. And—to come to the immediate subject of this paper—if that is so, surely we must meet with an emphatic negative Professor Jevons' assertion that the employer is right in getting work done at the lowest possible cost. No : the employer is *not* right in getting work done at the lowest possible cost. Professor Marshall, I am glad to notice, has reprobated "the cruelty of irresponsible competition."<sup>3</sup> Can anyone maintain that the employer is right in treating his workpeople cruelly? The labourer is worthy of his hire : he is entitled to a fair wage, the measure of which is, as those older moralists taught, the means of living a *human* life ; and this includes, not merely house and home, but leisure and spiritual cultivation ; not merely, in their accurate language, *bona naturæ necessaria*, but *bona statui necessaria*. And if he is poor

(1) Shadworth Hodgson's *Metaphysic of Experience*, Vol. III., p. 214.

(2) Courtney's *Constructive Ethics*, p. 193.

(3) *Presidential Address to the British Association*, Economic Section, 1890.

and needy, his destitution does not make it right to underpay him. To underpay him is to steal from him; and this is one of the most common and most disgraceful forms of theft: the most common because it is found in every department of life: the most disgraceful because it is the most cowardly. But the very notion of a *justum pretium*, a fair wage, has died out of the popular mind, taught to regard human labour as mere merchandise. "There is no more a fair rate of wage," Professor Jevons assures the readers of his *Primer*, "than there is a fair price of cotton or iron."<sup>1</sup> He adds the quite unnecessary caution, "If there is a supply of labour forthcoming at lower rates of wages, it would not be wise of the employer to pay higher rates." "Wise"! Well, doubtless there is a sense in which sweaters and rackrenters may be accounted wise in their generation.

The great economic problem of to-day is not production but distribution: a problem very slightly investigated by the Smithian political economists, but by far the more important of the two: for the real test of the prosperity of the commonwealth is not the luxury of the few, but the substantial comfort of the many. The question, How is a fair wage—a just share of the proceeds of their labour—to be secured for workers? is of vital moment to national well-being. John Stuart Mill wrote in 1869: "In the contest of endurance between buyer and seller [of labour] nothing but a close combination between the employed can give them even a chance of successfully competing against employers."<sup>2</sup> "Combination," echoes Professor Sidgwick, "is in fact the only way in which the poor can place themselves on a par with the rich in bargaining."<sup>3</sup> But this weapon cannot be wielded save by the aristocracy of labour. It is beyond the reach of those unskilled toilers whose condition we have been considering.

"Freedom of contract," writes Mr. Commons, "is alone the legal right which enables the labourer to refuse to work except on terms which suit himself. It therefore gives him the right to exact, in return for the use of his personal abilities, a surplus of the social product above his minimum of subsistence. But, for this purpose, it applies only to organised and scarcity labourers: i.e., to labourers who are able, by limitations on their numbers, to keep their marginal utility above the minimum. The skilled, the intelligent, the educated, the gifted labourers, those in whom intellectual and moral qualities predominate, are benefited by the freedom of contract. But to the unskilled, the unorganised, the redundant labourers, those whose marginal utility is low, freedom of contract offers no help. Their condition is worse than that of slaves, for they may not even secure a minimum of subsistence, unless they come upon the poor-relief. Freedom of contract is two-sided. It is freedom for the employer as well as for the labourer; and

(1) P. 61.

(2) *Dissertations and Discussions*, Vol. IV., p. 42.(3) *Elements of Politics*, p. 579.

if the labourer is unable by it, or otherwise, to limit his numbers and maintain a high marginal utility, he cannot compel the employer to pay to him more than this marginal utility. The right of combination, therefore, in its influence on the distribution of wealth has a contradictory effect. It enables organised labourers to limit their numbers arbitrarily, and thus raises their wages; but it thereby depresses the marginal utility of the unorganised.<sup>1</sup>

This very clear and scientifically accurate statement of the accomplished American Professor, may suggest a doubt whether the principle of Demand and Supply working by competition, which is the one foundation of our modern economic system, is really all sufficient. The commercialism to which it may be traced, of course arose on the downfall of feudalism. But it is the direct result of the spurious individualism preached by Rousseau, and adopted as the central idea of the French Revolution, which broke up the old social framework, and treated civil polity as a chaos of unrelated human units. The Revolutionists, indeed, prated of fraternity and made it one of their shibboleths. In the political order it proved to be the fraternity of Cain and Abel. And that is precisely the spirit—"Am I my brother's keeper?"—which breathes through the economic speculations of the Smithian school, with its postulates of free competition and *laissez-faire*, and its "Laws of the market which individual interest generates." Of course, competition is a necessary element in human life, and the source of much which is most valuable in civilisation. It should not be the sole mode of adjusting the relations between Demand and Supply. Human society is not, and cannot be, an unrelated mass of human units. It is an organism: and in economics, as in other spheres, co-operation rightly claims a place: a larger place, indeed, than competition. Rivalry, contentions, strife are unquestionably necessary: no less necessary are combination, agreement, union: no less necessary is the sense of right, of justice embodied in the organised force of the State: no less necessary is the spirit of pity and compassion which animates the innumerable works of beneficence and charity.

But to pursue these topics would take me too far. The practical question now before us is, What can be done to redress the wrongs of our unskilled labourers? Can anything be done for any of them by legislation? Mr. and Mrs. Webb, who speak on this subject with a knowledge to which few can pretend, answer that question with an emphatic affirmative. "We think . . . that there is no other way," they write, "of raising the present scandalously low standard of life in these classes."

Founding themselves on the undeniable proposition that it is the duty of Government "absolutely to prevent any industry from being carried on under conditions detrimental to the public welfare," they advocate the fixing of "a national minimum wage," which "should be determined by practical inquiry as to the cost of the food, clothing, and shelter physiologically necessary, according to national habit and custom, to prevent physical deterioration." They are well aware that to a vast number "the idea will seem impracticable": and they answer, at considerable length, the objections made to it. I must refer my readers to their own lucid pages for their arguments. Here I can only note four facts upon which they lay stress: that "the authoritative settlement of a minimum wage is already daily undertaken, [as] every local body, throughout the country, has to decide, under the criticism of public opinion, what wage it will pay to its lowest grade of labourers": that "during the last few years systematic determination of the rate to be paid for Government labour has been, more and more consciously, based upon the doctrine of "a living wage":<sup>1</sup> that "a national minimum wage is the obvious completion of factory legislation, at once logical and practical":<sup>2</sup> and that "the successful experiments of Victoria and New Zealand have proved to us that it actually works, and works well."<sup>3</sup> Surely those who maintain in the face of these facts that the remedy of a national minimum wage is inapplicable, should seek to discover some more excellent way. Most surely the British Legislature may reasonably be expected to attend continually to a question so vitally important, until "the wisdom of Parliament" satisfactorily solves it.

But what the British Legislature may reasonably be expected to do, is one thing. What it is likely to do, is quite another. If it will not interrupt the game of ins and outs to stop the torrent of alien immigration which is flooding our unskilled labour market, can we venture to hope that it will give its days and nights to a much more arduous problem, not easy to manipulate for the manufacture of party capital? Is it probable that our politicians will desist from wrangling about Chinese labour in the Transvaal, to apply themselves to "the condition of England question"? Anyhow, one thing is certain. The classes who exist in luxury, or in substantial comfort, have, as a rule, no conception of the depth of degradation, moral and physical, in which millions of underpaid toilers live and die. And the first step towards the redress of this great wrong of underpayment, is the clear exhibi-

(1) *Industrial Democracy*.—Introduction to the 1902 Edition, p. xli.

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 774.

(3) *Ibid.*—Introduction to the 1902 Edition, p. liii., where the reader will find details.

tion of the two facts that it exists and that it is *wrong*, not, as the old Orthodox Political Economists taught, right. It is wrong that cheapness should be purchased at the cost of which I have exhibited some items. And for that wrong the men and women who now constitute the community—little as most of them may be personally to blame—have to answer. A nation, like each of the individuals composing it, is an ethical entity. They pass away: it remains: and in it their doing, good or bad—their karma, to use that pregnant word of Buddhism—lives on. The children inherit the merits of their fathers, and the sins of the father are visited upon the children, in the political order as in the physical. We who are alive at this present are accountable for the economic conditions in which we find ourselves. We are accountable for that robbery of the poor and needy, because they are poor and needy, which is daily perpetrated on every side. Such robbery is accounted by the Catholic Church one of the sins that cry to heaven for vengeance. Let us not fondly imagine that it cries in vain. "The moral laws of nature and of nations," rule over us not only by their mandates, but also by their penalties—penalties which are not the less real because they are not to be discovered in the statute book. Justice is, of its nature, retributive—a verity largely lost sight of, or disbelieved, and even derided, in this age of sick sentimentalism, which, for the most part, is merely a form of selfishness. Punishment is "the other half of crime," as Hegel finely said: it is the return of the wrongful deed on the wrong-doer, individual or collective: and it is "the world's great arbitress." A community where millions are condemned to physical and moral degradation in order that the rich may be richer, the comfortable more comfortable—plundered by the employers who underpay them, by the retail tradesmen who overcharge them, by the landlords who batten on the exorbitant rents exacted for the miserable dwellings where they are huddled together, and neglected in the sterile strifes of party janglings by the Parliament which should be "omnipotent to protect" them—such a community is heaping up unto itself wrath against the day of wrath. "It is unjust: it cannot last," said the wise Duke of Weimar when the First Napoleon, at the zenith of his success, seemed "the foremost man of all this world." Assuredly, we must say the same of "the shame of mixed luxury and misery which is spread over this land of England."

W. S. LILLY.

## TOOTHPOWDER OR GUNPOWDER.

WHY are the English, admittedly the apostles of the tub, so indifferent, as a rule, to the condition of their teeth? If they would do only an infinitesimal bit as much for their preservation as they do for the preservation of their monuments it might, possibly, have a momentous influence on English history.

Why the inside of a man's mouth should be of no importance compared to his outer man is a riddle, but so it is, and a man who would feel quite disgraced to be seen with dirty hands leaves his teeth in a condition which is quite appalling. If, as it is said, bad teeth are a sign of the degeneracy of a race, then are the sturdy English in a very bad way, and melancholy indeed is their deterioration since the days of their ancestors of that prehistoric age whose relics are found in Cornwall and Somerset.

It is a comfort to learn that not only common sense, but vanity, is as old as the hills, for among those ancient remains were found some rouge, a mirror and a stopped tooth, all of which can be verified in the museum at Glastonbury. My heart went out to the prehistoric lady who used the rouge; it brought her very near with its suggestion of frailty and feminine vanity, and I am quite sure that the mirror as well as the stopped tooth were her property. I lingered over the rouge, the mirror, the tooth, a prehistoric safety-pin and some needles, and let the others bother themselves about such really unimportant details as weapons and utensils. As I strolled on I saw a skull 2,000 years older than any recorded history, and it grinned cheerfully at me with as perfect a set of teeth as ever rejoiced the heart of a dentist. I could not help thinking what a shabby exhibition we should make in similar circumstances!

I have no doubt that our over-civilisation deteriorates our teeth, which is proved whenever prehistoric remains are discovered. The last were, I believe, found in Cornwall by a lucky man who bought a strip of land, or, properly, sand, on which to build himself a cottage, and, on proceeding to dig a cellar, found it already occupied by the remains of prehistoric human beings. Some of the skeletons were still in the same curious attitude in which they had been buried, and the superior ones among them (socially!) had the right sides of their skulls smashed in to prevent the restless spirit from seeking re-admittance. It was the most melancholy sight in the world, these bones, which even the alchemy of thousands of years had not resolved into merciful dust.

The immortal skeleton was there nearly intact, while brilliant, as if brushed that very morning, grinned those splendid prehistoric teeth, white as the kernel of a nut, impervious to decay. A big glass case against the wall of the little museum which has been built on the spot by the fortunate discoverer of the "bones" was full of carefully preserved teeth which had been found there, and their beauty and perfection would have rejoiced the heart of that artist in teeth *par excellence*, the American dentist.

The room was crowded by middle-class excursionists, who, with a middle-class joy of horrors, even if prehistoric, in default of anything fresher, stared round-eyed at the skeletons, skulls, shinbones and other impedimenta of decease, and I was struck by the solemnity and dignity of those poor old bones compared to the commonplaceness of the empty faces gazing at them.

"O, I say, don't you wish you had them teeth," I heard a young thing in a scarlet tam o'shanter and a fringe giggle to the youth by her side, with an imitation panama tilted back from his receding forehead. I understood the gentle innuendo, as he promptly stuck his cane into his mouth and sucked.

There was something very magnificent and tragic in those lonely graves of a humanity already extinct when ancient history began, resting under the roll of the Cornish sand dunes, where the sullen cliffs stand sentinels against the seas. Until the 20th century they had rested forgotten, and then an undignified chance betrayed them. It was a gold mine for the enterprising proprietor, whose moderate charge for a sight is only threepence a head. He is a man of engaging humour, and he is not only on intimate terms with his "bones," but with the eminent scientists who still wage a bitter but bloodless feud over the remains, whose biography so far is only written in sand. That he is not only a cheerful but a witty man is greatly to his credit, for he lives a lonely life on his sand hills, with only the cliffs as his neighbours and the roar of the ocean and the whistle of the wind to break the silence. For labour he excavates his grave-yard, and for relaxation he catalogues his bones. His free and easy comments on his subject (or subjects, rather) are really very exhilarating to the philosophic tourist, and indeed it was he who first drew my attention to the deterioration of English teeth.

The eccentricity of the Early Victorian teeth was for decades the pet subject of the Continental caricaturist, the peculiarity being generally ascribed to the British female, her male companion merely rejoicing in hideous plaids, abnormal side-whiskers, and a fearful helmet hat decorated with a flowing puggaree, Times have changed. The British teeth have ceased to obtrude, and, indeed, they now veer around to the other extreme, and



instead of prominent front teeth the Englishman now often rejoices in no front teeth at all, or between none and the ordinary number nature intends there are countless variations. I have been waiting for a genial caricaturist to seize on this simple and unostentatious national trait. If bad teeth are a common sign of ill-health, then alas for the English masses who form the strength of the nation, for their neglected teeth are a menace and a warning.

I believe there is no emotion in the world, except the fear of death, that will not succumb to an aching tooth. A villain with the toothache is undoubtedly more villainous than without it, while a lover with the toothache does not exist, for a lover with the toothache ceases to be a lover. The toothache is so exquisite a pain that it demands the undivided attention of the brain, with a persistency so nagging that no other pain enjoys. I believe it will even wreck a man's career. I defy a man to write a great poem or win a battle with an ulcerated tooth tearing at his nerves! Should we investigate, I feel sure that the greatest men in the world who made history, art, and science never had toothache, which first of all kills the imagination. Mathematicians might survive, for such imagination as they have is riveted in facts. In addition to the other disabilities, toothache is undignified; there is nothing interesting or romantic about it! It is one of the first pains impartial nature bestows on her children, and which is the only common heritage that justifies that misleading clause in the American constitution that all men are born free and equal. That pain and what was in my childhood euphoni-ously called "tummy ache" lead the revolt in nurseries.

There is hardly a bodily ache which literature has not idealised, but an aching tooth has yet to find its poet, even if a minor one. In fact, there is about it a touch of the ludicrous which its concentrated anguish does not justify. It is curious that so intense a suffering should be so undramatic, but it is the one agony which does not desert us this side of the grave, and which even the genius of a Shakespeare would hesitate to bestow on his hero or heroine. Anguish comes to them in many ways, but the great poet discreetly avoids teeth. The only historical reference to teeth I have ever noticed is when the sacred Inquisition, always original and playful, tears them one by one out of the mouths of heretics and Jews as being gently conducive to confession; but even this undoubted torture is singularly undramatic, and has, I believe, never been used by a tragic poet. It is one of the aggravations of toothache that it inspires but lukewarm sympathy; even your parents know you will not die of it. The greatest concession to your suffering is that you may stay away from school, and if

you are very bad mother ties a big handkerchief about your face, which is something, but not much. But even parents are strangely inconsiderate, and I realised even in my infant days that had these same sufferings been situated more favourably in my body I should have been promoted to bed and the family doctor.

A very famous American dentist met the English husband of an American friend of mine with the genial congratulation, "My dear sir, I wish you joy! You have married a first-rate set of teeth." Possibly the tribute was too professional, but it really meant so much. And, indeed, one of the most promising signs of the future of the American people is the importance they attach to good teeth. The American dentist is the greatest in the world. His deft skill constructs those delicate and complicated instruments that help him to repair the ravages of time and ill-health, and not only does he produce an exact copy of nature, but his is the only instance known to science where human ingenuity excels nature's—his teeth do not ache! And not only is it required of the modern dentist that he should be a consummate mechanic, but he must be a doctor and surgeon as well, to be able to cure the cause behind the damage. Therefore when I see so many people here who have bad teeth—which, to say the least, is a blemish—it is a prophecy that the next generation will have even worse, which means a deterioration in health, therefore in intelligence and ambition, so that in due course England will lose her proud position as the greatest nation in the world, simply because England would not go to the dentist, which is a curious neglect for a people whose morning tub is much less likely to be neglected than their morning prayers.

If I were one of the powers that be, I should require all Board Schools to furnish their pupils with tooth-brushes and tooth-powder, and I would open the morning session with a general brushing of teeth. Not only that, but I would have a dentist attached to each school district whose duty it would be to attend to the children's teeth free of charge. If England wants good war material (and I am told there has been some adverse criticism of the quality of her soldiers) she must cultivate it, and it is her duty to step in where the parent fails. A day labourer with a large family does his best if he and they keep body and soul together; it is for the State to step in and rescue the young teeth from premature decay, thus undoubtedly increasing the health of the growing body, and at the same time teaching the young things those cleanly habits which make for self-respect and health.

The English have not the habit of going to the dentist; money paid to him they consider wasted—there is nothing to show for

it. It is like putting new drains into the house, only not so necessary. They still have teeth out rather than stopped (filled) as being cheaper, and when they are all out they replace them on too slight provocation by what American humour calls "store teeth." Nor are the English supersensitive, and their complacency, which upholds them in more important things, inclines them to believe that if their fathers muddled along with bad teeth so can they. It does not take away, they think, from the charms of their best girl if she smiles at them with a gap in her teeth, or if in colour they shade into the darkest of greys. As for a man, he can always lie in ambush behind his moustache, or at worst he can draw down his upper lip and leave the unseen a mystery.

Still, there is hope for the future, and England shows signs of awakening! A truly progressive member of a certain board of guardians recently had the temerity to demand tooth-brushes for the pauper children. The worthy mayor who presided at the meeting was nearly paralysed at the audacity of the request. He not only sternly refused, but he denounced it as pampered luxury and extravagance, and he was so roused by the outrageous proposal that he taunted his brother guardians, and said they themselves had probably not indulged in the sinful luxury of a tooth-brush for forty-five years. Possibly, but at any rate it proves that England is really awakening, and that even an infant pauper may some day look forward to the rapture of possessing a tooth-brush!

Yet even bad teeth sometimes find their Nemesis! A very important public position was recently vacant for which there were some 200 applicants. These slowly resolved themselves down to two—one an able man, and the other an exceptionally able man. They had to have a deciding interview with the arbiter of their fate, so great a man that he is called a personage, and he gave the position to the able man rather than the exceptionally able man. His explanation for his curious choice was quite simple: "He really had such horrid teeth that I could not bear to have him always about."

Has any historian left his testimony as to the teeth of the ancient Romans when that great nation fell into decadence? Statues all testify that the deterioration did not affect their noses, but I feel sure that if their rigid marble lips could open we should find the first cause of their historic downfall.

As the extinction of a nation is probably fore-ordained in its very inception, so the fall of America is possibly already predestined. Well, it may be owing to trusts, but it will not be owing to teeth. All over the American land is heard the busy

wheel of the dentist ; hundreds of thousands of dentists are forever filling and scraping and pulling American teeth, and the American people emerge from their dentist chairs and smile broadly, a source of joy to the beholder and not pain. They pay their dentists, if not with rapture, at least with resignation, because they know that their children will inherit good teeth, and it will be a pleasure to kiss them, from their cradle on at all stages, and when their young men go out to war they will not be declared unfit by the medical examiners because of their bad teeth ; instead, they will clench their good teeth and fight right pluckily, as only those can who attend strictly to business undisturbed by pain.

I have heard England called the freest republic in the world, and that here, as nowhere else, every man has his chance. Well, England may be, to all intents and purposes, a republic, but to rise from the ranks is only for the man of commanding talent, and for him there is always room at the top—everywhere—all over the world. But for the ordinary man who has ordinary abilities, and yet is not without ambition, America is the land. He may start as a day labourer and he may have luck, and his son may one day be President of the United States, or he may grace any one of those innumerable offices which are in the gift of a grateful party ! That keeps self-respect lively in a man, and is what makes him not only know his own trade, but just a little more. How I have suffered because the British workman only does what he is obliged to—and not that. How often have I rebelled because the subordinate English official knows just what he is obliged to know, and not a hair's breadth more ! That same man set down in America will learn to the fullest extent of his intelligence.

Tooth-brushes make for health, health makes for intelligence, and it is the intelligent man the world wants and pays for, which proves the incalculable importance of tooth-brushes in the progress of the world. Possibly the atmosphere of a republic is more conducive to good teeth, possibly, but, indeed, England should make a supreme effort to save her waning power from falling into the grasp of the great republic, which it is inevitably bound to do if England does not go to the dentist. In the political economy of nations the tooth-brush is of much more importance than the sword, and tooth-powder is infinitely more important than gunpowder. As England never considers the millions she annually spends in gunpowder, why does she not pause in her martial career and spend a few thousand pounds in toothpowder ?

ANNIE E. LANE.

## TIME'S ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE.

### IV

SCENE: "*The Red Dragon*" Restaurant. Colonel Bartram and Doctor Paul are lingering over liqueurs and coffee. Mr. Desmond is still eating his dinner.

THE COLONEL. Desmond seems very silent; hitherto I have put it down to the Celtic melancholy. But on closer examination it seems to be a pure love of eating.

DR. PAUL. At this moment I must confess I feel inclined to excuse sulks even in an Irishman. I might say, especially in an Irishman. The truth is, Bartram, I have been having a very uncomfortable half-hour thinking about that island. Personally, I care no more for Home Rule than for the manners and customs of the Mohicans. I belong to one nation, a nation separated from all others by the fact of having two legs, two thumbs, and a capacity for writing books on the future of society. This community, the human community, has quite enough to do, as it seems to me, in defending itself against the huge hostility of nature without cutting itself up into camps about that absurd survival of heraldry—the Flag. I want humanity more united; Desmond and his friends want it yet more divided. Sometimes the division of man from man takes the form of the division of class from class; then it is called the House of Lords, and all the Conservatives approve of it. Sometimes the same division of man from man takes the form of the division of nation from nation; then it is called Home Rule, and all the Liberals approve of it. Damn all Liberals and Conservatives! They are all for creating isolated groups of some sort. So, in Heaven's name, when I have done talking don't call me a Home Ruler.

THE COLONEL. Haven't you done talking?

DR. PAUL. Far from it. I was merely explaining, as a sort of preface, that what I felt about Ireland at the moment had nothing to do with an independent Irish nationality, or any patriotic superstition of that sort. But I must say the latest news about Ireland is calculated to make any serious person reflect on the sort of thing the Irish must have had to put up with for the last few hundred years. The first impression of the Macdonnell incident was that it was astounding. But when I came to think it over I saw that the worst thing about it, after all, was that it was not astounding. There certainly seems to be some force in history making against the possibility of Unionism being sympathetic and satisfactory. One after another every man who has tried to deal with the Irish people in the name of English Unionism has been broken and thrown aside. One after another every man who tried in any human sense to make

a success of the Union has made a failure of himself. It's enough, as we say in the States, to sicken a dog.

THE COLONEL. Desmond seems still very much engaged. I don't know whether it will surprise you, my dear Paul, but the truth is that I almost entirely agree with you. I am against Home Rule on Imperial grounds, and I say so quite frankly. Ideally, I daresay, it would be the best thing that Ireland should govern Ireland. I do not believe that Ireland can govern Ireland. But if Ireland cannot govern Ireland, there can be no doubt, I think, about the next best thing. The next best thing is that England should govern Ireland. But that Ulster should govern Ireland, that an unpopular and embittered fragment of Ireland should govern Ireland, that is certainly the worst of all possible solutions. It is better that a man should be locked up as a lunatic and taken charge of by somebody else than that he should be under the entire and independent domination of his own left leg. The system by which the Orangemen govern Ireland has all the disadvantages of Home Rule. That is to say, the type of government is parochial, bigoted, local. It has also all the disadvantages, the unavoidable disadvantages of Union. That is to say, the type of government is not the type of government desired by the Irish people. The system by which the Orangemen govern Ireland has in fact every conceivable disadvantage that there could be. And the Orangemen do govern Ireland.

DR. PAUL. I coincide entirely. And so, I should imagine, would Desmond. But for once he is silent, although Ireland is being discussed. He is silent, although the detested Orangeman is delivered up to slaughter. His greed is perfectly disgusting.

THE COLONEL. Come, Desmond, come. Here are we two, a Tory and a Cosmopolitan, talking more bright green nationalism than you ever talked in your life, cursing the Orangeman up hill and down dale. Have you nothing to say? What do you think?

MR. DESMOND. I think that these cutlets are confoundedly underdone.

DR. PAUL. Cease this trifling. What do you think about what we have been discussing?

MR. DESMOND (*innocently*). What have you been discussing?

THE COLONEL. What do you think about the Orangemen and their miserable intervention in the Macdonnell business?

MR. DESMOND. Well, since you force me out of my diplomatic silence, I will go so far as to tell you. Personally, I think the Orangemen were perfectly right.

DR. PAUL. Perfectly what?

MR. DESMOND (*eating ravenously*). Right. I said right. A quaint old Catholic conception. Formerly supposed to be the opposite of wrong.

DR. PAUL. But how can you possibly think the Orangemen right?

MR. DESMOND. I mean morally right. I mean that, given their

degree of knowledge (or rather ignorance) and their sincere convictions, they are acting the part of wise, courageous and honest men. And I mean that, given your degree of knowledge and your sincere convictions, you, my dear friends, with all respect to you, are acting the part of duffers. My dear men, there is not and never has been any half-way house between Home Rule and Coercion. There is not and never has been any half-way house between Ireland ruled by Orange ideas and Ireland ruled by Irish ideas. And Ireland ruled by Irish ideas would be a place an Englishman would no more want to live in than he would want to live in Spain or Persia.

THE COLONEL. But some devolution——.

MR. DESMOND. Devolution be damned. You English used to have a sense of reality, but now you seem to have a positive genius for inventing words that do not represent the real state of affairs. Don't you see that the word devolution expresses something which is almost the opposite of what is really wanted in Ireland. Devolution conveys the idea that something or other which is now done by a central body should in future be done by a local body. You want an Irish Council because it will do some of your work. But we want an Irish Council because it will refuse to do that work and insist on doing something quite different. You think of the force or authority which is to govern Ireland as existing now at Westminster, and being in the future devolved upon an Irish Parliament. But we think of the force or authority which is to govern Ireland as existing in a sealed or suppressed state now in the Irish people, and being in the future evolved into an Irish Parliament. Or perhaps into a Commune or a Council of Ten, or a Synod of Kings elected by the neighing of a horse—or anything, in short, that we choose to have. You, in short, think of it as a question of the English having less to do; we of the Irish having more to do.

THE COLONEL. I am not sure that I completely understand you. Do you mean that a mere Parliament would not satisfy you?

MR. DESMOND. A Parliament is merely a symbol—like the flag that Paul says is a mere remnant of heraldry. But Paul wears a red tie because he is a Socialist; that red tie is purely heraldic. But what I mean about Ireland is this. The fallacy, the great mistaken conception over which you have always broken your shins in Ireland, is the extraordinary notion that a nation wishes primarily to be well-governed. A nation does not wish to be well-governed. A nation, like every other living thing, has two main wishes. First, it desires to live; second, it desires to create. I might say that, like a living thing, it desires to procreate; I mean it desires to create things in its own image. A people is an artist. It must, if it is to be happy, be always bringing forth external forms which embody and picture to it its own soul—they may be flags, colleges, courts of justice, crowns, churches, orders of knighthood—anything. Now this is the very simple reason why there are such an enormous number of bad governments in the world, because people do not mind govern-

ments being merely bad. Governments become insupportable when they are foreign, that is to say, when they are the creations of another mind. The intolerable government is not the government which wastes and slays; the intolerable government is the government which is in a different artistic style from our own.

DR. PAUL. The government of Russia, now. I know that's in an uncommonly different artistic style from mine.

MR. DESMOND. Of course it is. But why have millions of Russians always honoured it and died for it? Not because it is a good government; it is not. Not because they think it is a good government; I don't suppose they think anything of the sort, if they ever think about the matter. They do it because the picture in the mind of the Little Father with his crown on his head is a picture in their own manner. If the Little Father did not exist, a Russian peasant would have dreamed of him. The very phrase "little father" has in it nearly the whole of Russian literature, a depth of sadness, a depth of kindness, a hint of helplessness. But why, may I ask, are you in England nowadays always selecting Russia as an isolated example of bad government? Put Russia on one side. Put Ireland on one side. Do you or anybody else suppose, my good friends, that England is well governed? I imagine not. You have visited the House of Commons. You have been inside the remarkable London omnibus. You may, for all I know, have had business in the Court of Chancery. You have read in the newspapers of the awful fiat of Nature whereby it is impossible to have steamboats on the Thames or any water in the East End. Yet the English are happy to the verge of offensiveness. Why is this? Because all these anomalies are in their own beautiful and absurd image. They are more than just—they are appropriate. That House of Commons is more than mere use—it is glory; it is not a tool, but a trophy. That London omnibus is a symbol of the English soul, at once so comfortable and so uncomfortable. It has as much of the rich poetry of London as the gondola has of the paler poetry of Venice. That chaos of judge-made law has all the individualism and carelessness and fundamental good nature of England. No, of course, the English have not good government. But they have the right sort of bad government. And we in Ireland have the wrong sort.

THE COLONEL. I was just about to suggest that your curt and almost momentary interpellation might as well return to the subject of Ireland and Sir Antony Macdonnell.

MR. DESMOND. Wait a moment. I said that every living nation wished above all things to create—to create things in its own image. You know the kind of things I mean. You know that every historic and self-governing people (I use the term self-governing in the sense in which it applies to almost every people not enslaved by another race), that every people, I say, has built up institutions which represent them in the same way that his works represent an artist. The French Academy, say, is as much a picture of the personality of



France, as the David is a picture of the personality of Michael Angelo. The Church of England, to take another example, is as much a picture of the English personality as "Mr. Sludge the Medium" is a picture of the personality of Browning. Now it is really quite a secondary matter to talk about the wrongs of Ireland. There is one great wrong of Ireland—that is that she is kept, like a Vestal Virgin, in an enforced sterility. There is an Irish genius, as distinct as the English genius or the French genius. There are no Irish institutions parallel to the English institutions and the French institutions. We have no centres of learning, such as we had in the first Christian ages with a distinctively Irish school of art and decoration. We have no national representative institutions as we had in the eighteenth century, with a distinctively Irish school of florid political eloquence. And even these expressions of our national will existed for so short a time and under such interruptions and disadvantages that they never gave us the full opportunity *liberare animam nostram*. But we do not object to the English Government because it is bad (though it is bad); we object to it because it is English. We do not wish to be well governed; we wish to exist. The whole matter with us is this fundamental matter of self-expression and self-realisation. Representative government is not a means to the end. It is the end. The modern Tory prigs say: "It does not matter whether a Government is representative or not as long as it governs well." I say that it does not matter whether a Government governs well or not, so long as it is representative.

THE COLONEL. Still, I do not quite see what this has to do with Sir Antony Macdonnell.

MR. DESMOND. What it has to do with is my most heart-felt defence of the unhappy and much-maligned Orangeman. Don't you see? If it be true, as I have been maintaining, that Ireland desires Home Rule only as a part of a general hunger to create a civilisation, the Orangemen are perfectly right in supposing that it will not be a civilisation at all friendly to them or theirs. Or course, there would be no question of religious or political persecution: that is one of the idle follies of the *Times* newspaper, and the people who imagine Irishmen have faces like apes and carry a blunderbuss to Mass. Persecution in the direct sense would be impossible in any community established in the modern atmosphere. In this epoch an Irish Parliament with a Catholic majority could no more persecute Protestants than an English Parliament with a Protestant majority could persecute Catholics.

THE COLONEL. What are your Orangemen afraid of, then?

MR. DESMOND. Of something very terrible—a difference of atmosphere. The thing can be put indeed very briefly and simply. The difference between the Orangemen and us is that everything that they think civilisation we think barbarism, and everything that we think civilisation they think barbarism. To us their factory chimneys and huge, hideous towns are not so much wicked as simply savage—

savage because of their lack of the essentials of the civilised man, grace, suavity, and a sense of historic memory. To them the pomp and elaboration of our Catholic ritual is not so much wrong as savage—savage because it is old, and because it is non-national. They think us barbarians because we cling to the past. We think them barbarians because they do not cling to the past.

DR. PAUL. And so . . .

MR. DESMOND. And so you will have to face in Ireland, if you give it liberty, a creation of that kind of civilisation which goes almost everywhere with the Catholic Church. You will find men thinking it much more important, for instance, to have heard things by tradition—that is by a chain of men—than by what you call proof—that is by a chain of documents. You will find that good manners are more valued than good spelling. You will find that a man is thought more of if he is able to sing than if he is able to read. You will find less reading of newspapers and more telling of tales. You will have the life of the field everywhere considered not only more noble, but more sensible and ordinary than the life of the factory. In one word, you will have regnant and pre-eminent in Ireland that definite thing which the Orange religion and the English popular philosophy calls ignorance—and which we call the knowledge of the things worth knowing. Do you think the Orangemen have not a right to battle against this? They also have a civilisation. They also have a religion. They also have a dream of Ireland as they would like it. And they cannot be expected to put up with Macdonnells. He that is not with them is against them.

THE COLONEL. You speak with most astounding tenderness of these Orange fellows. I sometimes think you love bigotry for its own sake.

MR. DESMOND. Perhaps I do.

DR. PAUL. Surely, Bartram, it is a more humane suggestion that these savage and un-Christian religious differences are dying out even in Ireland. Desmond, you have spoken with respect of the sincerity and consistency of the Orangemen. Surely sincerity and consistency are matters more important than a difference about Apostolical Succession or Final Perseverance. Have you really any vital quarrel with the mere religion of these men whose morality you have been defending?

MR. DESMOND (*helping himself to cheese*). Oh, as for their religion itself, I can tell you all about that. It comes from Hell.

THE COLONEL. Don't stare, Paul. Desmond's observation seems to me a very fitting peroration to his somewhat lengthy address. It was our own fault, I suppose, for taunting an Irishman with silence. I withdraw the accusation. Have you really finished, Pat?

MR. DESMOND. Yes, my boy. The honourable gentleman resumed his seat amid loud and continued cheering, having spoken for five hours and three-quarters. Pass the celery.

THE COLONEL. And now, in heaven's name, let us change the subject. Even Mukden would be better than this.

DR. PAUL. Yet suppose it is the end of the war?

THE COLONEL. Not necessarily. I think not even probably. All that kind of assumption belongs to the mental atmosphere of the London journalist, whose ideas of war are founded on things like horse races and cricket matches, where there is a limited time or an umpire to give one side or the other out. But the measure of the effort or resistance of a great nation is a much more difficult thing to estimate. A nation often goes on fighting long after all the experts have given up hope for it; sometimes it will collapse suddenly and silently when no one is thinking about the matter, as the Boer nation did in the late war. But in any case the ethics and psychology of the cricket-field are always out of the reckoning in these matters. In war not to know when one is beaten is accounted an English virtue. In cricket not to know when one is beaten is mere common cheating.

MR. DESMOND. Not to know when one is beaten is a considerable strength. But it is not the strongest thing in the world. The strongest thing in the world is not to care when one is beaten. That is what makes the terrible strength of religious armies, of armies that actually are not seeking an earthly crown. And I give you fair warning, the Irish and the Russians are the two really religious peoples left in Europe. Look out for both of them. •

THE COLONEL. I must say I don't feel at all easy about the tone taken in the English Press about this monstrous epic and tragedy which has culminated in Mukden. Whether they are exultant or regretful, flippant or serious, pacific or bellicose, pro-Jap or pro-Russian, an unearthly sort of unreality hangs over everything they say. They all seem to be looking on at a play in a theatre. They are all frivolous; they are most frivolous when they are most solemn. They are most frivolous when they express regret or respect. Regret and respect are sentiments for a silly apology in the House of Commons or the obituary notice of a philanthropist. You do not "regret" the massacres of September. You do not "respect" the day of Judgment. The gigantic duel that is going on at this moment is not a subject for regret and respect, but for pity and terror, the primal passions of the old tragedy. It should purify our emotions of all sentimental pollutions, but above all of the execrable pollutions of journalistic respect and journalistic regret.

DR. PAUL. Pity—yes, and terror. For which side is your pity and your terror?

THE COLONEL. My pity is for both; and my terror is for ourselves.

DR. PAUL. Your tone is a little startling.

THE COLONEL. I wish to God it could startle all England. Every fool in Fleet Street is talking about the Russo-Japanese War, proving this and proving that. They say the Japs won at Mukden because they had Parliaments or moral text-books, or paper houses, or slanting eyebrows, or God knows what. They say the Russians were beaten because they like tallow, or don't like Jews, or drink vodky, or don't drink cocoa or any rubbish. And they never see the only

important lesson of the matter, a lesson which ought to burn round the land like a beacon. A great European nation can no longer consider itself safe.

MR. DESMOND. Upon the whole I am glad of it. If you will permit me another bull, there is nothing so dangerous as being safe. Personally, as you know, I don't believe in the Japs. I believe that all this miracle of theirs is at bottom a miracle of imitation, a mimetic trick which belongs to the careful, keen-eyed and handy Oriental. You know the old story of the man who showed his coat to a Chinese tailor and said "Make me another coat like that." The Chinaman proceeded to make him a coat like that; that is to say, a coat in which every stain, tear, patch, shiny corner or general trace of antiquity was with marvellous perfection reproduced. I think it has been the strength of the Japanese, but will be ultimately their weakness, that they have imitated Europe with this brilliant and audacious servility. They have taken the coat of the Christian civilisation and reproduced not only its great main outlines, patriotism, chivalry, experiment, science, democracy, respect for women, but also the flaws, even the quite temporary or accidental flaws. The blackest and most depressing stains on our contemporary civilisation, the ugliest and most degrading smears of modern foolishness or sin re-appear in the new Japan.

DR. PAUL. What sort of depressing stains do you mean?

MR. DESMOND. Oh! ethical societies, for instance. And (though that is a lighter matter) the manufacturing system in its most merciless form.

DR. PAUL. Upon my word, Desmond, I think you are outrageously unfair. Nobody hates the manufacturing system more than I do. I am a Socialist, but the Japanese are a young and vigorous people, and it is natural they should pass through a period of hard and heavy individualism in commerce. We passed through it ourselves; we are hardly yet out of it.

MR. DESMOND. Yes, but that was our own home-grown wickedness; it was not deliberately borrowed. Support home vices, as the protectionists would say. It does a man comparatively little harm to have ten of his own faults; it is other people's faults that are the devil if you get infected by them.

THE COLONEL. I agree with you there. You might illustrate the matter by another example of the customs of the East and West. You, my good Desmond, must have drunk somewhere about four large lagers in the course of this evening. But I would willingly see you drink four more rather than produce from your pocket the minutest particle of opium.

MR. DESMOND. You are very kind. I don't mind if I do. Waiter (*rings a bell sharply*), four more large lagers. Put them down to Colonel Bartram.

WAITER. Yes, sir. (*Exit.*)

G. K. CHESTERTON.

## ADMIRALTY POLICY AND ITS CRITICS.

THE aspect of the Navy Estimates for the new financial year which has attracted most attention has been the reduction of three and a half millions sterling. This was unavoidable, but it is none the less to be regretted. By the advocates of "a little Navy" this economy has been welcomed as an admission that in the past the expenditure has been excessive, and as an indication that the annual outlay on the Fleet will now be largely decreased year by year. Neither conclusion arises necessarily out of the present Estimates.

For over ten years the Navy has been outside the pale of party politics. It has been admitted that the defence of the Empire by sea is a matter of national concern, a subject for the consideration of statesmen rather than politicians. Lately, however, there has been an attempt to drag this vital interest back once more into the polemical arena in which party politicians wrangle and manœuvre. Those who have at heart the sufficiency and efficiency of the British Fleet recognise no distinctions of political creed. The Board of Admiralty, though it is presided over by a politician, knows nothing of party politics; its politics are strategy and tactics; its work is to study the defensive machine placed in its charge, and to take such steps for its maintenance in adequate strength as the situation demands. It is in conformity with this principle that the Fleet has been controlled since 1893, when the nation, by public meeting and other measures, compelled Lord Spencer and Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet to abandon a policy of starving the Navy and to embark upon the greatest naval programme of modern times. Against this action, Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and, it is believed, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman protested. The attitude of the nation was uncompromising, and the Cabinet contained, fortunately, so many members who either loved office or had a statesmanlike appreciation of the naval situation, that even the opposition of the "little Navy" section was of no avail. The Government, which in December, 1893, had protested that the provision made for the Fleet was adequate in every respect, and that any increase in the expenditure would be unnecessary and undesirable, launched on the House of Commons within three months a programme of colossal proportions. In 1894 seven battleships were begun under urgent representations of Lord Spencer's professional colleagues, besides a number of cruisers. Never before had as many armour-

clads been begun in a single year, and never since. As Lord Spencer took care to explain, the seven battleships, six cruisers, and two sloops, comprised only the first instalment of a great scheme of ship building which it was intended to spread over a period of five years. While it was true that by this late conversion the Liberal Government saved itself from defeat, those who were politically opposed to them willingly forgot the pressure under which this programme was adopted and gave to the Liberal Cabinet full measure of credit for its determination to raise the Fleet to an adequate standard of strength.

Since this great programme was introduced it has been the desire of all well-wishers of the Fleet to keep naval matters outside the pale of party politics. During the time he was First Lord of the Admiralty, Viscount Goschen seldom intervened in party discussions, thus setting an example to his successors. Under the régime of Lord Selborne and Mr. Arnold-Forster determined efforts were continued to keep the discussion of naval questions to a high level, and it is to the credit of such members of the Opposition as Lord Spencer, Lord Shuttleworth, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane and Sir Charles Dilke that they have consistently supported the Admiralty and have stood by the unwritten compact. The Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and the majority of his followers, have not, however, always adopted this self-denying ordinance, and a few weeks before Lord Selborne's Explanatory Statement on the Naval Estimates appeared, there was published under the authority of the Cobden Club a book entitled *The Burden of Armaments* (Fisher Unwin), attacking the policy of the Admiralty in the narrowest party spirit. The text of this book is a little Navy for a little England, in distinction to the Government policy of a big Navy for a world-wide Empire.

It is well that it should be recognised that while the Navy Estimates may in future be reduced a further three or four millions, bringing them down to just below thirty millions, this will depend less upon the will of the British authorities than upon the action of opponents. No First Lord of the Admiralty has failed to realise this truth. *Every increase of the British Fleet has been made after some rival has taken steps which threatened the British supremacy.* In 1889, when the Naval Defence Act was introduced, the British Navy had been so persistently starved that the best expert opinion held that it was little stronger than that of France alone. We held our supremacy by a narrow and dangerous margin. In 1893 the Admiralty were faced by the continual growth of the Russian and French navies, and the prospect of their co-operation in time of war. After Lord Spencer's pro-

gramme of 1894 had been introduced and passed by the House of Commons, Lord Brassey wrote :—<sup>1</sup>

The large additional expenditure on the Navy is a regrettable necessity. It is forced upon us by the action taken by other Powers, who have no colonial and commercial possessions comparable to our own requiring naval protection. The necessity for a reinforcement of the Navy having been forced upon us, it will cost less in the end if we show ourselves resolved to be content with no half measures. . . . That Great Britain should be strong at sea is the surest guarantee for the peace of Europe. We cannot vie in numbers with the armies of the continental States. Our Navy must be our right arm, and Captain Mahan has taught us that sea power has a controlling influence on the course of history.

Later on, the Dual Alliance was consummated, and when, in 1898, the Czar made the extraordinary grant of £9,000,000 in order to hasten the provision of the First Pacific Squadron, the Admiralty were compelled to frame a suitable reply. Two years afterwards Germany embarked on her great scheme for more than doubling the strength of the fleet of the German Empire, and the Admiralty again had to take suitable measures. In the last five years the menace of the German Fleet has bulked upon the British imagination more and more on account of the close sympathy of the German authorities with their neighbours across the Russian frontier. Consequently, whereas ten years ago there were only two fleets in existence of which the Admiralty had to take account, there are now three of the first class in Europe, and of these, two, Russia and Germany, have increased their expenditure out of all proportion to the growth of the British Navy Estimates. Every augmentation of the British Fleet has been a reply to the aggression of rivals on the British naval position. The claim that Great Britain has led in what Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has described as the ruinous contest in bloated armaments, is amply contradicted by events. The assertion has been made by politicians with no knowledge of the history of the British policy and inadequate appreciation of the distinctive differences between the naval position of Great Britain and that of rival powers. The British Fleet occupies an unique position. In the words of Earl Roberts, "It is our foremost and main line of defence."

As the provision for the Navy in past years was increased in response to the efforts of rivals to undermine the supremacy of the British Fleet, so for the coming year the Estimates have been reduced, largely in consequence of the decreased strength of one of the fleets which, in the event of war, might be opposed to this country. During the struggle in the Far East Russia has lost, by sinking or internment, seven new battleships and three

(1) *Naval Annual*, 1894.

armoured cruisers, besides about twelve small cruisers, six gun-boats and a number of torpedo craft. This depletion of Russia's fleet, which occurred since the Navy Estimates for 1904-5 were framed and introduced, has completely changed the naval situation. The bubble reputation of the Russian Navy has been burst, and it remains to-day not only one of the weakest in *matériel* of all the first-class Powers, but the one which has lost its former prestige. The British Fleet has been expanded in past years in part owing to the growth of the Russian Navy; now that that fleet has been hurled from its pedestal, the Admiralty have immediately taken steps to relieve the taxpayers of this country of some portion of the heavy burden which naval defence necessarily casts upon them. The extent to which it has been possible to cut down the ship-building programme for the new financial year has been due also, in some measure, to the purchase of the two Chilean battleships in 1903, which accelerated the Admiralty programme by two units of "the first line." Had it not been for the persistent naval activity of Germany, which is laying down two battleships in the present year, the Admiralty would have been in a position to eliminate the only battleship which appears in the new programme.

Another cause for the reduction in the Navy Estimates is the new scheme of distribution and mobilisation announced by Lord Selborne in his memorandum of December last. This statesmanlike scheme was fully dealt with in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of January. It has resulted in a complete re-organisation of the squadrons and fleets, so as to concentrate them on strategical lines; in the commissioning of upward of 100 vessels which are now in reserve with nucleus crews, at the three home ports, ready to put to sea and fight at a moment's notice; and it has led to the elimination of many vessels which were of small fighting value. Some attempt has been made to make political capital out of this action, and Lord Welby in particular has been quoted by the *Economist* as authority for the statement that "115 cruisers, built at a cost of from thirty to forty million pounds sterling within the last few years, and which should be in the prime of their power, are now held to be useless for war purposes." Not a single one of the statements is true. The facts are very simple.

With splendid courage, the present Board of Admiralty have taken stock of the fleet and divided it into three main classes:—

(1) Ships on the "War List," comprising all efficient modern vessels, whose place in case of war would be in the "first line." Practically all these vessels are in commission at sea or in reserve.

(2) Ships of comparatively small fighting value which, in a dire extremity might be of service and which are accordingly



moored near great shipbuilding yards—mostly in the Clyde—so that they could be fitted for sea in case of emergency. On these vessels, which are in charge of caretakers, and have their guns and machinery, no further expenditure for repairs will be made. There are also in this class some vessels which would be used for subsidiary services.

(3) Ships which are obsolete, and most of which are for sale.

The result of this bold action, undertaken in connection with the great scheme of redistribution of the fleets at sea, is that never again can any man-of-war, except those on the "War List," be taken into account in estimating the fighting value of the fleet. The Admiralty have now issued as Parliamentary papers lists of ships which are "no longer in the first fighting line," and these lists will in future prove of the greatest value in case any subsequent administration should attempt to frame comparisons to mislead the public. Never again can the ships now struck out of the fighting list be reinstated, and this will prove a most important safeguard, while the fact that no money will be spent in maintaining them means a great economy.

1.—"The War List" (First cost: £83,308,737).

Battleships	...	...	...	...	...	...	52
Armoured cruisers	...	...	...	...	...	...	36
First class (unarmoured) cruisers	...	...	...	...	...	...	11
Second class cruisers	...	...	...	...	...	...	38
Third class cruisers	...	...	...	...	...	...	13
Scouts	...	...	...	...	...	...	8

In addition to these 52 battleships, there are 9 obsolescent battleships (the *Benbow*, *Anson*, *Howe*, *Rodney*, *Camperdown*, *Thunderer*, *Colossus*, *Edinburgh* and *Devastation*) retained in a special reserve at the home ports without nucleus crews, and therefore entailing practically no expense.

2.—Intermediate Class (First cost: £6,267,506).

The men-of-war in the second, or intermediate class—moored in non-naval waters, but capable of being made ready for sea at short notice—include four battleships, the *Sans Pareil*, *Collingwood*, *Conqueror* and *Hero*, four first-class cruisers, the *Immortalité*, *Narcissus*, *Undaunted*, and *Aurora*, all eight over twenty years of age; ten second and six third class cruisers, all from ten to seventeen years of age, and three torpedo gunboats. Twenty-five years for battleships and twenty years for cruisers from the laying of the keels, it may be noted, is the extreme limit of usefulness as laid down in the German Navy Act of 1900. Four other cruisers, 15 sloops, and 16 gunboats are also retained as available for subsidiary purposes of war. These 63 vessels are in a condition to enable them to be made ready for sea service at short notice.

3.—Obsolete or for Sale (First cost: £10,564,553).

There is, then, the last class—those "115 cruisers built at a cost of from £30,000,000 to £40,000,000 within the last few years, and which should be in the prime of their power," and "are now held to be useless for

war purposes," to quote Lord Welby's famous dictum when he last appeared as a naval expert. None of these ships has been built in the past eleven years, while some approach a hundred years in age. These vessels, the date of launching being given in parenthesis in each case, include :—

#### *Obsolete.*

5 Armoured ships, *Superb*, *Alexandra*, *Sultan*, *Dreadnought*, and *Iron Duke* (1870 to 1875).

1 Third class cruiser, *Emerald* (1876).

2 Gun vessels, *Curlew* (1885) and *Widgeon* (1889).

3 Miscellaneous, *Dapper* (1812), *Mercury* (1826), and *Forte* (1856).

#### *For Sale or Sold.*

1 Armoured, *Simoon* (late *Monarch*), (1868).

6 First class cruisers, *Warspite* (1884), *Australia* (1886), *Galatea* (1887), *Orlando* (1886), *Northampton* (1876), *Hector* (1870).

7 Second class cruisers, *Arethusa* (1882), *Severn* (1885), *Mersey* (1885), *Raleigh* (1873), *Boadicea* (1875), *Iris* (1877), *Active* (1869).

22 Third class cruisers (18 before or in 1889, the year of the Naval Defence Act, from which the modern Fleet dates, and the remaining 4 in 1890), *Archer* (1885), *Cossack* (1886), *Mohawk* (1886), *Tartar* (1886), *Raccoon* (1887), *Barracouta* (1889), *Marathon* (1888), *Fearless* (1886), *Magicienne* (1888), *Blonde* (1889), *Pearl* (1890), *Blanche* (1889), *Ringarooma* (1889), *Barrosa* (1889), *Mildura* (1889), *Phæbe* (1890), *Katoomba* (1889), *Wallaroo* (1890), *Melpomene* (1888), *Pallas* (1890), *Tauranga* (1889), *Porpoise* (1886).

8 Torpedo gunboats (5 before or in 1889, 1 in 1890, and 2 in 1892), *Gleaner* (1890), *Renard* (1892), *Jaseur* (1892), *Grasshopper* (1887), *Boomerang* (1889), *Karrakutta* (1889), *Salamander* (1889), *Sandfly* (1887).

1 Sloop, *Beagle* (1889).

2 Coal hulks, *Myrtle* (1819), *Pitt* (1820).

8 Miscellaneous, *Lion* (ex-3rd rate), *Liberty* (1850), *Nautilus* (1890), *Havannah* (1811), *Implacable* (old) (ex-Duguay Trouin, captured from the French), *Belvidera* (ex-frigate), *Royal Adelaide* (ex-1st rate, 104 guns), *Enchantress* (old).

It will be seen that in their action with reference to these obsolete ships the British Admiralty have merely taken a leaf out of the book of the German Admiralty, and their example has just been followed by the authorities at Washington, because it is recognised that the retention of non-effective vessels in a war fleet is a delusion, a snare, and a wasteful expense.

It is, of course, a deplorable fact, from the point of view of the narrow economist, that science is continually revealing itself in new developments. Iron as a protection to ships has given place to compound armour; compound armour has been replaced by nickel steel, and nickel steel has now in its turn been replaced (1900) by Krupp cemented armour. It may surprise Lord Welby and the other "experts" of the Cobden Club to learn that since armoured ships were first introduced into the British Fleet, armour has been so greatly improved that it is now possible to

provide the same protection to the vitals of a ship at an expenditure of one-third the weight, but at the same time the cost of manufacture, owing to improved scientific methods, has immensely increased. As the weight of armour has been decreased by the increase in its toughness, the naval authorities of the world have been able to utilise it on vessels of high speed. As it became possible to give to cruisers this protection from damage by gunfire, so it became essential to provide every cruiser with a belt of armour. We have thus obtained—thanks also to the latest types of engines and water-tube boilers—the wonderful armoured cruiser of to-day, with its belt of Krupp steel, its powerful guns, and a rate of steaming of from 23 to 25 knots. Other Powers introduced these vessels, France and Russia leading the way, and the British authorities were compelled, in the interest of the safety of the Empire, to abandon the construction of ships without armoured belts, and depending for the protection of their vitals simply upon thin turtle-back decks. Consequently, the big protected cruiser is obsolescent. Many ships in all the navies of the world, which were built before the late surprising developments of gun, armour, machinery, and equipment, have become comparatively non-effective as men-of-war. A ship which cannot fight with a reasonable chance of success, and cannot run away if suddenly opposed to a stronger opponent, is a national danger. The Admiralty determined to face the situation boldly; they have withdrawn from active service (*i.e.*, commission at sea or in reserve) practically all the ships which cannot be relied upon either to fight or run away, and the result is the collections of vessels now moored in the Kyles of Bute and at the Mother Bank, off Ryde. The sight of these men-of-war, no longer eating up tens of thousands of pounds for repairs and maintenance may be deplorable to Lord Welby and the other “naval experts” of the Cobden Club, but there is no businesslike American who will not admire the Admiralty for their courage, and congratulate the nation upon possessing administrators with the temerity to face the obloquy of the ignorant, rather than expose any ships flying the British flag to certain destruction, and continue even in peace time the ruinous policy of spending money in repairing ships, which, in war time, recent developments have shown could render only comparatively small effective service. They will be the Forlorn Hope of the Empire, if the “first fighting line” is badly handled.

Not only are the statements which have been made with reference to the ships removed from the “War List” inaccurate, but there has been an apparently intentional exaggeration as to the number which are to be sold as of no further use. The position

is really a very simple one. For many years past the Admiralty have been aiming to raise the British Fleet to the Two Power Standard. By the purchase of the two Chilian battleships the programme was somewhat anticipated, and this was followed by the heavy naval losses of Russia. The result was that the British Fleet was placed in a position of supremacy sooner than had been expected. During the years in which the Admiralty were raising the strength of the Fleet they were compelled to spend considerable sums on obsolescent vessels in order to keep them instantly available for use in war. Without these vessels the position of the Navy would have been such as to render the probability of effectively acting against any combination of Powers open to doubt. By the purchase of the Chilian battleships and the Russian losses, the comparative strength of the British Fleet, judged by modern effective men-of-war, was greatly increased, and consequently the policy of retaining obsolescent vessels on the list of the "first fighting line," and spending considerable sums year by year in maintaining them in commission and in repairing them could be at once abandoned. The oldest of the vessels were immediately relegated to the scrap heap, and they will be sold as opportunity offers. Ships which are fast becoming obsolete and others which should be useful for subsidiary service, are retained in the service, but no further expenditure will be made upon them.

This policy is simple, economical, and businesslike. It is possible to imagine circumstances in which the assistance of these vessels in the "intermediate class" might be required. In this case they would be removed from their moorings to some adjacent shipyard and there fitted out for sea. In the meantime their machinery and fittings have been specially treated to prevent deterioration, and caretakers have been placed on board who are responsible for them. They will be inspected by one of the district captains of the coastguard, who will see that they are kept clean, and in every way fulfil the conditions laid down by the Admiralty.

In the *Burden of Armaments* great display is made of the cost of the Navy—which the *Daily News*, in a typical phrase, has called "The Road to Ruin"—and, proceeding, it is stated :—

Another subject for consideration arising out of this vast increase of expenditure on new ships and armaments is the effect it has had, and will have if continued, in rendering obsolete and useless the *matériel* which has already been accumulated.

We are informed that this volume was prepared by a committee consisting of Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Lord Welby, Sir Algernon West, Sir Spencer Walpole, Mr. F. W. Hunt, Mr. J. A. Macdonald,

Mr. G. H. Perris, Mr. H. M. Williams, and Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. It is doubtful if either of these gentlemen could readily distinguish a battleship from a barge or a torpedo boat from a trawler. They are responsible for repeated laments that ships built years ago have now become obsolete and useless. They urge that the nation should not build ships of war, because they become old. As well might the Cobden Club tell mothers not to bear children, because they will become aged and die; say to householders, do not insure your houses, because you will only have to renew the premium, and, after all, your houses may not be destroyed by fire. As well might they say to a person at dinner, "Do not eat to-day, because you will be hungry to-morrow." These gentlemen are opposed to progress; they object to new British ships being built, because thereby older British vessels, not embodying up-to-date appliances, are rendered less efficient in comparison, let it be noted, with British ships; they take no account of the progress of rivals in naval design and armament. They would reply to the body of experts who are continually endeavouring to improve armour, machinery, and torpedoes, "Do not try to fashion better ships, because you thereby make those we have useless." With—or more probably without—the knowledge that a battleship takes three years to build, and a cruiser nearly as long, these "experts" urge, "It is not necessary to be armed at all points, ready for instant wars. It is well to trust largely to the immense reserve strength of the country in the event of emergency arising." In other words, when the Fashodā crisis or the North Sea incident occurred, we should have trusted largely to the fact that in three or four years we could build a large portion of the necessary fleet for the defence of our interests. The legitimate conclusion to draw from the arguments by these "naval experts" is that if former First Lords of the Admiralty had only shown a proper appreciation of their duty to the national Exchequer and the pockets of the ratepayers, they would have ceased laying down new battleships and cruisers in the past thirty or forty years, and would have been content from year to year to patch up the *Sealark*, the *Hector*, the *Iron Duke*, the *Sultan*, the *Monarch*, and other antediluvian vessels, in order that they might masquerade as efficient units of the Fleet. The Cobden Club policy applied to traction would have led the pioneers of the electric tramway to abandon their experiments because thereby they would render horse-drawn trams and 'buses obsolete. In earlier days these gentlemen's principles would have led them to frown on Watts and Stephenson, because the introduction of the steam engine drove the coach off the road. The Cobden Club experts applying their principles to bicycles, to sewing machines, and

even to the homely washing machines, would have caused all inventors, hopeless, to commit suicide. They might have carried their principles to these absurd lengths in domestic matters without vital national danger, but when they urge a nation which is dependent in an unique degree upon its naval defence to cease building battleships in adequate numbers, because in the passage of time and by the advance of science they become obsolete, or to delay building them until the enemy is at the gate, they are enunciating a principle which might commend itself to a Chinese mandarin, but is mere folly when preached to the British people.

Another form of attack upon Admiralty policy has taken an extraordinary form. Objection has been taken to the expenditure on naval works, and to what are known as "appropriations in aid," as shown in the Estimates to-day and for generations past under Liberal and Conservative Governments. There are and always have been two Estimates for the Navy, as for other Government departments, one the "Gross Estimates," and the other the "Net Estimates," the latter being those which the House of Commons votes and which consist of the Gross Estimates, less "appropriations in aid." An "appropriation" is an amount received either from India or the Colonies, and voted by them towards the cost of the Fleet, or a sum obtained by the sale of old ships, stores, &c. It is parallel to the case of a man who receives a present of £5 towards buying a new bicycle. He returns his old bicycle to the dealer and tells him to send a new one. The dealer examines the old bicycle, and, in making out the invoice, makes an allowance for the old machine. His customer, therefore, draws a cheque for the balance of cost after allowing for the rebate on the old machine, and in his books he enters the cost of the new bicycle at the sum he actually pays, less the present received from the friend. This is what the House of Commons does, and has always done. The country has already paid and Parliament has voted in former years the outlay for ships and stores which are sold, and it would be absurd to vote the money a second time, just as it would be ridiculous to vote the amounts already voted by the legislatures of the self-governing colonies. The amounts thus coming into the Gross Estimates are fully shown from year to year; there is no concealment of any kind, and the outcry against "appropriations in aid" would have amused or irritated no one more than the late Mr. Gladstone. The more ships and stores are provided for the Fleet, the greater the rebate for old ships and old stores, while of late years the Colonies have contributed larger sums. Consequently, as the expenditure on the Fleet has increased, so the "appropriations in aid" have grown, but this fact does not supply any justification for

the outcry against a system which is reasonable, based on sound finance, and old-established.

Then there is the expenditure on naval works, "than which" Lord Shuttleworth,<sup>1</sup> when in Opposition, but as a former Financial Secretary of the Admiralty, said "there is no part of the expenditure on the Navy which is more likely to add to our strength." The Admiralty is the greatest business department in the country. A firm which finds it needs certain permanent works or plant to carry on its business raises debentures, and will possibly set aside a certain sum, in addition to the interest on the debentures, as a sinking fund. Under Lord Spencer, in 1895, the same principle was adopted by the Admiralty. This First Lord held that harbour works, permanent defences, &c., which were not for to-day merely, but for generations, should be regarded as capital expenditure, and proposed that the outlay should be met by terminable annuities (*i.e.*, an arrangement under which, in each year's Estimates, a sufficient sum is provided to pay interest and such a proportion of capital as will extinguish the debt in thirty years). Lord Spencer's Naval Works Act dealt with the provision of two new docks at Portsmouth, a new dock and a longer mole at Gibraltar, a new breakwater at Portland, the extension of Keyham (Devonport) dockyard, naval barracks at Chatham, torpedo harbours at Dover and Portland, &c. The estimated cost was placed at too low a figure by the Admiralty experts in these rough estimates, and the outlay has been greater than was anticipated, and from time to time the Government have had to amend the scheme of work in accordance with changes in the naval situation due to the action of rivals. Thus the expenditure has grown, but always in accordance with the perfectly sound principle laid down by Lord Spencer, and endorsed by the House of Commons. In the Estimates provision has been made for the interest and the proportion of capital which together form the annuity payable under the Acts. The principle is the same as that which governs the activities of all businesses, all great railway and other companies, and the work of local authorities. In all these cases such permanent expenditure is carried to capital account, and year by year the annuity or interest on debentures, as the case may be, is paid. Unfortunately, a number of critics of the Admiralty, who should have known better, have got inextricably mixed in dealing with the Naval Works Account. They have taken the Navy Estimates (net), which already take account of the sum spent by way of annuity, and then added the capital expenditure; they have thus charged the outlay on naval works twice over, once as revenue and then as

(1) House of Commons, February 27th, 1900.

capital, and ask the nation to express its indignation at the colossal cost of the Fleet. Only quite recently Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman<sup>1</sup> claimed that the expenditure on the Fleet had risen in 1903-4 to £40,211,341. He hinged his case against the Admiralty upon a mixture of capital and revenue accounts. His sum was worked out on this system :—

Net Estimate for 1904-5. Including Annuities to be paid under the Naval Works Act, £502,000	£35,476,000
Capital expenditure on Navy Works	3,318,000
Appropriations in aid, consisting of rebates on sums voted by Parliament in former Estimates and contributions voted by Colonial Legislatures, &c.	1,417,341
	<u>£40,211,341</u>

It would be interesting to know what the directors of any railway company or other business enterprise would say to such finance applied to their accounts, or what the London County Council (of whose Finance Committee Lord Welby is Chairman), with its huge and increasing debt incurred for permanent works, would say to such hopeless financial criticism.

One of the favourite forms of attack upon the expenditure on the British Fleet takes the form of comparison of the expenditure with that of other nations. The "little Navy" party are never tired of pointing out that the outlay upon the British Fleet is equivalent to the total expenditure of France, Russia and Germany. It is, of course, more than a coincidence that these critics—including the Cobden Club "experts"—never take the trouble to mention that while Continental navies are manned by conscripts, the British authorities have to go into the open labour market and tempt recruits to enter the service. The conscript has to go to sea by law, and the naval authorities of France, Russia and Germany pay him only a small allowance, and are able to keep the cost of maintenance down to the lowest possible figure. In the Italian and Russian navies the cost per head of the *personnel*, including the outlay on pay, food, and clothes, comes to only £50 per head; in Germany the figure is £60, and in democratic France it has risen to £70. Conscripts are very cheap, while a voluntary *personnel*, secured by open competition in the world's best labour market, must necessarily be expensive, and the average cost in the British Fleet is about £200. The Admiralty have not only to offer good pay, good food, and sufficiently comfortable accommodation to

(1) January 18th, 1905, at Stirling.



pass muster, but to every boy and man on the lower deck they must offer a career and give a tempting prospect of promotion. The lad who joins the British Fleet cannot yet hope to be an admiral, but he may anticipate, as a reward for meritorious service, promotion to the rank of lieutenant, corresponding to that of captain in the Army, with free rations and quarters and pay at the rate of £273 a year, which, with allowances for special service, may bring his income up to £300 or more a year. This applies not only to the seaman class, but to other departments, and an engineer artificer may entertain the ambition of becoming an engineer-lieutenant, with an income of over £300 per year. These are not mere baits in order to catch recruits. To-day several hundred officers who started on the lowest rung of the ladder have been promoted "through the hawsehole" to commissioned rank and actually enjoy the dignity and emoluments mentioned. Consequently, any attempt to institute a comparison in expenditure between foreign fleets manned by conscripts and the British Navy with voluntary crews ignores the main factor, unless this question of naval pay, promotion, food, and comfort on board ship is taken into account. The critics also fail to point out that it is these men who are tempted by good pay and prospects into the British Navy who save the country from the oppression of conscription, and assuredly no reasonable person would assert that the outlay on the manning of the British Fleet is not ridiculously cheap at the price. Owing to the cost of the *personnel* we lose entirely the advantages we gain by building ships cheaper. As a matter of fact, Germany constructs to-day men-of-war at a cost only about six per cent. greater than that of English shipbuilders. The surprising point is not that the British Fleet costs so much, but, in view of its size, and the duties it has to perform, that it costs so little. In the past eleven years, the expenditure on the German Navy has grown by 166 per cent., that of the United States by upwards of 300 per cent., and, though it is difficult to obtain the exact figures for the Russian Navy, it may be safely claimed that the increase has considerably exceeded 120 per cent., while the outlay on the British Fleet has grown at the rate of less than 90 per cent.

Amid the confusion of inept and ignorant criticism, the most striking features in Lord Selborne's explanatory statement have passed comparatively unnoticed. While the reduction in the expenditure in the Navy is satisfactory from all points of view, and was strongly urged in this REVIEW,<sup>1</sup> it is far more gratifying to have the assurance of the Admiralty, confirmed by all expert opinion, that the war efficiency of the fleets and squadrons

(1) August and October, 1903, and April, 1904.

is greater now than ever before. Mr. Arnold-Forster, when Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, remarked three years ago that he believed the Navy had two classes of enemies, those who said the Navy was all wrong and all rotten and not to be depended upon in time of war, and the other class, more dangerous, and, he believed, more numerous, who said that the Navy was all right, and that the public need not trouble their heads about it. The efficiency of the fleet has been enormously increased, but no one competent to form an opinion believes, fortunately, that it is yet within measurable distance of being perfect.

Excellent progress has been made, but the work is still far from complete. The gunnery of the Fleet still falls short of what it might be, in spite of the efforts which have been made by Lord Selborne and his colleagues. It will take years to break down entirely the opposition of the "paint and polish" school afloat. But, with the active encouragement of the King, as illustrated when he received the champion shot, Hollinghurst, the Admiralty are endeavouring to inoculate the more conservative officers of the fleet with a proper appreciation of the prime importance of gunnery. Rear-Admiral Percy Scott, who has just relinquished command of the Naval Gunnery School at Whale Island, has been appointed to a new position as Inspector of Target Practice. What he has done for Whale Island it is to be hoped he will do for the other training schools, and that as he passes from fleet to fleet and from squadron to squadron, with the delegated authority of the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, he will be able to give one squadron his experience of the other squadrons, and so, without interfering with, or in any way relieving squadron commanders of their responsibilities for gunnery efficiency, infuse into all the officers and men something of that wonderful enthusiasm which was such a striking feature of his commands afloat in the *Scylla* and *Terrible*, and which completely changed the whole spirit of Whale Island. If this new appointment is to prove successful, it will be necessary, however, for the Admiralty to give Admiral Scott consistent support. They will need to let it be known throughout the Fleet that good or bad gunnery reflects only upon the captains and admirals. Without the encouragement of admirals and commanding officers, their subordinate officers can do little. The Admiralty can, by their selection of officers for important commands, or by superseding those admirals or captains who do not, or will not, give attention to the essentials of naval training, convey to all concerned a due appreciation of the fact that war efficiency comes before mere smartness, and the truth will then be recognised that only a ship which is in all respects ready for war, with gun crews and torpedo

men well trained, will be recognised as a "smart" ship. Apart from gunnery, the efficiency of the Fleet has been much improved, and year by year the speed at which squadrons carry out tactical exercises has risen until to-day it is by far the highest attained by any navy in the world.

Far from criticising the policy of the Admiralty, the nation has every reason for congratulation that it has an administration so businesslike and so progressive. In the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW the policy which the Admiralty have now adopted has been advocated on broad lines, and it was claimed that it could be carried out with economy and increased efficiency. Events have proved this contention up to the hilt. But it must be remembered that it is the shipbuilding vote (dependent on rivals) which influences British expenditure most.

There are many hopeful signs. The authorities at Whitehall are not satisfied with taking the views merely of the members of the Board on technical questions. The best opinion of the senior officers of the Fleet is being sought and given, and in the appointment of expert committees to consider the designs of men-of-war, the reform of dockyard administration, the improvement of the uniforms of men of the lower deck, the adoption of oil fuel in certain types of men-of-war, the selection of a proper method of fire-control in battleships and cruisers, and other matters, the Admiralty have revealed their determination to leave no stone unturned in their endeavour to make the British Fleet the most progressive and efficient war machine in existence. A navy which has a history stretching back through many centuries, necessarily has clinging to it an accumulation of tradition, and the policy of the Admiralty is to gradually evolve a new order out of the old without impairing the *esprit de corps* of the Fleet, or endangering those unique qualities in the officers which have won for them wide repute, not only as fighters and leaders of men, but even on occasion as successful diplomatists, and those attributes of the men which have earned for them the title of "the handy men."

In quitting Whitehall for a new sphere of labour the Earl of Selborne has the satisfaction of knowing that he has left behind him a record of administrative success with few parallels in modern times, and a Fleet which never held more unquestioned command of the seas than to-day.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

# A MODERN UTOPIA.

## A SOCIOLOGICAL HOLIDAY.

BY

H. G. WELLS.

### CHAPTER THE TENTH.

#### RACE IN UTOPIA.

##### § 1.

ABOVE the sphere of the elemental cravings and necessities, the soul of man is in a perpetual vacillation between two conflicting impulses: the desire to assert his individual differences, the desire for distinction, and his terror of isolation. He wants to stand out, but not too far out, and, on the contrary, he wants to merge himself with a group, with some larger body, but not altogether. Through all the things of life runs this tortuous compromise, men follow the fashions but resent ready-made uniforms on every plane of their being. The disposition to form aggregations and to imagine aggregations is part of the incurable nature of man; it is one of the great natural forces the statesman must utilise, and against which he must construct effectual defences. The study of the aggregations and of the ideals of aggregations about which men's sympathies will twine, and upon which they will base a large proportion of their conduct and personal policy, is the legitimate definition of sociology.

Now the sort of aggregation to which men and women will refer themselves is determined partly by the strength and idiosyncrasy of the individual imagination, and partly by the reek of ideas that chances to be in the air at the time. Men and women may vary greatly both in their innate and their acquired disposition towards this sort of larger body or that, to which their social reference can be made. The "natural" social reference of a man is probably to some rather vaguely conceived tribe, as the "natural" social reference of a dog is to a pack. But just as the social reference of a dog may be educated until the reference to a pack is completely replaced by a reference to an owner, so on his higher plane of educability the social reference of the civilised man undergoes the most remarkable transformations. But the power and scope of his imagination and the need he has of response sets limits to this process. A highly-intellectualised mature mind may refer for its data very consistently to ideas of a higher being so remote and indefinable as God, so comprehensive as humanity, so far-reaching as the purpose in things. I write "may," but I doubt if this exaltation of reference is ever permanently sustained. Comte, in his *Positive Polity*, exposes his soul with great freedom, and the curious may trace how, while he professes and quite honestly intends to refer himself always to his "Greater Being" Humanity, he narrows constantly to his projected

"Western Republic" of civilised men, and quite frequently to the minute indefinite body of Positivist subscribers. And the history of the Christian Church, with its development of orders and cults, sects and dissents, the history of fashionable society with its cliques and sets and every political history with its cabals and inner cabinets, witness to the struggle that goes on in the minds of men to adjust themselves to a body larger indeed than themselves, but which still does not strain and escape their imaginative grasp.

The statesman, both for himself and others, must recognise this inadequacy of grasp, and the necessity for real and imaginary aggregations to sustain men in their practical service of the order of the world. He must be a sociologist; he must study the whole science of aggregations in relation to that World State to which his reason and his maturest thought direct him. He must lend himself to the development of aggregatory ideas that favour the civilising process, and he must do his best to promote the disintegration of aggregations and the effacement of aggregatory ideas, that keep men narrow and unreasonably prejudiced one against another.

He will, of course, know that few men are even rudely consistent in such matters, that the same man in different moods and on different occasions, is capable of referring himself in perfect good faith, not only to different, but to contradictory larger beings, and that the more important thing about an aggregatory idea from the State maker's point of view is not so much what it explicitly involves as what it implicitly repudiates. The natural man does not feel he is aggregating at all, unless he aggregates *against* something. He refers himself to the tribe; he is loyal to the tribe, and quite inseparably he fears or dislikes those others outside the tribe. The tribe is always at least defensively hostile and usually actively hostile to humanity beyond the aggregation. The Anti-idea, it would seem, is inseparable from the aggregatory idea; it is a necessity of the human mind. When we think of the class A as desirable, we think of Not-A as undesirable. The two things are as inevitably connected as the tendons of our hands, so that when we flatten down our little fingers on our palms, the fourth digit, whether we want it or not, comes down half way. All real working gods, one may remark, all gods that are worshipped emotionally, are tribal gods, and every attempt to universalise the idea of God trails dualism and the devil after it as a moral necessity.

When we inquire, as well as the unformed condition of terrestrial sociology permits, into the aggregatory ideas that seem to satisfy men, we find a remarkable complex, a disorderly complex, in the minds of nearly all our civilised contemporaries. For example, all sorts of aggregatory ideas come and go across the chameleon surfaces of my botanist's mind. He has a strong feeling for systematic botanists as against plant physiologists, whom he regards as lewd and evil scoundrels in this relation, but he has a strong feeling for all botanists, and, indeed, all biologists, as against physicists, and those who profess the exact sciences, all of whom he regards as dull,

mechanical, ugly-minded scoundrels in this relation; but he has a strong feeling for all who profess what is called Science as against psychologists, sociologists, philosophers, and literary men, whom he regards as wild, foolish, immoral scoundrels in this relation; but he has a strong feeling for all educated men as against the working man, whom he regards as a cheating, lying, loafing, drunken, thievish, dirty scoundrel in this relation; but so soon as the working man is comprehended together with those others, as Englishmen—which includes, in this case, I may remark, the Scottish and Welsh—he holds them superior to all other sorts of European, whom he regards, &c. . . .

Now one perceives in all these aggregatory ideas and rearrangements of the sympathies one of the chief vices of human thought, due to its obsession by classificatory suggestions.<sup>1</sup> The necessity for marking out classes has brought with it a bias for false and excessive contrast, and we never invent a term but we are at once cramming it with implications beyond its legitimate content. There is no feat of irrelevance that people will not perform quite easily in this way; there is no class, however accidental, to which they will not at once ascribe deeply distinctive qualities. The seventh sons of seventh sons have remarkable powers of insight; people with a certain sort of ear commit crimes of violence; people with red hair have souls of fire; all democratic socialists are trustworthy persons; all people born in Ireland have vivid imaginations and all Englishmen are clods; all Hindoos are cowardly liars; all curly-haired people are good-natured; all hunchbacks are energetic and wicked, and all Frenchmen eat frogs. Such stupid generalisations have been believed with the utmost readiness, and acted upon by great numbers of sane, respectable people. And when the class is one's own class, when it expresses one of the aggregations to which one refers one's own activities, then the disposition to divide all qualities between this class and its converse, and to cram one's own class with every desirable distinction, becomes overwhelming.

It is part of the training of the philosopher to regard all such generalisations with suspicion; it is part of the training of the Utopist and statesman, and all good statesmen are Utopists, to mingle something very like animosity with that suspicion. For crude classifications and false generalisations are the curse of all organised human life.

## § 2.

Disregarding classes, cliques, sets, castes, and the like minor aggregations, concerned for the most part with details and minor aspects of life, one finds among the civilised peoples of the world certain broad types of aggregatory idea. There are, firstly, the national ideas, ideas which, in their perfection, require a uniformity of physical and mental type, a common idiom, a common religion, a distinctive style of costume, decoration, and thought, and a com-

(1) See Chapter the First, § 5, and references in footnote thereto.

fact organisation acting with complete external unity. Like the Gothic cathedral, the national idea is never found complete with all its parts; but one has in Russia, with her insistence on political and religious orthodoxy, something approaching it pretty closely, and again in the inland and typical provinces of China where even a strange pattern of hat arouses hostility. We had it in vigorous struggle to exist in England under the earlier Georges in the minds of those who supported the Established Church. The idea of the fundamental nature of nationality is so ingrained in thought, with all the usual exaggeration of implication, that no one laughs at talk about Swedish painting or American literature. And I will confess and point out that my own detachment from these delusions is so imperfect and discontinuous that in another passage I have committed myself to a short assertion of the exceptionally noble quality of the English imagination.<sup>1</sup> I am constantly gratified by flattering untruths about English superiority which I should reject indignantly were the application bluntly personal, and I am ever ready to believe the scenery of England, the poetry of England, even the decoration and music of England, in some mystic and impregnable way, the best. This habit of intensifying all class definitions, and particularly those in which one has a personal interest, is in the very constitution of man's mind. It is part of the defect of that instrument. We may watch against it and prevent it doing any great injustices, or leading us into follies, but to eradicate it is an altogether different matter. There it is, to be reckoned with, like the coccyx, the pineal eye, and the vermiform appendix. And a too consistent attack on it may lead simply to its inversion, to a vindictively pro-foreigner attitude that is equally unwise.

The second sort of aggregatory ideas, running very often across the boundaries of national ideas and in conflict with them, are religious ideas. In Western Europe true national ideas only emerged to their present hectic vigour after the shock of the Reformation had liberated men from the great tradition of a Latin-speaking Christendom, a tradition the Roman Catholic Church has sustained as its modification of the old Latin-speaking Imperialism in the rule of the *pontifex maximus*. There was, and there remains to this day, a profound disregard of local dialect and race in the Roman Catholic tradition, which has made that Church a persistently disintegrating influence in national life. Equally spacious and equally regardless of tongues and peoples is the great Arabic-speaking religion of Mahomet. Both Christendom and Islam are indeed on their secular sides imperfect realisations of a Utopian World State. But the secular side was the weaker side of these cults; they produced no sufficiently great statesmen to realise their spiritual forces, and it is not in Rome under pontifical rule, nor in Munster under the Anabaptists, but rather in Thomas à Kempis and Saint Augustin's City of God that we must seek for the Utopias of Christianity.

In the last hundred years a novel development of material forces,

and especially of means of communication, has done very much to break up the isolations in which nationality perfected its prejudices and so to render possible the extension and consolidation of such a world-wide culture as mediæval Christendom and Islam foreshadowed. The first onset of these expansive developments has been marked in the world of mind by an expansion of political ideals—Comte's "Western Republic" (1848) was the first Utopia that involved the synthesis of numerous States—by the development of "Imperialisms" in the place of national policies, and by the search for a basis for wider political unions in racial traditions and linguistic affinities. Anglo-Saxonism, Pan-Germanism, and the like are such synthetic ideas. Until the 'eighties, the general tendency of progressive thought was at one with the older Christian tradition which ignored "race," and the aim of the expansive liberalism movement, so far as it had a clear aim, was to Europeanise the world, to extend the franchise to negroes, put Polynesians into trousers, and train the teeming myriads of India to appreciate the exquisite lilt of *The Lady of the Lake*. There is always some absurdity mixed with human greatness, and we must not let the fact that the middle Victorians counted Scott, the suffrage and pantaloons among the supreme blessings of life, conceal from us the very real nobility of their dream of England's mission to the world. . . .

We of this generation have seen a flood of reaction against such universalism. The great intellectual developments that centre upon the work of Darwin have exacerbated the realisation that life is a conflict between superior and inferior types, it has underlined the idea that specific survival rates are of primary significance in the world's development, and a swarm of inferior intelligences has applied to human problems elaborated and exaggerated versions of these generalisations. These social and political followers of Darwin have fallen into an obvious confusion between race and nationality, and into the natural trap of patriotic conceit. The dissent of the Indian and Colonial governing class to the first crude applications of liberal propositions in India has found a voice of unparalleled penetration in Mr. Kipling, whose want of intellectual deliberation is only equalled by his poetic power. The search for a basis for a new political synthesis in adaptable sympathies based on linguistic affinities, was greatly influenced by Max Müller's unaccountable assumption that language indicated kindred, and led straight to wildly speculative ethnology, to the discovery that there was a Keltic race, a Teutonic race, an Indo-European race, and so forth. A book that has had enormous influence in this matter, because of its use in teaching, is J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," with its grotesque insistence upon Anglo-Saxonism. And just now, the world is in a sort of delirium about race and the racial struggle. The Briton forgetting his Defoe,<sup>1</sup> the Jew forgetting the very word proselyte, the German forgetting his anthropometric variations, and

(1) *The True-born Englishman*.



the Italian forgetting everything, are obsessed by the singular purity of their blood, and the danger of contamination the mere continuance of other races involves. True to the law that all human aggregation involves the development of a spirit of opposition to whatever is external to the aggregation, extraordinary intensifications of racial definition are going on; the vileness, the inhumanity, the incompatibility of alien races is being steadily exaggerated. The natural tendency of every human being towards a stupid conceit in himself and his kind, a stupid depreciation of all unlikeness, is traded upon by this bastard science. With the weakening of national references, and with the pause before reconstruction in religious belief, these new arbitrary and unsubstantial race prejudices become daily more formidable. They are shaping policies and modifying laws, and they will certainly be responsible for a large proportion of the wars, hardships, and cruelties the immediate future holds in store for our earth.

No generalisations about race are too extravagant for the inflamed credulity of the present time. No attempt is ever made to distinguish differences in inherent quality—the true racial differences—from artificial differences due to culture. No lesson seems ever to be drawn from history of the fluctuating incidence of the civilising process first upon this race and then upon that. The politically ascendant peoples of the present phase are understood to be the superior races, including such types as the Sussex farm labourer, the Bowery tough, the London hooligan, and the Paris apache; the races not at present prospering politically, such as the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Spanish, the Moors, the Chinese, the Hindoos, the Peruvians, and all uncivilised people are represented as the inferior races, unfit to associate with the former on terms of equality, unfit to intermarry with them on any terms, unfit for any decisive voice in human affairs. In the popular imagination of western Europe, the Chinese are becoming bright gamboge in colour, and unspeakably abominable in every respect; the people who are black—the people who have fuzzy hair and flattish noses, and no calves to speak of—are no longer held to be within the pale of humanity. These superstitions work out along the obvious lines of the popular logic. The depopulation of the Congo Free State by the Belgians, the horrible massacres of Chinese by European soldiery during the Peking expedition, are condoned as a painful but necessary part of the civilising process of the world. The world-wide repudiation of slavery in the nineteenth century was done against a vast sullen force of ignorant pride, which, reinvigorated by the new delusions, swings back again to power.

"Science" is supposed to lend its sanction to race mania, but it is only "science" as it is understood by very illiterate people that does anything of the sort—"scientists's" science, in fact. What science has to tell about "The Races of Man" will be found compactly set forth by Doctor J. Deinker, in the book published under that title.<sup>1</sup> From that book one may learn the beginnings of

(1) See also an excellent paper in the *American Journal of Sociology* for March, 1904, *The Psychology of Race Prejudice*, by W. I. Thomas

race charity. Save for a few isolated pools of savage humanity, there is probably no pure race in the whole world. The great continental populations are all complex mixtures of numerous and fluctuating types. Even the Jews present every kind of skull that is supposed to be racially distinctive, a vast range of complexion—from blackness in Goa, to extreme fairness in Holland—and a vast mental and physical diversity. Were the Jews to discontinue all intermarriage with “other races” henceforth for ever, it would depend upon quite unknown laws of fecundity, prepotency, and variability, what their final type would be, or, indeed, whether any particular type would ever prevail over diversity. And, without going beyond the natives of the British Isles, one can discover an enormous range of types, tall and short, straight-haired and curly, fair and dark, supremely intelligent and unteachably stupid, straight-forward, disingenuous, and what not. The natural tendency is to forget all this range directly “race” comes under discussion, to take either an average or some quite arbitrary ideal as the type, and think only of that. The more difficult thing to do, but the thing that must be done if we are to get to just results in this discussion, is to do one’s best to bear the range in mind.

Let us admit that the average Chinaman is probably different in complexion, and, indeed, in all his physical and psychical proportions, from the average Englishman. Does that render their association upon terms of equality in a World State impossible? What the average Chinaman or Englishman may be, is of no importance whatever to our plan of a World State. It is not averages that exist, but individuals. The average Chinaman will never meet the average Englishman anywhere; only individual Chinamen will meet individual Englishmen. Now among Chinamen will be found a range of variety as extensive as among Englishmen, and there is no single trait presented by all Chinamen and no Englishman, or *vice versâ*. Even the oblique eye is not universal in China, and there are probably many Chinamen who might have been “changed at birth,” taken away and educated into quite passable Englishmen. Even after we have separated out and allowed for the differences in carriage, physique, moral prepossessions, and so forth, due to their entirely divergent cultures, there remains, no doubt, a very great difference between the average Chinaman and the average Englishman; but would that amount to a wider difference than is to be found between extreme types of Englishmen?

For my own part I do not think that it would. But it is evident that any precise answer can be made only when anthropology has adopted much more exact and exhaustive methods of inquiry, and a far subtler analysis than its present resources permit.

Be it remembered how doubtful and tainted is the bulk of our evidence in these matters. These are extraordinarily subtle inquiries, from which few men succeed in disentangling the threads of their personal associations—the curiously interwoven strands of self-love and self-interest that affect their inquiries. One might

almost say that instinct fights against such investigations, as it does undoubtedly against many necessary medical researches. But while a long special training, a high tradition and the possibility of reward and distinction, enable the medical student to face many tasks that are at once undignified and physically repulsive, the people from whom we get our anthropological information are rarely men of more than average intelligence and of no mental training at all. And the problems are far more subtle and elusive. It surely needs at least the gifts and training of a first-class novelist, combined with a sedulous patience that probably cannot be hoped for in combination with these, to gauge the all-round differences between man and man. Even where there are no barriers of language and colour, understanding may be nearly impossible. How few educated people seem to understand the servant class in England, or the working men! Except for Mr. Bart Kennedy's *A Man Adrift*, I know of scarcely any book that shows a really sympathetic and living understanding of the navvy, the longshore sailor man, the rough chap of our own race. Caricatures, luridly tragic or gaily comic, in which the misconceptions of the author blend with the preconceptions of the reader, Gorky's pictures of labourers and tramps, for example, are, of course, common enough. And then consider the sort of people who pronounce judgments on the moral and intellectual capacity of the negro, the Malay, the Chinaman. You have missionaries, native schoolmasters, employers of coolies, traders, simple downright men, who scarcely suspect the existence of any sources of error in their verdicts, who are incapable of understanding the difference between what is innate and what is acquired, much less of distinguishing them in their subtle interplay. Now and then one seems to have a glimpse of something really living—in Mary Kingsley's buoyant work, for instance—and even that may be no more than my illusion.

For my own part I am disposed to discount all adverse judgments and all statements of insurmountable differences between race and race. I talk upon racial qualities to all men who have had opportunities of close observation, and I find that their insistence upon these differences is usually in inverse proportion to their intelligence. It may be the chance of my encounters, but that is my clear impression. Common sailors will generalise in the profoundest way about Irishmen, and Scotchmen, and Yankees, and Nova Scotians, and "Dutchies," until one might think one talked of different species of animal, but the educated explorer flings clear of all these qualifications. To him men present themselves individualised, and if they classify it is by some skin-deep accident of tint, some trick of the tongue, or habit of gesture, or such-like superficiality. And after all there exists to-day available one kind at least of unbiased anthropological evidence. There are photographs. Let the reader turn over the pages of some such copiously illustrated work as *The Living Races of Mankind*,<sup>1</sup> and look into the eyes of one alien face after another.

(1) *The Living Races of Mankind*, by H. N. Hutchinson, J. W. Gregory, and R. Lydekker. (Hutchinson.)

Are they not very like the people one knows? For the most part, one finds it hard to believe that, with a common language and common social traditions, one would not get on very well with these people. Here or there is a brutish or evil face, but you can find as brutish and evil in the Strand on any afternoon. There are differences, no doubt, but fundamental incompatibilities—no! And very many of them send out a ray of special resemblance and remind one more strongly of this friend or that, than they do of their own kind. One notes with surprise that one's good friend and neighbour X and an anonymous naked Gold Coast negro belong to one type, as distinguished from one's dear friend Y and a beaming individual from Somaliland, who as certainly belong to another.

In one matter the careless and prejudiced nature of accepted racial generalisations is particularly marked. A great and increasing number of people are persuaded that "half-breeds" are peculiarly evil creatures—as hunchbacks and bastards were supposed to be in the middle ages. The full legend of the wickedness of the half-breed is best to be learnt from a drunken mean white from Virginia or the Cape. The half-breed, one hears, combines all the vices of either parent, he is wretchedly poor in health and spirit, but vindictive, powerful, and dangerous to an extreme degree, his morals—the mean white has high and exacting standards—are indescribable even in whispers in a 'saloon, and so on, and so on. There is really not an atom of evidence an unprejudiced mind would accept to sustain any belief of the sort. There is nothing to show that the children of racial admixture are, as a class, inherently either better or worse in any respect than either parent. There is an equally baseless theory that they are better, a theory displayed to a fine degree of foolishness in the article on Shakespeare in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Both theories belong to the vast edifice of sham science that smothers the realities of modern knowledge. It may be that most "half-breeds" are failures in life, but that proves nothing. They are, in an enormous number of cases, illegitimate and outcast from the normal education of either race; they are brought up in homes that are the battle grounds of conflicting cultures; they labour under a heavy premium of disadvantage. There is, of course, a passing suggestion of Darwin's to account for atavism that might go to support the theory of the vileness of half-breeds, if it had ever been proved. But, then, it never has been proved. There is no proof in the matter at all.

### § 3.

Suppose, now, there is such a thing as an all-round inferior race. Is that any reason why we should propose to preserve it for ever in a condition of tutelage? Whether there is a race so inferior I do not know, but certainly there is no race so superior as to be trusted with human charges. The true answer to Aristotle's plea for slavery, that there are "natural slaves," lies in the fact that there are no "natural" masters. Power is no more to be committed to men without discipline and restriction than alcohol. The

true objection to slavery is not that it is unjust to the inferior but that it corrupts the superior. There is only one sane and logical thing to be done with a really inferior race and that is to exterminate it.

Now there are various ways of exterminating a race, and most of them are cruel. You may end it with fire and sword after the old Hebrew fashion; you may enslave it and work it to death, as the Spaniards did the Caribs; you may set it boundaries and then poison it slowly with deleterious commodities, as the Americans do with most of their Indians; you may incite it to wear clothing to which it is not accustomed and to live under new and strange conditions that will expose it to infectious diseases to which you yourselves are immune, as the missionaries do the Polynesians; you may resort to honest simple murder, as we English did with the Tasmanians; or you can maintain such conditions as conduce to "race suicide," as the British administration does in Fiji. Suppose, then, for a moment, that there is an all-round inferior race; a Modern Utopia is under the hard logic of life, and it would have to exterminate such a race as quickly as it could. On the whole, the Fijian device seems the least cruel. But Utopia would do that without any clumsiness of race distinction, in exactly the same manner, and by the same machinery, as it exterminates all its own defective and inferior strains; that is to say, as we have already discussed in Chapter the Fifth, § 1, by its marriage laws, and by the laws of the minimum wage. That extinction need never be discriminatory. If any of the race did, after all, prove to be fit to survive, they would survive—they would be picked out with a sure and automatic justice from the over-ready condemnation of all their kind.

Is there, however, an all-round inferior race in the world? Even the Australian black-fellow is, perhaps, not quite so entirely eligible for extinction as a good, wholesome, horse-racing, sheep-farming Australian white may think. These queer little races, the black fellows, the Pigmies, the Bushmen, may have their little gifts, a greater keenness, a greater fineness of this sense or that, a quaintness of the imagination or what not, that may serve as their little unique addition to the totality of our Utopian civilisation. We are supposing that every individual alive on earth is alive in Utopia, and so all the surviving "black-fellows" are there. Every one of them in Utopia has had what none have had on earth, a fair education and fair treatment, justice, and opportunity. Suppose that the common idea is right about the general inferiority of these people, then it would follow that in Utopia most of them are childless, and working at or about the minimum wage, and some will have passed out of all possibility of offspring under the hand of the offended law; but still—cannot we imagine some few of these little people—whom you must suppose neither naked nor clothed in the European style, but robed in the Utopian fashion—may have found some delicate art to practise, some peculiar sort of carving, for example, that justifies God in creating

them? Utopia has sound sanitary laws, sound social laws, sound economic laws; what harm are these people going to do?

Some may be even prosperous and admired, may have married women of their own or some other race, and so may be transmitting that distinctive thin thread of excellence, to take its due place in the great synthesis of the future.

And, indeed, coming along that terrace in Utopia, I see a little figure, a little bright-eyed, bearded man, inky black, frizzy haired, and clad in a white tunic and black hose, and with a mantle of lemon yellow wrapped about his shoulders. He walks, as most Utopians walk, as though he had reason to be proud of something, as though he had no reason to be afraid of anything in the world. He carries a portfolio in his hand. It is that, I suppose, as much as his hair, that recalls the *Quartier Latin* to my mind.

#### § 4.

I had already discussed this question of race with the botanist at Lucerne.

"But you would not like," he cried in horror, "your daughter to marry a Chinaman or a negro?"

"Of course," said I, "when you say Chinaman, you think of a creature with a pigtail, long nails, and insanitary habits, and when you say negro you think of a filthy-headed, black creature in an old hat. You do this because your imagination is too feeble to disentangle the inherent qualities of a thing from its habitual associations."

"Insult isn't argument," said the botanist.

"Neither is unsound implication. You make a question of race into a question of unequal cultures. You would not like your daughter to marry the sort of negro who steals hens, but then you would also not like your daughter to marry a pure English hunchback with a squint, or a drunken cab tout of Norman blood. As a matter of fact, very few well-bred English girls do commit that sort of indiscretion. But you don't think it necessary to generalise against men of your own race because there are drunken cab touts, and why should you generalise against negroes? Because the proportion of undesirables is higher among negroes, that does not justify a sweeping condemnation. You may have to condemn most, but why *all*? There may be—neither of us knows enough to deny—negroes who are handsome, capable, courageous."

"Ugh!" said the botanist.

"How detestable you must find Othello!"

It is my Utopia, and for a moment I could almost find it in my heart to spite the botanist by creating a modern Desdemona and her lover sooty black to the lips, there before our eyes. But I am not so sure of my case as that, and for the moment there shall come nothing more than a swart-faced, dusky Burmese woman in the dress of the Greater Rule, with her tall Englishman (as he might be on earth) at

her side. That, however, is a digression from my conversation with the botanist.

"And the Chinaman?" said the botanist.

"I think we shall have all the buff and yellow peoples intermingling pretty freely."

"Chinamen and white women, for example."

"Yes," I said, "you've got to swallow that, anyhow; you *shall* swallow that."

He finds the idea too revolting for comment.

I try and make the thing seem easier for him. "Do try," I said, "to grasp a Modern Utopian's conditions. The Chinaman will speak the same language as his wife—whatever her race may be—he will wear costume of the common civilised fashion, he will have much the same education as his European rival, read the same literature, bow to the same traditions. And you must remember a wife in Utopia is singularly not subject to her husband . . ."

The botanist proclaims his invincible conclusion: "Everyone would cut her!"

"This is Utopia," I said, and then sought once more to tranquillise his mind. "No doubt among the vulgar, coarse-minded people outside the Rule there may be something of the sort. Every earthly moral blockhead, a little educated, perhaps, is to be found in Utopia. You will, no doubt, find the 'cut' and the 'boycott,' and all those nice little devices by which dull people get a keen edge on life, in their place here, and their place here is somewhere——"

I turned a thumb earthward. "There!"

The botanist did not answer for a little while. Then he said, with some temper and great emphasis: "Well, I'm jolly glad anyhow that I'm not to be a permanent resident in this Utopia, *if our daughters are to be married to Hottentots by regulation*. I'm jolly glad."

He turned his back on me.

Now did I say anything of the sort? . . .

I had to bring him, I suppose; there's no getting away from him in this life. But, as I have already observed, the happy ancients went to their Utopias without this sort of company.

## § 5.

What gives the botanist so great an advantage in all his Anti-Utopian utterances is his unconsciousness of his own limitations. He thinks in little pieces that lie about loose, and nothing has any necessary link with anything else in his mind. So that I cannot retort upon him by asking him, if he objects to this synthesis of all nations, tongues and peoples in a World State, what alternative ideal he proposes.

People of this sort do not even feel the need of alternatives. Beyond the scope of a few personal projects, meeting Her again, and things like that, they do not feel that there is a future. They are unencumbered by any baggage of convictions whatever, in relation to

that. That, at least, is the only way in which I can explain our friend's high intellectual mobility. Attempts to correlate statesmanship, which they regard with interest as a dramatic interplay of personalities, with any secular movement of humanity, they class with the differential calculus and Darwinism, as things far too difficult to be anything but finally and subtly wrong.

So the argument must pass into a direct address to the reader.

If you are not prepared to regard a world-wide synthesis of all cultures and politics and races into one World State as the desirable end upon which all civilising efforts converge, what do you regard as the desirable end? Synthesis, one may remark in passing, does not necessarily mean fusion, nor does it mean uniformity.

The alternatives fall roughly under three headings. The first is to assume there is a best race, to define as well as one can that best race, and to regard all other races as material for extermination. This has a fine, modern, biological air ("Survival of the Fittest"). If you are one of those queer German professors who write insanity about Welt-Politik, you assume the best race is the "Teutonic"; Cecil Rhodes affected that triumph of creative imagination, the "Anglo-Saxon race"; my friend, Moses Cohen, thinks there is much to be said for the Jew. On its premises, this is a perfectly sound and reasonable policy, and it opens out a brilliant prospect for the scientific inventor for what one might call Welt-Apparat in the future, for national harrowing and reaping machines, and race-destroying fumigations. The great plain of China ("Yellow Peril") lends itself particularly to some striking wholesale undertaking; it might, for example, be flooded for a few days, and then disinfected with volcanic chlorine. Whether, when all the inferior races have been stamped out, the superior race would not proceed at once, or after a brief millennial period of social harmony, to divide itself into sub-classes, and begin the business over again at a higher level, is an interesting residual question into which we need not now penetrate.

That complete development of a scientific Welt-Politik is not, however, very widely advocated at present, no doubt from a want of confidence in the public imagination. We have, however, a very audible and influential school, the Modern Imperialist school, which distinguishes its own race—there is a German, a British, and an Anglo-Saxon section in the school, and a wider teaching which embraces the whole "white race" in one remarkable tolerance—as the superior race, as one, indeed, superior enough to own slaves, collectively, if not individually, and the exponents of this doctrine look with a resolute, truculent, but slightly indistinct, eye to a future in which all the rest of the world will be in subjection to these elect. The ideals of this type are set forth pretty clearly in Mr. Kidd's *Control of the Tropics*. The whole world is to be administered by the "white" Powers—Mr. Kidd did not anticipate Japan—who will see to it that their subjects do not "prevent the utilisation of the immense natural resources



which they have in charge." Those other races are to be regarded as children, recalcitrant children at times, and without any of the tender emotions of paternity. It is a little doubtful whether the races lacking "in the elementary qualities of social efficiency" are expected to acquire them under the chastening hands of those races which, through "strength and energy of character, humanity, probity, and integrity, and a single-minded devotion to conceptions of duty," are developing "the resources of the richest regions of the earth" over their heads, or whether this is the ultimate ideal.

Next comes the rather incoherent alternative that one associates in England with official Liberalism.

Liberalism in England is not quite the same thing as Liberalism in the rest of the world; it is woven of two strands. There is Whiggism, the powerful tradition of seventeenth-century Protestant and republican England, with its great debt to republican Rome, its strong constructive and disciplinary bias, its broad and originally very living and intelligent outlook; and interwoven with this there is the sentimental and logical Liberalism that sprang from the stresses of the eighteenth century, that finds its early scarce differentiated expression in Harrington's *Oceana*, and after fresh draughts of the tradition of Brutus and Cato and some elegant trifling with noble savages, budded in *La Cité Morellyste*, flowered in the emotional democratic naturalism of Rousseau, and bore abundant fruit in the French Revolution. These are two very distinct strands. Directly they were freed in America from the grip of conflict with British Toryism, they came apart as the Republican and Democratic parties respectively. Their continued union in Great Britain is a political accident. Because of this mixture, the whole career of English-speaking Liberalism, though it has gone to one unbroken strain of eloquence, has never produced a clear statement of policy in relation to other peoples politically less fortunate. It has developed no definite ideas at all about the future of mankind. The Whig disposition, which once had some play in India, was certainly to attempt to anglicise the "native," to assimilate his culture, and then to assimilate his political status with that of his temporary ruler. But interwoven with this anglicising tendency, which was also, by the bye, a Christianising tendency, was a strong disposition, derived from the Rousseau strand, to leave other peoples alone, to facilitate even the separation and autonomy of detached portions of our own peoples, to disintegrate finally into perfect, because lawless, individuals. The official exposition of British "Liberalism" to-day still wriggles unstably because of these conflicting constituents, but on the whole the Whig strand now seems the weaker. The contemporary Liberal politician offers cogent criticism upon the brutality and conceit of modern imperialisms but that seems to be the limit of his service. Taking what they do not say and do not propose as an indication of Liberal intentions, it would seem that the ideal of the British liberals and of the American democrats is to favour the exist-

ence of just as many petty, loosely allied, or quite independent nationalities as possible, just as many languages as possible, to deprecate armies and all controls, and to trust to the innate goodness of disorder and the powers of an ardent sentimentality to keep the world clean and sweet. The Liberals will not face the plain consequence that such a state of affairs is hopelessly unstable, that it involves the maximum risk of war with the minimum of permanent benefit and public order. They will not reflect that the stars in their courses rule inexorably against it. It is a vague, impossible ideal, with a rude sort of unworldly moral beauty, like the gospel of the Doukhobors. Besides that charm it has this most seductive quality to an official British Liberal, that it does not exact intellectual activity nor indeed activity of any sort whatever. It is, by virtue of that alone, a far less mischievous doctrine than the crude and violent Imperialism of the popular Press.

Neither of these two schools of policy, neither the international *laissez faire* of the Liberals, nor "bluster to the top" Imperialism, promise any reality of permanent progress for the world of men. They are the resort, the moral reference, of those who will not think frankly and exhaustively over the whole field of this question. Do that, insist upon solutions of more than accidental applicability, and you emerge with one or other of two contrasted solutions, as the consciousness of kind or the consciousness of individuality prevails in your mind. In the former case you will adopt aggressive Imperialism, but you will carry it out to its "thorough" degree of extermination. You will seek to develop the culture and power of your kind of men and women to the utmost in order to shoulder all other kinds from the earth. If on the other hand you appreciate the unique, you will aim at such a synthesis as this Utopia displays, a synthesis far more credible and possible than any other Welt-Politik. In spite of all the pageant of modern war, synthesis is in the trend of the world. To aid and develop it, could be made the open and secure policy of any great modern empire now. Modern war, modern international hostility, is, I believe, possible only through the stupid illiteracy of the mass of men and the conceit and intellectual indolence of rulers and those who feed the public mind. Were the will of the mass of men lit and conscious, I am firmly convinced it would now burn steadily for synthesis and peace.

It would be so easy to bring about a world peace within a few decades, was there but the will for it among men. The great empires that exist need but a little speech and frankness one with another. Within, the riddles of social order are already half solved in books and thought, there are the common people and the subject peoples to be educated and drilled, to be led to a common speech and a common literature, to be assimilated and made citizens; without, there is the possibility of treaties. Why, for example, should Britain and France, or either and the United States, or Sweden and Norway, or Holland, or Denmark, or Italy, fight any more for ever? And if there is no reason, how foolish and dangerous it is still to sustain

linguistic differences and custom houses, and all sorts of foolish and irritating distinctions between their citizens! Why should not all these peoples agree to teach some common language, French, for example, in their common schools, or to teach each other's languages reciprocally? Why should they not aim at a common literature, and bring their various common laws, their marriage laws, and so on, into uniformity? Why should they not work for a uniform minimum of labour conditions through all their communities? Why, then, should they not—except in the interests of a few rascal plutocrats—trade freely and exchange their citizenship freely throughout their common boundaries? No doubt there are difficulties to be found, but they are quite finite difficulties. What is there to prevent a parallel movement of all the civilised Powers in the world towards a common ideal and assimilation?

Stupidity—nothing but stupidity, a stupid brute jealousy, aimless and unjustifiable.

The coarser conceptions of aggregation are at hand, the hostile, jealous patriotisms, the blare of trumpets and the pride of fools; they serve the daily need though they lead towards disaster. The real and the immediate has us in its grip, the accidental personal thing. The little effort of thought, the brief sustained effort of will, is too much for the contemporary mind. Such treaties, such sympathetic international movements, are but dream stuff yet on earth, though Utopia has realised them long since and already passed them by.

## CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

### THE BUBBLE BURSTS.

#### § 1.

As I walk back along the river terrace to the hotel where the botanist awaits me, and observe the Utopians I encounter, I have no thought that my tenure of Utopia becomes every moment more precarious. There float in my mind vague anticipations of more talks with my double and still more, of a steady elaboration of detail, of interesting journeys of exploration. I forget that a Utopia is a thing of the imagination that becomes more fragile with every added circumstance, that, like a soap-bubble, it is most brilliantly and variously coloured at the very instant of its dissolution. This Utopia is nearly done. All the broad lines of its social organisation are completed now, the discussion of all its general difficulties and problems. Utopian individuals pass me by, fine buildings tower on either hand; it does not occur to me that I may look too closely. To find the people assuming the concrete and individual, is not, as I fondly imagine, the last triumph of realisation, but the swimming moment of opacity before the film gives way. To come to individual emotional cases, is to return to the earth.

I find the botanist sitting at a table in the hotel courtyard.

"Well?" I say, standing before him.

"I've been in the gardens on the river terrace," he answers, "hoping I might see her again."

"Nothing better to do?"

"Nothing in the world."

"You'll have your double back from India to-morrow. Then you'll have conversation."

"I don't want it," he replies, compactly.

I shrug my shoulders, and he adds, "At least with him."

I let myself down into the seat beside him.

For a time I sit restfully enjoying his companionable silence, and thinking fragmentarily of those *samurai* and their Rules. I entertain something of the satisfaction of a man who has finished building a bridge; I feel that I have joined together things that I had never joined before. My Utopia seems real to me, very real, I can believe in it, until the metal chair back gives to my shoulder blades, and Utopian sparrows twitter and hop before my feet. I have a pleasant moment of unhesitating self-satisfaction; I feel a shameless exultation to be there. For a moment I forget the consideration the botanist demands; the mere pleasure of completeness, of holding and controlling all the threads, possesses me.

"You will persist in believing," I say, with an aggressive expository note, "that if you meet this lady she will be the person with the memories and sentiments of her double on earth. You think she will understand and pity, and perhaps love you. Nothing of the sort is the case." I repeat with confident rudeness, "Nothing of the sort is the case. Things are different altogether here; you can hardly tell even now how different they are——"

I discover he is not listening to me.

"What is the matter?" I ask abruptly.

He makes no answer, but his expression startles me.

"What is the matter?" and then I follow his eyes.

A woman and a man are coming through the great archway—and instantly I guess what has happened. She it is arrests my attention first—long ago I knew she was a sweetly beautiful woman. She is fair, with frank blue eyes, that look with a sort of tender receptivity into her companion's face. For a moment or so they remain, greyish figures in the cool shadow, against the sunlit greenery of the gardens beyond.

"It is Mary," the botanist whispers with white lips, but he stares at the form of the man. His face whitens, it becomes so transfigured with emotion that for a moment it does not look weak. Then I see that his hand is clenched.

I realise how little I understand his emotions.

A sudden fear of what he will do takes hold of me. He sits white and tense as the two come into the clearer light of the courtyard. The man, I see, is one of the *samurai*, a dark, strong-faced man, a man I have never seen before, and she is wearing the robe that shows her a follower of the Lesser Rule.

Some glimmering of the botanist's feelings strikes through to my

slow sympathies. Of course—a strange man! I put out a restraining hand towards his arm. “I told you,” I say, “that very probably, most probably, she would have met some other. I tried to prepare you.”

“Nonsense,” he whispers, without looking at me. “It isn’t that. It’s—that scoundrel——”

He has an impulse to rise. “That scoundrel,” he repeats.

“He isn’t a scoundrel,” I say. “How do you know? Keep still! Why are you standing up?”

He and I stand up quickly, I as soon as he. But now the full meaning of the group has reached me. I grip his arm. “Be sensible,” I say, speaking very quickly, and with my back to the approaching couple. “He’s not a scoundrel here. This world is different from that. It’s caught his pride somehow and made a man of him. Whatever troubled them there——”

He turns a face of white wrath on me, of accusation, and for the moment of unexpected force. “This is *your* doing,” he says. “You have done this to mock me. He—of all men!” For a moment speech fails him, then; “You—you have done this to mock me.”

I try to explain very quickly. My tone is almost propitiatory.

“I never thought of it until now. But he’s—— How did I know that he was the sort of man a disciplined world had a use for?”

He makes no answer, but he looks at me with eyes that are positively baleful, and in the instant I read his mute but mulish resolve that Utopia must end.

“Don’t let that old quarrel poison all this,” I say almost entreatingly. “It happened all differently here—everything is different here. Your double will be back to-morrow. Wait for him. Perhaps then you will understand——”

He shakes his head, and then bursts out with, “What do I want with a double? Double! What do I care if things have been different here? This——”

He thrusts me weakly back with his white, long hand. “My God!” he says almost forcibly, “what nonsense all this is! All these dreams! All Utopias! There she is——! Oh, but I have dreamt of her! And now——”

A sob catches him. I am really frightened by this time. I still try to keep between him and these Utopians, and to hide his gestures from them.

“It’s different here,” I persist. “It’s different here. The emotion you feel has no place in it. It’s a scar from the earth—the sore scar of your past——”

“And what are we all but scars? What is life but a scarring? It’s *you*—you that don’t understand! Of course we are covered with scars, we live to be scarred, we are scars! We are the scars of the past! These *dreams*, these childish dreams——!”

He does not need to finish his sentence, he waves an unteachable destructive arm.

My Utopia rocks about me.

For a moment the vision of that great courtyard hangs real. There the Utopians live real about me, going to and fro, and the great archway blazes with sunlight from the green gardens by the river-side. The man who is one of the *samurai*, and his lady, whom the botanist loved on earth, pass out of sight behind the marble flower-set Triton that spouts coolness in the middle of the place. For a moment I see two working men in green tunics sitting on a marble seat in the shadow of the colonnade, and a sweet little silver-haired old lady, clad all in violet, and carrying a book, comes towards us and lifts a curious eye at the botanist's gestures. And then——

"Scars of the past! Scars of the past! These fanciful, useless dreams!"

## § 2.

There is no jerk, no sound, no hint of material shock. We are in London, and clothed in the fashion of the town. The sullen roar of London fills our ears. . . .

I see that I am standing beside an iron seat of poor design in that grey and gawky waste of asphalte—Trafalgar Square, and the botanist, with perplexity in his face, stares from me to a poor, shrivelled, dirt-lined old woman—my God! what a neglected thing she is!—who proffers a box of matches. . . .

He buys almost mechanically, and turns back to me.

"I was saying," he says, "the past rules us absolutely. These dreams——"

His sentence does not complete itself. He looks nervous and irritated.

"You have a trick at times," he says, instead, "of making your suggestions so vivid——"

He takes a plunge. "If you don't mind," he says in a sort of quavering ultimatum, "we won't discuss that aspect of the question—the lady, I mean—further."

He pauses, and there still hangs a faint perplexity between us.

"But——" I begin.

For a moment we stand there, and my dream of Utopia runs off me like water off an oiled slab. Of course—we lunched at our club. We have been talking. He has been confiding in me, and I have made my comment on his story. I have touched certain possibilities.

"You can't conceivably understand," he says.

"The fact remains," he goes on, taking up the thread of his argument again with an air of having defined our field, "we *are* the scars of the past. That's a thing one can discuss—without personalities."

"No," I say rather stupidly, "no."

"You are always talking as though you could kick the past to pieces; as though one could get right out from oneself and begin afresh. It is your weakness—if you don't mind my being frank—it makes you seem harsh and dogmatic. Life has gone easily for you; you have never been badly tried. You have been lucky—you do

not understand the other way about. You are—as a matter of fact—inexperienced emotionally, and you are hard.”

I answer nothing.

He pants for breath. I perceive that in our discussion of his case I must have gone too far, and that he has rebelled. Clearly I must have said something wounding about that ineffectual love story he harps upon.

“You don’t allow for my position,” he says, and it occurs to me to say, “I’m obliged to look at the thing from my own point of view. . . .”

One or other of us makes a move. What a lot of filthy, torn paper is scattered about the world! We walk slowly side by side towards the dirt-littered basin of the fountain, and stand regarding two grimy tramps who sit and argue on a further seat. One holds a horrible old boot in his hand, and gesticulates with it, while his other hand caresses his rag-wrapped foot. “Wot does Cham’lain si?” his words drift to us. “W’y ’e says, wot’s the good of ’nvesting your kepitel where these ’ere Americans may dump it flat any time they like. . . .”

(Were there not two men in green sitting on a marble seat?)

### § 3.

We walk on, our talk suspended, past a ruthlessly clumsy hoarding, towards where men and women and children are struggling about a string of omnibuses. A news-vendor at the corner spreads a newspaper placard upon the wood pavement, pins the corners down with stones, and we glimpse something about:—

MASSACRE IN MACEDONIA.

DISCOVERY OF HUMAN REMAINS AT CHERTSEY.

SHOCKING LYNCHING OUTRAGE IN NEW YORK STATE.

GERMAN INTRIGUES GET A SET-BACK.

THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS.—FULL LIST.

Dear old familiar world!

An angry parent in conversation with a sympathetic friend jostles against us. “I’ll knock his blooming young ’ed orf if ’e cheeks me again. It’s these ’ere brasted Board Schools——”

An omnibus passes, bearing on a board beneath an incorrectly drawn Union Jack an exhortation to the true patriot to “Buy Bumper’s British-Boiled Jam” . . . .

I am stunned beyond the possibility of discussion for a space. In this very place it must have been that the high terrace ran with the gardens below it, along which I came from my double to our hotel. I am going back, but now through reality, along the path I passed so happily in my dream. And the people I saw then are the people I am looking at now—with a difference.

The botanist walks beside me, white and nervously jerky in his movements, his ultimatum delivered.

We start to cross the road. An open carriage drives by, and we

see a jaded, red-haired woman, smeared with paint, dressed in furs, and petulantly discontented. Her face is familiar to me, her face, with a difference.

Why do I think of her as dressed in green?

Of course!—she it was I saw leading her children by the hand!

Comes a crash to our left, and a running of people to see a cab-horse down on the slippery, slanting pavement outside St. Martin's Church.

We go on up the street.

A heavy-eyed young Jewess, a draggled prostitute—no crimson flower for her, poor girl!—regards us with a momentary speculation, and we get a whiff of foul language from two newsboys on the kerb.

"We can't go on talking," the botanist begins, and ducks aside just in time to save his eye from the ferule of a stupidly held umbrella. He is going to treat our little tiff about that lady as closed. He has the air of picking up our conversation again at some earlier point.

He steps into the gutter, walks round outside a negro hawker, just escapes the wheel of a hansom, and comes to my side again.

"We can't go on talking of your Utopia," he says, "in a noise and crowd like this."

We are separated by a portly man going in the opposite direction, and join again. "We can't go on talking of Utopia," he repeats, "in London. . . . Up in the mountains—and holiday-time—it was all right. We let ourselves go!"

"I've been living in Utopia," I answer, tacitly adopting his tacit proposal to drop the lady out of the question.

"At times," he says, with a queer laugh, "you've almost made me live there too."

He reflects. "It doesn't do, you know. No! And I don't know whether, after all, I want——"

We are separated again by half-a-dozen lifted flagstones, a burning brazier, and two engineers concerned with some underground business or other—in the busiest hour of the day's traffic.

"Why shouldn't it do?" I ask.

"It spoils the world of everyday to let your mind run on impossible perfections."

"I wish," I shout against the traffic, "I could *smash* the world of everyday."

My note becomes quarrelsome. "You may accept *this* as the world of reality, *you* may consent to be one scar in an ill-dressed compound wound, but so—not I! This is a dream too—this world. *Your* dream, and you bring me back to it—out of Utopia——"

The crossing of Bow Street gives me pause again.

The face of a girl who is passing westward, a student girl, rather carelessly dressed, her books in a carrying-strap, comes across my field of vision. The westward sun of London glows upon her face. She has eyes that dream, surely no sensuous nor personal dream.

After all, after all, dispersed, hidden, disorganised, undiscovered,



unsuspected even by themselves, the *samurai* of Utopia are in this world, the motives that are developed and organised there stir dumbly and stifle in ten thousand earthly hearts. . . .

I overtake the botanist, who got ahead at the crossing by the advantage of a dust-cart.

"You think this is real because you can't wake out of it," I say. "It's all a dream, and there are people—I'm just one of the first of a multitude—between sleeping and waking—who will presently be rubbing it out of their eyes."

A pinched and dirty little girl, with sores upon her face, stretches out a bunch of wilting violets, in a pitifully thin little fist, and interrupts my speech. "Bunch o' vi'lets—on'y a penny."

"No!" I say curtly, hardening my heart.

A ragged and filthy nursing mother, with her new addition to our Imperial People on her arm, comes out of a drinkshop, and stands a little unsteadily, and wipes mouth and nose comprehensively with the back of a red chapped hand. . . .

#### § 4.

"Isn't *that* reality," says the botanist, almost triumphantly, and leaves me aghast at his triumph.

"*That!*" I say belatedly. "It's a thing in a nightmare!"

He shakes his head and smiles—exasperatingly.

I perceive quite abruptly that the botanist and I have reached the limits of our intercourse.

"The world dreams things like that," I say, "because it suffers from an indigestion of people like yourself."

His low-toned self-complacency, like the faded banner of an obstinate fort, still flies unconquered. And you know, he's not even a happy man with it all!

For ten seconds or more I am furiously seeking in my mind for a word, for a term of abuse, for one compendious verbal missile that shall smash this man for ever. It has to express total inadequacy of imagination and will, spiritual anæmia, dull respectability, gross sentimentality, a cultivated pettiness of heart. . . .

That word will not come. But no other word will do. Indeed the word does not exist. There is nothing with sufficient vituperative concentration for this moral and intellectual stupidity of educated people. . . .

"Er," he begins.

No! I can't endure him.

With a passionate rapidity of movement I leave his side, dart between a carriage and a van, duck under the head of a cab horse, and board a 'bus going westward somewhere—but anyhow, going in exactly the reverse direction to the botanist. I clamber up the steps and thread my swaying way to the seat immediately behind the driver.

"There!" I say, as I whack myself down on the seat and pant. When I look round the botanist is out of sight.

## § 5.

But I am back in the world for all that, and my Utopia is done. It is good discipline for the Utopist to visit this world occasionally.

But from the front seat on the top of an omnibus on a sunny September afternoon, the Strand, and Charing Cross Corner, and Whitehall, and the great multitude of people, the great uproar of vehicles, streaming in all directions, is apt to look a world altogether too formidable. It has a glare, it has a tumult and vigour that shouts one down. It shouts one down, if shouting is to carry it. What good was it to trot along the pavement through this noise and tumult of life, pleading Utopia to that botanist? What good would it be to recommend Utopia in this driver's preoccupied ear?

There are moments in the life of every philosopher and dreamer when he feels himself the flimsiest of absurdities, when the Thing in Being has its way with him, its triumphant way, when it asks in a roar, unanswerably, with a fine solid use of the current vernacular, "What Good is all this—Rot about Utopias?"

One inspects the Thing in Being with something of the diffident speculation of primitive man, peering from behind a tree at an angry elephant.

(There is an omen in that image. On how many occasions must that ancestor of ours have had just the Utopist's feeling of ambitious unreality, have decided that on the whole it was wiser to go very quietly home again, and leave the big beast alone. But, in the end, men rode upon the elephant's head, and guided him this way or that.

The Thing in Being that roars so tremendously about Charing Cross corner seems a bigger antagonist than an elephant, but then we have better weapons than he of the chipped flint spear. . . .)

After all, in a very little time everything that impresses me so mightily this September afternoon will have changed or passed away for ever, everything. These omnibuses, these great stalwart, impressive, crowded, many-coloured things that jostle one another and make so handsome a clatter-clamour, will all have gone; they and their horses and drivers and organisation; you will come here and you will not find them. Something else will be here, some different sort of vehicle, that is now perhaps the mere germ of an idea in some engineer student's brain. And this road and pavement will have changed, and these great buildings; other buildings will be here, buildings that are as yet more impalpable than this page you read, more formless and flimsy by far than anything that is reasoned here. Little plans sketched on paper, strokes of a pen or of a brush, will be the first materialisations of what will at last obliterate every detail and atom of these re-echoing actualities that overwhelm us now. And the clothing and gestures of these innumerable people, the character of their faces and bearing, these too will be recast in the spirit of what are now obscure and impalpable beginnings.

The new things will be indeed of the substance of the thing that is, but differing just in the measure of the will and imagination that

goes to make them. They will be strong and fair as the will is sturdy and organised and the imagination comprehensive and bold; they will be ugly and smeared with wretchedness as the will is fluctuating and the imagination timid and mean.

Indeed Will is stronger than Fact, it can mould and overcome Fact. But this world has still to discover its will, it is a world that slumbers inertly, and all this roar and pulsation of life is no more than its heavy breathing. . . . My mind runs on to the thought of an awakening.

As my omnibus goes lumbering up Cockspur Street through the clatter rattle of the cabs and carriages, there comes another fancy in my mind. . . . Could one but realise an apocalyptic image and suppose an angel, such as was given to each of the seven churches of Asia, given for a space to the service of the Greater Rule. I see him as a towering figure of flame and colour, standing between earth and sky, with a trumpet in his hands, over there above the Haymarket, against the October glow; and when he sounds, all the *samurai*, all who are *samurai* in Utopia, will know themselves and one another. . . .

(Whup! says a motor brougham, and a policeman stays the traffic with his hand.)

All of us who partake of the *samurai* would know ourselves and one another!

For a moment I have a vision of this resurrection of the living, of a vague, magnificent answer, of countless myriads at attention, of all that is fine in humanity at attention, round the compass of the earth.

Then that philosophy of individual uniqueness resumes its sway over my thoughts, and my dream of a world's awakening fades.

I had forgotten. . . .

Things do not happen like that. God is not simple, God is not theatrical, the summons comes to each man in its due time for him, with an infinite subtlety of variety. . . .

If that is so, what of my Utopia?

This infinite world must needs be flattened to get it on our retina. The picture of a solid thing although it is flattened and simplified, is not necessarily a lie. Surely, surely, in the end, by degrees and steps, something of this sort, some such understanding as this Utopia must come. First here, then there, single men and then groups of men will fall into line—not indeed with my poor faulty hesitating suggestions—but with a great and comprehensive plan wrought out by many minds and in many tongues. It is just because my plan is faulty, because it misstates so much, and omits so much, that they do not now fall in. It will not be like *my* dream, the world that is coming. My dream is just my own poor dream, the thing sufficient for me. We fail in comprehension, we fail so variously and abundantly. We see as much as it is serviceable for us to see, and we see no further. But the fresh undaunted generations come to take on our work beyond our

# THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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## GERMAN FOREIGN POLICY.

THOSE who were Members of the House of Commons forty years ago will remember Mr. White, who represented Brighton. Marvellous stories were told, whether true or false I never discovered, of his adventures in Eastern seas under an unrecognised flag. He was an ungainly man, apparently about sixty, with a grey beard and a red face, and he could have acted Falstaff without adventitious additions to his figure. Shortly after Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister for the first time, Mr. White, who forgot that discretion is the better part of valour, made a vulgar attack one evening on that brilliant personage. He was exceedingly offensive, but he was evidently of opinion that his clumsy insolence was polished invective. In the course of his disjointed remarks he quoted Sheridan, who on some occasion declared that Parliament and the country "had had quite enough of little Isaac's policy." Mr. White thought it necessary to let us know that the father of the Prime Minister was called Isaac. He was, moreover, so pleased with his quotation that he repeated it over and over again, and sat down at last evidently highly delighted with his incoherent oration and ponderous joke. Mr. Disraeli rose in his place, held his glass to his eye, and gazed in wonder at the burly form of the self-satisfied and smiling Mr. White. He then dropped his glass, and said in a tone of grave mockery: "I hardly think the House will expect me to answer the successor of Mr. Sheridan." It is difficult to convey to anyone who was not present the effect of that stinging remark. The contrast between the personality of Sheridan, with his bright, sparkling genius, and the fat man who tried to imitate him, was inexpressibly ludicrous. Only the other day I was talking over this episode with some old House of Commons friends, and we all laughed as heartily as we did that evening in 1868, when we were on the sunny side of thirty.

The comparison made by Mr. Disraeli between Mr. White and Sheridan comes forcibly to my recollection when I compare Prince

Bismarck with those who now direct the foreign policy of his country. They are as clumsy imitators of the first Chancellor of the German Empire as White was of Sheridan. The chief aim of the policy of Prince Bismarck was the isolation of France. To ensure this he took elaborate precautions to defeat any attempt to bring England and France together. I do not think he believed in the likelihood of a renewal of the relationship which existed between the Western Powers during a greater part of the reign of Louis Philippe and in the days of the second Empire. The irritation of France at the conduct of England in the year 1870, and the general contempt felt for this country all over Europe in consequence of the supposed acceptance by the nation of the leading doctrines regarding foreign policy, of which Mr. Gladstone was the prophet, seemed to him an insurmountable obstacle in its way. Nevertheless, he never lost an opportunity of making assurance doubly sure, and carefully avoided taking any step himself which would bring home to England and France the interests they had in common. He was, if possible, still more anxious to prevent an alliance between France and Russia. This he knew to be a pressing danger, and all the greater because England had apparently definitely withdrawn from the European system. Even those Frenchmen who were most anxious for an *entente* with Great Britain were driven, in consequence, to desire an alliance with the Empire of the Tsars. Bismarck succeeded in preventing the conclusion of this alliance as long as he remained in power.

Bismarck was dismissed in March, 1890, and was replaced as Chancellor of the German Empire and Prime Minister of Prussia by General v. Caprivi de Caprera de Montecucculi. The new Chancellor was a soldier of the highest distinction, and full justice has hardly yet been done him for the splendid services he rendered to his King and country in the battles round Metz in August, 1870. On his accession to political office he revealed an extraordinary grasp of mind and statesmanlike instincts in dealing with affairs. Under his guidance Germany was steadily gaining the goodwill of the Powers, and the Government of which he was the head was acquiring rapidly the confidence of the great body of the German people, when he was suddenly dismissed in October, 1894. Prince Hohenlohe was selected to succeed him, but the Kaiser became the complete master of the situation. No one ventured to contradict him.

The first manifest sign, though careful observers had noted many premonitory indications, that neither the genius of Bismarck nor the strong sense of Caprivi any longer directed the affairs of Germany was the famous Kruger telegram. We know, not from rumour, however well authenticated, but from the lips of the pre-

sent Chancellor of the German Empire, in a speech delivered to the representatives of the German nation at Berlin, that the Kruger telegram' was sent in order to see how far the Government of the Kaiser could count on the co-operation of other Powers in the event of its taking up a position of decided hostility to England. Every well-informed man knows the effect it had upon the Powers. The unambiguous protest from Vienna was all the more remarkable because of the spirit of general subserviency to Germany which has prevailed in the Ballplatz since the fall of the Hohenwart Ministry in 1871. The unresponsiveness of France was not less decisive, and considering the relations between that country and England at the time, almost more significant.

The effect on England was far-reaching. The people became convinced of the enmity of Germany, and this conviction was then firmly implanted in the national mind, though no doubt greatly strengthened by the virulence of the German Press during the South African War, and driven thoroughly home by the offensive speeches of the present Chancellor of the German Empire. The result has been that England has renounced sooner than perhaps she would otherwise have done the perilous doctrine that she had no concern in Continental affairs. She realises that an Empire such as belongs to her cannot be maintained in a position of isolation. She perceives that her interests and her duty alike command her to endeavour to restore on a solid basis the European system, and that in view of the ultimate aims of German ambition, prudence demands that she should keep her arms bright and her powder dry. From every point of view that Kruger telegram was a most fortunate event for Great Britain. As far back as 1884 I know for certain that Prince Bismarck was encouraging in various ways the Boers to resist the progress of British power in South Africa. But it is impossible to imagine that he would have countenanced the Kruger telegram without knowing exactly beforehand the attitude which all the neighbouring Powers would take up when it was published.

Another result which followed the dismissal of Prince Bismarck was the Franco-Russian Alliance, which he was so anxious to prevent. What ultimately may be the result of that Alliance is a question of the future. The object of French statesmen in concluding it was to maintain the balance of power on the Continent of Europe. Russia, however, instead of playing the part which France desired, and which her own interests seemed to dictate, has wasted her resources, damaged her prestige, and used French credit and French millions in a policy of adventure in Eastern Asia. This conduct has practically deprived France of some of the main advantages for the sake of which she concluded the Alliance. She

can gain nothing from the prosecution of the undertakings of her ally in Eastern Asia. She perceives, at the same time, the steady change in the mind of this country as regards international affairs. In these circumstances she has naturally recurred to the idea of entering into cordial relations with England, which has been the policy of all her great statesmen, without one single exception, since the Restoration in 1815. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance, although at first it was looked upon askance by many leading Frenchmen, tends to strengthen this movement. It is an indication that England is about to abandon the disastrous policy of *laissez-faire*. The terms of a new and more far-reaching alliance might, moreover, be framed in such a manner as would be useful to French interests in Indo-China. The view I have long held, that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance may go far to remove ultimately the suspicions and apprehensions which constituted a barrier against a comprehensive arrangement between Russia and Great Britain is becoming more generally accepted. The present situation shows a decided tendency on the part of the European Powers to group round England. If our foreign policy is conducted with ordinary nerve and perspicacity this movement will become more decided. It is a most natural one, for England is the only nation which does not desire an acquisition of territory in Europe. Even Austria is not without ambitions in the Balkan peninsula.

The foreign policy of the Government at Berlin should always be studied in connection with the internal condition of Germany. One of the governing factors of the situation is the steadily increasing power of the so-called Social Democratic Party. It must be borne in mind that for a very long time past this party has ceased to contemplate any open revolt. It now stands with three million voters at the head of the polls as the most powerful party, numerically, in the German Empire. But it has grown at the same time to an importance far exceeding even that of numbers. It has gathered into its folds all those whose sentiments and judgment rebel against the present *régime*, and these include many recruits drawn from various classes, from official circles and even from the Army. The sympathy for the Social Democratic Party in the Army is becoming daily more widespread. The persistently brutal treatment of soldiers, especially in Northern Germany, gives it strength. Moreover, the doctrines of the Social Democratic Party are held to a greater extent than many are at all aware of among non-commissioned officers. The general and increasing discontent is heavily swelling its numbers. The result is that the leaders of the party are becoming more alive to a sense of responsibility and careful not to overstep the bounds of legality. They are now working steadily to revolutionise the

mind of the country. Their methods have altered with time. The Social Democratic Party has in consequence developed from a small uncompromising sect into a great political party aiming at the possession of power. Just as during the Thirty Years' War with every year that passed the religious question fell more into the background till at last it was entirely forgotten in the camps of the contending armies, so at present in Germany the abstract economic doctrines of the Social Democrats are giving way to political opportunism. The party, however, is essentially Republican. Its progress is largely due to Prussian policy. The annexations which followed the war of 1866 weakened Monarchical sentiment. The persistent policy of undermining the loyalty of the people to the German dynasties strengthened Republican tendencies. Hanoverians attached to their ancient House, when they perceive its restoration out of the question, do not become as a rule loyal to the Hohenzollern, but turn their eyes in a Republican direction. Similarly in Bavaria all attempts to weaken the consideration for the illustrious House of Wittelsbach benefits not the German Emperor but the Republican Party. What has taken place in Germany since 1866 was foreseen at the time by King George V. of Hanover. That Prince united to a chivalrous character and a prodigious memory a penetrating insight into political affairs. In the month of August, 1869, he received in audience, at Gmunden, Hansen, the well-known Dane. Hansen gives the account of his conversation with the king in his valuable work, *Les Coulisses de la Diplomatie*. King George said that he thought the Hohenzollerns were mistaken in thinking that they could reign for any long period over a united Germany. He stated that in his opinion their military power would enable them to acquire supremacy for a time. The German Empire was not then formed, but the King held that the North German Confederation would be extended so as to include Baden, Wurtemberg and Bavaria, and after an interval would absorb the German provinces of the Austrian Empire. The King went on to state his conviction that when that time arrived the German revolution would be at hand and that a new federal arrangement would be made, based on a union of Republican States. This conversation took place, it should be remembered, before the formation of the present German Empire, and the prophecy of the King of Hanover has been largely fulfilled. Whether the last portion of it will come to pass is a secret of the future. What is certain is that the steady increase in the revolutionary spirit and the sullen discontent generally prevailing must give the Kaiser and his advisers anxious hours. Bismarck met a more or less similar situation by foreign war.



Some time before the fall of Prince Bismarck the foreign policy of the German Empire began to be influenced by the German colonial movement. Many Germans considered colonial expansion necessary for the future of their country. I do not believe that Prince Bismarck held this view. He certainly very often in conversation with English diplomatists ridiculed the champions of a German Empire beyond the seas. This would not of itself be at all conclusive. The expressions of Bismarck in conversation were not to be taken too seriously, but he was a man of whom it could not be said that he ever tried to take the second step before he took the first, as Frederick the Great maintained was the constant endeavour of Joseph II. The constitution of Bismarck's mind would naturally lead him to make use of the circumstances which would favour the practical absorption of Holland into the German Empire. After that he might even have deemed it advisable to look, undeterred by the Monroe doctrine, to the establishment of a German Empire in South America. However that may be, the Colonial Party in Germany succeeded in his time in starting their policy in Africa.

The idea of German settlements in Africa is by no means new. It originated in the mind of one of the most remarkable princes of the modern world, who was the real founder of the present Prussian State and is known in history as "The Great Elector." In the year 1681 he founded the Brandenburg African Company. Two years later, in 1683, a station was built near Cape Three Points on the West Coast of Africa, and called "Gross Friedrichsburg." Expeditions were sent into the interior of the country, and there was a fairly brisk trade between Prussia and West Africa. The Great Elector died, as we all know, in 1688, and his son, King Frederick I., and after him Frederick William I., were prevented by circumstances at home from following his lead, and about 1720 the Prussian flag disappeared from the West African coast.

When the colonising zeal began in Germany it was perhaps only natural that this West African episode should be remembered and that Germany should turn her attention towards the Dark Continent. Since the formation of the German Empire Germany has acquired some 900,000 square miles in South Africa. The result of this acquisition has not been altogether as satisfactory as was hoped, but many Germans consider that its comparative failure may be largely attributed to want of vigour in developing it. Some ten years ago there was a good deal of talk in diplomatic circles in Berlin about the seizure by Germany of Mogador, a seaport on the south-west coast of Morocco, about 130 miles from Marakesh, perhaps better known as the City of Morocco, the

southern capital of the Sultan, and hitherto the residence of the reigning potentate. That leading personages in Berlin entertained the idea is quite certain. It was held that the acquisition of Mogador would enable Germany to establish a naval base and acquire a position on the Atlantic. The climate is said to be salubrious, temperate and dry, and it would seem a suitable spot for a naval station. The most important part of the town appears to have been built by Cornut, a distinguished French engineer, about the year 1760. The total trade of the place is about half a million, and about three-fourths of it is English. The possibility of destroying this English trade would not make the acquisition of Mogador less popular in Germany. Above all, any European Power installed at Mogador, within easy striking distance of the City of Morocco, would naturally acquire a commanding influence over the Sultan. This design on Mogador was kept quiet and was not spoken about in that portion of the European Press directed by the Foreign Office at Berlin. Then it passed, at least temporarily, into the background. The German Government was occupied in introducing the " mailed fist " into Eastern Asia. Perhaps also it was thought that the seizure of Kiau Chau might be repeated at any moment in West Africa. This, however, has been now rendered difficult or impossible so long as the relations between France and England continue as they are.

The arrangement entered into between England and France with regard to Morocco came on the German public and on the German Government as a great surprise. The possibility of an understanding of a comprehensive nature between England and France was ridiculed throughout Germany. English people would be quite astonished at the ignorance regarding this country which prevails in that country. Men like Döllinger, Pauli, Ranke have no successors. The better class of German now gets his notions of England from writers like Treitschke or Bernhardi, and if he has visited London, from the superfluous persons he may come across in society. The ordinary German derives his ideas of England from his newspaper. In Germany a journal hardly exists which represents independent thought. The Social Democratic organ *Vorwärts* is an exception. This journal is honestly conducted in the interests of the party it represents. The *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, a Catholic newspaper with a large circulation on the Rhine and in Central Germany, is also independent, and so are one or two other newspapers less widely read. They have almost no influence on the mind of the nation. The Foreign Office at Berlin and the great Jewish financiers by means of the Press manipulate public opinion in their own interests. Speaking generally, also, no German gentleman would write in a

German daily paper. During the Crimean War there was a newspaper at Berlin called the *Preussisches Wochenblatt*, to which gentlemen contributed, but that state of things has entirely passed away, and the notion of an independent newspaper is so inconceivable to Germans that it is almost impossible to convince even a well-informed man that almost all important journals in London are not practically controlled from Downing Street, or that leading articles in our great papers are not written in financial interests. This want of knowledge of England was the reason why the German nation did not perceive the strong resistless tide, "too full for sound and foam," which was bearing England away from the inane and selfish policy of splendid isolation. The Japanese Alliance did not appear to them to indicate a real change in the policy of England. Many foreigners in London imagined that it was merely concluded to enable England to maintain a smaller number of battleships in Eastern seas. They were the same class of people who at the outbreak of the war were confident that Russia would have an easy victory over Japan. They were convinced that Japan would be soon overwhelmed by financial difficulties and that England would ultimately abandon her ally. These people largely influenced the Stock Exchanges at Paris, Vienna, Frankfurt and Berlin, and they scouted the idea that an understanding could be arrived at between France and England. The Berlin Government took the same view, and hence, when the agreement about Morocco was published, the astonishment was great and the annoyance still greater. It became no longer possible entirely to conceal from the German people the position in which the conduct of affairs by the Government of Berlin had placed their country. Intelligent persons perceived that the international position was unsatisfactory, and notwithstanding elaborate misrepresentations and histrionic devices this conviction spread. It was plainly necessary to consider the situation. The first step, manifestly, to be taken was to endeavour to produce an unpleasant feeling between England and France. The word went out to the various newspapers influenced by the Berlin Foreign Office to attack France with varied and calculated degrees of violence. Then the journey of the Kaiser to Tangier was announced. In their usual ignorance of the spirit of the English people the Berlin Government hoped that England would manifest unwillingness to stand by France. The general conduct of some English politicians during the Boer War and a few speeches of unhappy memory made by them gave rise to the hope that some such indiscreet utterances and perhaps even some timid replies by Ministers might produce an impression on France which would result in an outbreak of French indignation against England.

The Germans could not understand that conduct on the part of any political English party which would seem to favour Germany or tend to an abandonment of France in present circumstances would have the sure and certain consequence of excluding that party for an indefinite period from any chance of being charged with the responsibility for affairs of State. The visit of the Kaiser to Tangier, the general report of the language he held there, and the attitude of his diplomatists in various parts of the world, instead of weakening has greatly strengthened the cordial relations between England and France. When this became clear another move was made for the purpose of injuring the Anglo-French understanding. Some of the German newspapers directed by the Press Bureau of the Foreign Office used at first most violent language against France, and talked of the advance into that country of an army from Metz. More recently the same class of newspaper, particularly the Swiss papers inspired from Berlin, urged France to throw over England and come to terms with Germany. In connection with this a systematic attack has been made upon M. Delcassé, by far the most successful Foreign Minister who has conducted French affairs since the Duke de Broglie and the Duke Decazes. M. Delcassé has secured to a remarkable extent the confidence of foreign Powers in the French Republic. This is recognised everywhere except in Germany. Germans endeavour to persuade Frenchmen that it was great folly on his part to have concluded the recent arrangement with England. This view will hardly find more acceptance than the very opposite one which has been insinuated to us, that it would have been in the true interest of England to have made an arrangement with Germany regarding Africa and left France alone. Such an arrangement would no doubt have permitted the "Admiral of the Atlantic" to seize Mogador. It is hardly likely that this attack on M. Delcassé will succeed, but should it do so it would be one of the greatest misfortunes for French diplomacy that has happened since the fall of M. Drouyn de Lhuys in 1866. It seems also as if the efforts to excite friction between France and Spain had been equally unsuccessful. The days when MM. Bernhardt, Lothar Bucher, and Major v. Versen, directed by the master mind of Bismarck, could influence politicians in Madrid are over. It would also appear that in Italy there is no desire to listen to the counsels from Berlin or to drift into antagonism towards the Western Powers. In the United States Germany has not been more fortunate. The Government of Washington has not responded to the German proposals as regards Morocco. The attempt made to prevent the renewal and extension of the alliance between England and Japan is also not

likely to be successful. It is hardly to be expected that the Japanese will forsake England for Germany, a Power which has done its utmost to raise the spectre of the yellow peril and which, up to the time of the Japanese victories, was notoriously and persistently hostile. It is amusing to compare these crude proceedings with the methods of Bismarck. The note of German diplomacy is now want of finish. It is as clumsy in its way as White's imitation of Sheridan.

The attitude of the Western Powers is clear. It is in their plain interests to stand firmly together. If they do so it is almost impossible to imagine that the Kaiser will take the responsibility of forcing on a European war. Most persons will agree that such conduct might precipitate the formation of a new Germany on the lines indicated by King George V., and in which the House of Hohenzollern would find no place. At the same time ordinary prudence demands that the Western Powers should consider the possibility of a raid upon France. We all know that such an attack has been contemplated twice since the formation of the German Empire. Queen Victoria interfered in both instances, but on one occasion it is fairly sure that France would have been attacked had it not been for the peremptory prohibition of Russia. That Power is crippled by the war into which she has entered, incited by German advice against the friendly counsels of Great Britain. It is believed generally in Germany that England will not take up arms to assist France against aggression, and that France would not be able to resist a swift and steady blow. Moreover, it is held that France, at the last moment, unable to count on England, would agree to any terms rather than face the arbitrament of war. It should also be remembered that the desire to imitate Bismarck in conjuring away internal difficulties by foreign quarrels may drive the German Government into a course which, in spite of themselves, might make war suddenly inevitable. The war of 1866, for instance, was hurried on for the purpose of overcoming internal troubles. Its success resulted in establishing firmly the Government of King William I., which before its outbreak was considered tottering, and compared to that of Charles X. on the eve of the July Revolution. The surest way to prevent international trouble is the steady adherence of France and England to the arrangement which has been concluded between them and the maintenance on both sides of a strict neutrality, subject to treaty engagements, during the course of the present war in the Far East. On those conditions it should be thoroughly well understood that any gratuitous attack on France will not be tolerated by England, and that in the event of war France will not stand alone.

ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT.

## NEUTRAL DUTIES IN A MARITIME WAR, AS ILLUSTRATED BY RECENT EVENTS.<sup>1</sup>

AMONG the pious wishes (*vœux*) recorded in the final act of the Hague Conference of 1889, was one to the following effect :—

“ The Conference desires that the question of the rights and the duties of neutrals may be entered on the programme of a Conference to be called at an early date.”

There is probably no reason to regret that the Conference in question has not yet taken place. The department of International Law indicated in the Hague resolution, is, no doubt, that which, more than any other, needs re-examination and restatement; but the discussion of the subject cannot fail to gain much in actuality from the illustrations of its problems which have been afforded by the events of the war now in progress. The proposed Conference, like that recently suggested by President Roosevelt, which, as appears from Mr. Hay's circular of invitation, would also have occupied itself mainly with the Law of Neutrality, must stand over till the war has been brought to a conclusion. In the meantime, however, something may probably be done by private effort to prepare the way for responsible diplomatic action.

This is, at any rate, the opinion of our President, in obedience to whose request I accordingly venture to ask the attention of the Academy to such of the rules of International Law as affect the duties of Neutrals, with reference to a war carried on upon the sea. I shall test the sufficiency of these rules by their application to recent occurrences, but shall consider the several topics with which we shall have to deal in accordance, not with the accidental order in which our attention has been directed to them by those occurrences, but rather (as is fitting in addressing a learned body) with what appears to me to be a scientific distribution of the subject. It will, I think, conduce to clearness of thought if we treat the obligations of a Neutral State (International Law has, of course, nothing to do with the obligations of individuals) as being of three classes, involving respectively ABSTENTION, PREVENTION, and ACQUIESCENCE.

I.—The first of these is of a negative character. It consists of restrictions upon the free action of the Neutral State, by which it is, for instance, bound not to supply armed forces to a

(1) A paper read before the British Academy on April 12th, 1905.

belligerent; not to grant passage to such forces; and not to sell to him ships, or munitions, of war, even when the sale takes place in the ordinary course of getting rid of superfluous or obsolete equipment.

Duties of this class are now so well established that the present war has afforded no clear instance of their being disregarded. If it was ever intended that the Pacific Fleet should pass through the Baltic Canal, there is no reason to suppose that this would have been allowed by the German Government. The free passage of even belligerent war-ships through the Suez Canal is, of course, specially guaranteed by the Convention of 1888. The rumours persistently circulated that some neutral Government, *e.g.*, Chili, was on the point of selling its fleet to one or other of the belligerents, have always proved to be baseless. In January of the present year the Chilian Congress is reported to have refused to accept a very high price offered by an American firm for six war-ships, doubtless believing that the ships were destined for either Russia or Japan. A new, though cognate, question has, however, been raised by the sale of certain German liners to Russia, which forthwith, after re-christening, commissioned them as armed cruisers. If these vessels were, as is alleged, subsidized by their own Government, with a view to their employment by that Government in case of need, it has been urged with much force that they practically form part of the reserve of the Imperial German Navy, and that, therefore, Germany being neutral, they could not be lawfully sold to a belligerent.<sup>1</sup>

One can hardly admit into this class of neutral obligation a duty not to rescue drowning crews of a belligerent war-ship. The question was raised with reference to the action of the British yacht *Deerhound*, when the *Alabama* was sunk by the *Kearsage*, off Cherbourg; and was again discussed with reference to the help rendered to the crew of the *Variag*, when that vessel was destroyed last year in the harbour of Chemulpo. It must doubtless be the duty of the Government to which the rescuers belong to see that their charitable interference does not set free the persons benefited by it for continued service in the war.

II.—The second class of neutral obligations is of much wider scope than the first, and gives rise to a greater number of debatable questions. It is positive in character, imposing on the Neutral State duties of interference with the action of belligerents and of its own subjects.

(1) It would seem that the opinion of the Law Officers, to which Mr. Balfour alluded in August, 1904, was not given with reference to precisely the facts above stated.

1.—The neutral Government is, for instance, bound to prevent the occurrence of hostilities in its ports and territorial waters. The non-fulfilment of this duty was the ground of complaint in the long controversy between Portugal and the United States with reference to the *General Armstrong*. There are, of course, States which are unable so to demean themselves as to be entitled to have their neutrality thus respected, as was the case when the *Variag* and *Koriets* were attacked in Korean waters at Chemulpo; and as seems to have been, at any rate partially, the case when the *Reshitelni* was forcibly abducted from the Chinese harbour of Chifu. A Neutral State is, no doubt, on principle, similarly bound to prevent the use of its territory for the reception and transmission of messages by wireless telegraphy, in furtherance of belligerent interests; and China seems to have accordingly destroyed, though tardily, the electrical instalment placed by the Russians in the neighbourhood of Chifu, for the maintenance of communications between the beleaguered fortress of Port Arthur and the outer world.

2.—The neutral Government is bound to prevent the use of its territory as a base for hostile operations, i.e., as "the line of frontier from which a belligerent force sets out on an offensive expedition, and in which it finds a refuge at need."<sup>1</sup>

(1) It must, of course, see that no enlistments take place there; and:

(2) that no expedition starts thence to take part in the war.

(3) Since the case of the *Alabama* it has been widely maintained that a ship of war, at any rate if equipped as such, is so far analogous to an expedition that its despatch for belligerent employment must be similarly prevented. This rule might well have received fresh illustration from the recent escape of the torpedo boat *Caroline* from Messrs. Yarrow's yards on the Thames to Libau. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that the export to a belligerent of boilers, or other essential portions, of war-ships, raises no question of neutral duty. Such export to Russia has been taking place on a large scale, both from Germany and from this country.

(4) The neutral Government is also bound, as was laid down by Lord Granville in 1870, to prevent the despatch from its ports of coal or other necessities to a belligerent fleet at sea, supposing always the destination of the supplies so exported to be established beyond question. The difficulty of proving such a destination seems, so far, to have prevented our own Government from performing its duty in this respect, except, in December last, in the case of the German steamer *Captain Menzell*. In Germany, per-

(1) Jomini, *Précis de l'art de la guerre*, I. Art 18.



haps for the same reason, no effort whatever seems to have been made to prevent the chartering of private vessels, with a view to their meeting the Russian fleet, at pre-arranged points along its outward route, with supplies of coal. As regards this head of neutral duty, most Governments are content to exercise the powers vested in them by their respective penal codes for the punishment of individuals whose acts tend to bring those Governments into unfriendly relations with foreign countries. Great Britain and the United States have, however, further strengthened their hands for this purpose, by passing Foreign Enlistment Acts, the provisions of which are specifically directed against persons so conducting themselves as to make the neutral territory, in any of the ways just indicated, a base for the operations of one belligerent against the other. These provisions, it may be observed in passing, from abundant caution, treat as offences conduct short of that which the country is internationally bound to prevent. Thus, the British Foreign Enlistment Act penalizes, not only the equipping and despatching of a ship of war for belligerent use, but also the building, within his Majesty's dominions, of any ship, with intent, or with reasonable cause to believe, that the same will be employed in the military or naval service of the belligerent. It was under this Act that proceedings were taken to prevent the loading with coal of the *Captain Menzell*, and against Mr. Roche and Mr. Sinnett, as concerned in the despatch of the *Caroline*. These Acts are no measure of international duty, and foreign countries have no ground of complaint if they are not put in force.

(5) It is well established that "Asylum" may be extended to belligerent war-ships on a far more liberal scale than a similar indulgence would be granted to belligerent armies. While troops, which for any reason pass over into neutral territory, must be disarmed and "interned" by the neutral Power, till the conclusion of peace, war-ships are permitted to enter neutral harbours and to put to sea again. A crippled, or storm-bound, vessel is thus neither denied access to port, nor does she immediately become liable to internment. It is, on the other hand, equally well established that such restrictions must be placed upon this concession of "Asylum" as will prevent it from resulting in the use of neutral waters as a belligerent base.

Different views are taken by different Powers of the extent of their obligations in this respect, and of the precautionary measures which it is expedient for them to adopt with a view to placing the discharge of these obligations beyond reasonable question. On these points International Law speaks, therefore, as yet, with an uncertain voice; and great differences are accordingly observable

between the restrictions placed by the various neutral nations upon the use which may be made of their ports by belligerent war-ships. These restrictions tend to increase in stringency, though perhaps no one of them is internationally essential. The Scandinavian States, for instance, soon after the outbreak of the present war, prohibited altogether the entry of such ships into their military ports.

The more usual prohibitions relate to the following points :—

(a) The bringing in of prizes. This was very generally forbidden, except under stress of weather, in the proclamations of last year. The French proclamation seems only to prohibit stay with prizes for more than twenty-four hours.

(b) The length of time during which a belligerent war-ship may remain. On this point the French proclamation was in very general terms : “ *La durée du séjour dans nos ports de belligérants non accompagnés d'une prise n'a été limitée par aucune disposition spéciale* ” ; but Great Britain, the United States, and many other Powers insist upon the departure of the ship within twenty-four hours. Lord Percy had occasion to explain in the House of Commons that this limit is not imposed by International Law. If the stay is prolonged beyond the prescribed limit, the ship must be disarmed, and its crew interned, as in the case of the *Manjur*, and afterwards of the *Askold* and *Grosoroi*, at Shanghai, and of other Russian ships of war in the German port of Tsing-tau.

(c) A rule now very generally enforced prohibits the departure of a belligerent ship of war till twenty-four hours shall have elapsed since the departure from the same neutral port of any vessel belonging to the other belligerent.

(d) Increase of armament or crews is perhaps universally prohibited, though it may be remarked that the rule to this effect, contained in the French circular of last year, seems to apply to such increase only when effected “ *à l'aide de ressources puisées à terre.* ” Would it be permissible under this circular for a belligerent ship to receive guns and recruits from a transport which had followed her into French waters?

(e) A belligerent vessel is universally allowed to effect necessary repairs while in a neutral port, as also to take in provisions required for the subsistence of her crew.

(f) May she also replenish her stock of coal? To ask this question may obviously, under modern conditions and under certain circumstances, be equivalent to asking whether belligerent ships may receive in neutral harbours what will enable them to seek out their enemy, and to manœuvre while attacking him. It was first raised during the American Civil War, in the first year of which the Duke of Newcastle instructed Colonial Governors

that : " With respect to the supplying in British jurisdiction of articles *ancipitis usus* (such, for instance, as coal), there is no ground for any interference whatever on the part of Colonial authorities." But, by the following year, the question had been more maturely considered, and Lord John Russell directed, on January 31st, 1862, that the ships of war of either belligerent should be supplied with " so much coal only as may be sufficient to carry such vessel to the nearest port of her own country, or to some nearer destination." Identical language was employed by Great Britain in 1870, 1885, and 1898, but in the British Instructions of February 10th, 1904, the last phrase was strengthened so as to run : " or to some nearer *named neutral* destination." The Egyptian Proclamation of February 12th, 1904, super-adds the requirement of a written declaration by the belligerent commander as to the destination of his ship and the quantity of coal remaining on board of her, and Mr. Balfour, on July 11th, informed the House of Commons that " Directions had been given for requiring an engagement that any belligerent man-of-war, supplied with coal to carry her to the nearest port of her own nation, would in fact proceed to that port direct." Finally, a still stronger step was taken by the Government of this country, necessitated by the hostile advance towards Eastern waters of the Russian Pacific Squadron. Instructions were issued to all British ports, on August 8th, which, reciting that : " Belligerent ships of war are admitted into neutral ports in view of the exigencies of life at sea, and the hospitality which is customary to extend to vessels of friendly Powers ; - but this principle does not extend to enable belligerent ships of war to utilize neutral ports directly for the purpose of hostile operations," goes on to direct that the rule previously promulgated, " inasmuch as it refers to the extent of coal which may be supplied to belligerent ships of war in British ports during the present war, shall not be understood as having any application to the case of a belligerent fleet proceeding either to the seat of war, or to any position or positions on the line of route, with the object of intercepting neutral ships on suspicion of carrying contraband of war, and that such fleets shall not be permitted to make use, in any way, of any port, roadstead, or waters, subject to the jurisdiction of his Majesty, for the purpose of coaling, either directly from the shore or from colliers accompanying such fleet, whether vessels of such fleet present themselves to such port or roadstead, or within the said waters, at the same time or successively ; and that the same practice shall be pursued with reference to single belligerent ships of war proceeding for the purpose of belligerent operations, as above defined ;

provided that this is not to be applied to the case of vessels putting in on account of actual distress at sea." (See Parl. Paper, Russia, No 1 (1905), p. 15, and *Malta Government Gazette*, of August 12th, 1904.)

III.—The third head of neutral duty is of a negative character, obliging the Neutral State to acquiesce in acts on the part of belligerents which, but for the existence of war, would be unlawful and ground for redress.

(i.) Thus, although, under ordinary circumstances, not only the High Seas but also territorial waters are free to the passage of the ships of all nations, this right of navigation is, in time of war, subordinated to the right of belligerent fleets to attack one another in any but neutral waters, with far-reaching missiles, within range of which neutral vessels approach at their own proper risk. Against this risk the neutral has visible and audible warning. It is a very different thing should a belligerent, by a deplorable misunderstanding, attack neutral vessels on the High Seas. Their Government is then entitled forthwith to take steps to obtain full satisfaction for the injury sustained, unless it should choose, as was done with reference to the recent occurrence on the Dogger Bank, to request an impartial opinion upon the facts of the case, and the responsibility of those concerned. A neutral is also beyond question, at the present day, affected with constructive notice that if he traverses the territorial waters of a belligerent, which may be taken to extend three miles seaward from low water mark, he may find them infested by mines, placed there by one or other belligerent, for purposes of attack or defence, and will be without redress should he suffer in consequence. It is, on the other hand, equally certain that, beyond the three-mile limit, a belligerent has no right to resort to secret means of destruction which are as likely to prove fatal to neutrals as to his enemy. So much seems to have been admitted on all hands, with reference to neutral losses which might be occasioned by mines met with in the High Seas during the siege of Port Arthur. The only doubt was whether, as a matter of fact, those mines had drifted from Russian territorial waters, or had been deliberately placed by the Russians beyond the three-mile limit. I refrain from discussing the question, raised in some quarters, whether that limit has been, as a result of improvements in artillery, automatically shifted to a greater distance than three miles from the shore. It may be worth while to note that, within the last week or so, several British ship-owners, in expectation of the meeting of the Russian and Japanese fleets, have effected a novel insurance against "all risks of floating mines, and all damage by fire from naval engagements."

So far we have been considering how far neutrals are bound to acquiesce in damage sustained by them as the incidental result of hostilities carried on by one belligerent against the other. The topic is somewhat novel, having been largely brought into prominence by recent applications of science.

(ii.) Far other are the mutually connected, and long debated, questions which have next to be considered; relating, as they do, to the duties imposed upon neutrals by the law of prize. It is well established that, under the compromise which has been arrived at, between the, otherwise irreconcilable, rights of the belligerent to carry on his war, and of the neutral to pursue his ordinary trade, Neutral States are bound to acquiesce without complaint in certain acts of interference with the trade of their subjects on the part of either belligerent. Of these, briefly, in order.

1. *Visit and search with a view to detention.*—An interference with trade so disagreeable to neutral subjects, especially after a long period during which they have not experienced it, that Mr. Balfour has more than once taken occasion to remind British ship-owners of their liability in this respect. Several points here demand attention.

(1) In what waters may this belligerent right be exercised?

*Answer:* In any waters other than the territorial waters of a Neutral. It should, however, be noted that the exercise of the right at a great distance from the scene of hostilities, has been of late years censured as a needless interference with the trade of the world. During the Boer War, Great Britain undertook not to visit German ships at Aden or at any place not more distant than Aden from Delagoa Bay. But International Law cannot be supposed to have been affected by this concession; and the events of the last year or two have demonstrated how useful the exercise of this right in its full extent may be to a belligerent. The Russians have been visiting and searching neutral vessels in the Red Sea, and even in near European waters.

(2) By what ships?

*Answer:* By the lawfully commissioned ships of war of a belligerent. From this category privateers are excluded by Article I., now generally accepted, of the Declaration of Paris. It can hardly be maintained that the employment of "volunteer" fleets, or specially subsidized liners, under naval officers, is prohibited by this article. It is not yet settled whether a commission of war may be properly granted, in time of war, to a ship already at sea under the Merchant Flag. The disability to act under such a commission of vessels belonging to the Russian Volunteer Fleet,

which have passed the Dardanelles under the Mercantile Flag (as did the *Peterburg* and the *Smolensk*) raises questions of a different order from those now under consideration.

(3) Does the presence of a neutral man-of-war, as convoy, protect a fleet of neutral private vessels from visit and its consequences? According to received International Law, certainly not. It must, however, be noted that, in wishing to maintain the old rule upon this point, Great Britain appears to stand nearly alone. The Continental Powers, and, with certain reservations, even Japan, regard the assurance of the convoying commander as a sufficient guarantee of the innocence of the convoyed vessels. The (now recalled) United States "Naval War Code" of 1900 was to the same effect.

(4) Do neutral mail-ships, or their mail bags, enjoy any privileged position with reference to visit and search?

This question, much discussed, and left undecided during the Civil War in America and the Boer War, has received little attention in the course of the war now raging. When the *Smolensk* stopped the *Prinz Heinrich* in the Red Sea, and carried off her mails for examination, much excitement resulted in the German Press, but the complaint of the German Government seems hardly to have been pressed home. The Japanese Court rejected the plea of "mail ship" in the case of the *Argun*.

2.—*Causes for the detention of an apparently neutral ship.*— (Apart from such universally applicable grounds for detention as resistance to visit, spoliation of papers, &c.) Since the Declaration of Paris, which may now, perhaps, be treated as generally accepted law, these causes are three only, viz. :—

(1) *Breach of Blockade*: A well-understood topic (except on the point of the necessity for actual warning, and perhaps as to the applicability to it of the doctrine of "Continuous Voyages"), the rules as to which have given rise to no controversy during the present war.

(2) *Carriage of Contraband*: A topic on which it will be necessary to dwell at greater length. Several questions have here to be considered, viz. :—

(a) Articles to be "Contraband" must be such as are useful in war. What articles are of this character, and do they all stand upon the same footing? It is admitted that the list must vary from time to time, and that a belligerent is entitled to specify the articles which he intends to treat as contraband, so long as, in so doing, he does not exceed the licence allowed to him by International Law in that behalf. Two opposing schools of opinion have here to be reckoned with: the Continental, restricting the

list of contraband to little more than arms and munitions of war; and the British, according to which the list of "absolutely" contraband articles is supplemented by another, comprising articles which, according to circumstances, may become "conditionally" contraband. The long opposition between these views seems not unlikely to end in a reasonable compromise. Already Continental lists tend to include the materials out of which, and the machinery by means of which, arms and ammunition are manufactured; while the "conditional" contraband of the British school is admittedly restricted to articles indicated as noxious by special circumstances, and is subjected only to the mitigated penalty of "pre-emption."

The distinction between the two classes, and the differences between the rules applicable to each class, are fully recognised in the notifications issued by Japan during the present war, as previously. The Russian notification, ignoring the existence of any class of merely "conditional" contraband, treated as confiscable, in every case, not only coal, but also provisions; and even raw cotton, in favour of which there is a still stronger presumption of innocence. She has, however, receded from this extreme position, in consequence of strongly expressed protests from several of the Powers, Great Britain and the United States in particular, and has undertaken, in accordance with the advice of a commission presided over by Professor de Martens, that provisions, at any rate, will henceforth be regarded as only conditionally contraband, according to the use to which they are to be applied. (See Parl. Paper, Russia, No. 1 (1905), p. 28.)

(b) Goods, whatever their intrinsic character, are not contraband, unless they have a hostile destination. Practical unanimity seems now to have been attained upon the interpretation to be put upon this rule. If "absolutely" contraband goods can be shown to be intended to reach the enemy's territory, or if "conditionally" contraband goods can be shown to be intended to reach places besieged by the enemy, or occupied by his military or naval forces, they are confiscable; and any neutral vessel engaged in the carriage of the goods may be captured and taken before a Prize Court.

The destination of the ship for an enemy port is evidence of the hostile destination of the goods, and phrases employed by Lord Stowell have been pressed to mean that no other evidence would suffice. The destination of the ship is, however, now admitted to be only a rough test of that of the cargo, which, under the doctrine of "Continuous Voyages," may be otherwise established. Little has been heard in the present war of the question so much debated

during the latter half of the nineteenth century, as to the applicability of this doctrine to the carriage of contraband. For the contrast between older and later opinion on this point, it may be sufficient to refer to Lord Stowell's decision in the *Imina*, and the decision of the Italian Court of Appeal in the case of the *Doelwijk*.

(c) During what portions of her voyage is a ship liable to detention for carriage of contraband?

*Answer:* At any time after she has sailed with contraband on board, destined for the enemy, till the contraband goods have been unloaded. When that has taken place, her offence is said to have been "deposited," and on her homeward voyage she is exempt from seizure. Misunderstanding the rule upon this point, the Vladivostock Prize Court condemned the *Allanton*, because, though, when stopped on her return voyage, her cargo was innocent, she was alleged to have carried contraband for Japan on her outward voyage. The decision was reversed on appeal to St. Petersburg.

(3) *Enemy Service: i.e.*, the carriage of enemy persons or despatches. A neutral ship so engaged will be detained and sent in. Perhaps the only case illustrative of this rule which has occurred in the present war is that of the *Nigretia*, which seems to have been condemned on the ground that she was endeavouring to carry into Vladivostock the escaped captain and lieutenant of the Russian destroyer *Ratzoporni*.

No duty is incumbent on a Neutral State to prevent any of the three classes of acts just mentioned on the part of its subjects; although a belligerent, annoyed at the wholesale character of the assistance thus rendered to his enemy, has, on some occasions, been tempted, for the moment, to express a contrary opinion. Such an opinion has indeed received some literary expression, for instance, in the writings of the Swedish jurist, M. Kleen.

3.—*Procedure subsequent to Detention:* For the protection of what may prove to be innocent neutral property, the captor is bound, in ordinary cases, to place a prize crew on board the captured vessel, and to send her in for adjudication by a Prize Court. He may, however, find difficulties in the way of doing this. He may, for instance, be in immediate danger of attack by a superior force of the enemy, may be unable to spare the men needed to navigate the prize (especially now that the work on a war-ship is so much more highly specialized than was formerly the case), or may be unable to spare coal for a prize which has possibly exhausted her own supplies of fuel. Under these circumstances, what steps may be taken by him?

If ship and cargo belong, beyond question, to the enemy, he



may, after taking off the crew, sink the ship, the property in which is now vested in his own Government.

If, however, the ship or cargo be neutral, the matter is not so simple. The Neutral Government is not bound to acquiesce in the destruction of the possibly innocent property of its subjects, at any rate unless some overwhelming necessity can be shown for the course which has been adopted; if, indeed, even overwhelming necessity would be sufficient to justify it.

This is, of course, the question raised by the sinking of the British ship *Knight Commander*, which was effected on July 23rd, 1904, in accordance with the Russian instructions, and was approved of by the Vladivostock Prize Court. The attitude of the British Government has been all along adverse to the legitimacy of such a step. Before the occurrence, our ambassador had intimated our disapproval of the Russian instructions on the point, and he presented a strong protest against the sinking five days after its occurrence. The incident was discussed in both Houses of Parliament (July 28th, August 11th), and was spoken of by ministers as an "outrage," "a serious breach of International Law." I am not sure that this language could be fully supported by a reference to the opinion and practice of Nations. While it is, on principle, most undesirable that neutral property should be exposed to destruction without enquiry, cases may occasionally occur in which a belligerent could hardly be expected to permit the escape of such property, though he is unable to send it in for adjudication. The contrary opinion is, I venture to think, largely derived from a reliance upon detached paragraphs in one of Lord Stowell's judgments on the subject, judgments which, taken together, show little more than that, in his view, no plea of national interest will bar the claim of a neutral owner to be fully compensated for the value of his property, when it has been destroyed without judicial proof of its noxious character. "Where doubtful whether enemy's property, and impossible to bring in, the safe and proper course," says Lord Stowell, "is to dismiss." The Admiralty Manual of 1888 accordingly directs commanders, who are unable to send in their prizes, to "release the vessel and cargo without ransom unless there is clear proof that she belongs to the enemy." This indulgence can hardly, however, be proclaimed as an established rule of International Law, in the face of the fact that the sinking of neutral prizes is under certain circumstances permitted by the Prize Codes, not only of Russia, but also as of such Powers as France, the United States, and Japan (1904).

4.—*The Prize Court*: It is part of the compromise between

neutrals and belligerents that the Prize Courts instituted by the latter shall be so constituted as, at any rate in the last resort, to decide in accordance with International Law, as generally received. British and United States Prize Courts are manned exclusively by lawyer judges, many of whom have been of the greatest eminence. On the Continent, Prize Courts are composed of administrative and diplomatic officials, as well as lawyers. The legal element must have been singularly deficient in the Court at Vladivostock, if we may judge from its decisions. The Court of Appeal at St. Petersburg, on the other hand, thanks, doubtless, largely to the presence on it of Professor de Martens, has displayed both learning and courage in correcting the mistakes of the Court below.

5.—*The Penalty*:—

(1) For breach, or attempted breach, of blockade, either outwards or inwards, and whether she is captured on her outward or on her homeward voyage, a neutral ship is undoubtedly liable to confiscation. The cargo, though innocent, may share the fate of the ship, if both belong to the same owner, and in some other exceptional cases.

(2) Carriage of contraband involves, as a rule, forfeiture of the contraband goods only; the ship and the innocent cargo being ultimately released, unless the ship, or the innocent cargo, belong respectively to the same owner as the owner of the contraband cargo, or are otherwise intimately connected with that cargo. According to the Russian instructions, the ship is to be condemned, as well as the contraband "when she is carrying to the enemy, or to an enemy's port, (a) articles and stores required for shooting with firearms, or objects and substances used for causing explosions, whatever the amount of such things may be; (b) other articles of contraband of war amounting to more than half of the entire cargo." The former of these grounds for confiscation is, of course, wholly inadmissible. The latter, though not uncountenanced by some Continental regulations, and adopted by the Institut de Droit International, in its *Règlement des Prises Maritimes*, Art 117 (3), has long been repudiated by Great Britain, as it is by the United States. Our own country has protested accordingly against certain recent decisions of the Russian Prize Court.

(3) For the Enemy Service implied by carriage of enemy persons, especially of a naval or military character, or enemy despatches, the neutral ship is herself confiscable. Lord Stowell long ago pointed out why a less severe rule would be insufficiently

deterrent. So the *Nigretia*, as already mentioned, was recently condemned for having on board two Russian naval officers.

We have been engaged in an examination of the *concordat* established between belligerents and neutrals, so far as it relates to operations at sea; in other words, with the compromise which has been gradually arrived at between the opposing claims, respectively described by Gentili as *Ius commerciorum* and *Ius tuendae salutis*, by Grotius as *Belli rigor* and *Commerciorum libertas*. I have pointed out that the duties of neutrals, as defined by this concordat or compromise, may be classified under three heads: *i.e.*, as imposing restrictions on the free acts of the Neutral Government; as calling upon it for active intervention; or as obliging it to acquiesce in interference with its interests on the part of belligerents. What has been attempted is rather a map than a picture, and a somewhat colourless map. My object in attempting this survey of a large field, some parts of which are better ascertained in detail than the others, has been two-fold:—

1.—I have desired to indicate the place occupied in the subject by each topic relatively to the rest, assigning each topic to the class to which it naturally belongs, so as to bring each within the scope of the governing principle properly applicable to its development and to its discussion. If this course had been always followed, much confusion might have been avoided, *e.g.*, between the duty of a Neutral State with reference to the use of its territory as a base, and its duty with reference to such of its subjects as are engaged in carriage of contraband.

2.—I have also desired to formulate a list of those topics of neutral duty, in a maritime war, which may be thought ripe for discussion at a Conference, such as was asked for in the Final Act of the Hague Conference of 1899. These would seem to be as follows:—

*Under my first head of Neutral Duty (Abstention):—*

(1) Are subsidized liners within the prohibition of the sale to a belligerent by a Neutral Government of ships of war?

*Under my second head (Prevention):—*

(2) Is a Neutral Government bound to interfere with the use of its territory for the maintenance of belligerent communications by wireless telegraphy?

(3) To prevent the exit of even partially equipped war-ships?

(4) To prevent, with more care than has hitherto been customary, the exportation of supplies, especially of coal, to belligerent fleets at sea?

(5) By what specific precautions must a neutral prevent abuse of the "Asylum" afforded by its ports to belligerent ships of war?—with especial reference to the bringing in of prizes, duration of stay, consequences of over-prolonged stay, the simultaneous presence of vessels of mutually hostile nationalities, repairs and provisioning during stay, and, in particular, renewal of stocks of coal.

*Under my third head (Acquiescence):* How is this duty to be construed with reference to:—

(6) Interruption of safe navigation over territorial waters and the High Seas respectively?

(7) The distance from the scene of operations at which the right of visit may be properly exercised?

(8) The protection from the exercise of this right afforded by the presence of neutral convoy?

(9) The time and place at which so-called "volunteer" fleets and subsidized liners may exchange the mercantile for a naval character?

(10) Immunity for mail ships, or their mail bags?

(11) The requirement of actual warning to blockade-runners, and the application to blockade of the doctrine of "Continuous Voyages"?

(12) The distinction between "absolute" and "conditional" contraband, with especial reference to food and coal?

(13) The doctrine of "Continuous Voyages" with reference to contraband?

(14) The cases, if any, in which a neutral prize may lawfully be sunk at sea, instead of being brought in for adjudication?

(15) The due constitution of Prize Courts?

(16) The legitimacy of a rule condemning the ship herself, when more than a certain proportion of her cargo is of a contraband character?

On the greater number of these points there is probably good reason for hoping that the approaching Conference will pave the way for a general, and lasting, agreement.

T. E. HOLLAND.

## THE THREATENED RE-SUBJECTION OF WOMAN.

PROBLEMS are admittedly at a discount just now. Our wants have become very simple. We ask two things only—to be amused and to be rich. Yet, like much else reckoned out of date and unfashionable, problems continue to present themselves with an irritating and ill-bred persistence, laying impeding hands upon us, as did the Ancient Mariner upon the Wedding Guest, to the destruction of the latter's enjoyment of the marriage festivities. Recently a problem, old as the dawn of human legend—some would, perhaps, say of human history, since that which produces legend must, one would imagine, rather necessarily precede it—has presented itself in a form arrestingly articulate and concrete. Essentially this problem is none other than that of Eden—the problem of the man and the woman, of the apple, and, incidentally, of the snake. A solution of it—I write with all reverence—was given at the time. But the race has advanced by giant strides—at least we are rather violently assured that it has—along the road of enlightenment since those dim and distant ages. Social and economic, even moral conditions, have radically changed. Is it, then, conceivable that the original solution still holds good? That it remains the same to-day as then, the same on forever? A speaker, and one as the modern world goes worthy of more than passing attention, declares this to be the case with no uncertain voice. This gives food for reflection; the more that it has hardly been our habit to look to a presidential message to Congress for the enunciation of counsels of perfection, or to the people of the United States for subscription to primitive ideals in respect of social and domestic relations. Wherever on the face of this planet the earthly paradise, from which our first parents suffered just expulsion, may have been planted, we, as Europeans, have heretofore nursed a sustaining conviction it was very surely not on the existing site of Chicago, or even of Boston or New York. Consequently, some clauses in President Roosevelt's recent utterance are disconcerting, causing us a distinct shock of surprise. To ardent and sanguine spirits, enamoured of theories of progressive social reform, they may very well cause a shock of rebellious anger likewise. For these clauses undeniably justify the fear that in human affairs there is, actually, no such thing as full steam ahead; that of these, as of eternity itself, the symbol is not the straight line, but the circle—thus adding proof, were it needed, that the world is round after all,

innocent of any "jumping off place," and that the saying "if you go far enough West you come East" holds a truth of deeper and more far-reaching import than the obvious geographical one. It is with this truth I would attempt briefly to deal.

Using the question of child labour and of the work of married women in factories as his text, President Roosevelt preaches the American nation a sermon involving very wide issues—issues so wide, indeed, that they affect the office and status of women in civilised communities all the world over and of every rank. "The prime duty of the man," he tells us, "is to work, to be the breadwinner; the prime duty of the woman is to be the mother, the housewife. All questions of tariff and finance sink into insignificance when compared with the tremendous, the vital importance of trying so to shape conditions that these two duties of the man and of the woman can be fulfilled under reasonably favourable circumstances." This is a return to first principles with a vengeance. It is also the seriously considered pronouncement of the popularly elected ruler of the most progressive nation of the world, in the first decade of the twentieth century. In reading it, one cannot but pause to picture, with a trifle of malicious gaiety, the sensations of all *féministes*, English speaking and Continental. To an experimental excursion into maternity, the offspring being limited to one, and that, of course, illegitimate, some among them might not so very much object. But marriage, housewifery, the permanent subordination of the woman to the claims of the husband, the family and the household, this is rank heresy—heresy, moreover, seasoned with insult. President Roosevelt, however, leaves no loophole of escape. He makes his meaning perfectly clear. "If a race does not have plenty of children," he continues, "or if these children do not grow up, or if, when they grow up, they are unhealthy in body or stunted or vicious in mind, then that race is decadent, and no heaping up of wealth, no splendour of monetary prosperity can avail in any degree as offsets."

To those of us who are not *féministes*, and whose needs are not, as yet, wholly limited to the possession of wealth and practice of amusement, these utterances—when our first astonishment that such a gospel should derive from such a source is past—will appeal as sane and sound, a return to right reason and common-sense. Only, we cannot but ask ourselves, does not this return come too late? Is it possible thus to set back the hands of the clock, and eradicate tendencies which have been enthusiastically fostered during two generations in England, and are now in active development in various Continental countries? Is it possible to place woman again, in respect of her ideals and her romance, in the

position of our great-grandmothers, without a rather deplorable uprooting, along with the tares, of the wheat? Without, in short, depriving her of advantages in education, in the tenure of property, in social and civic freedom, and, indirectly, of usefulness to the State, which she has so laboriously and, let it be added, so courageously acquired? Must not President Roosevelt's views, however interesting and theoretically admirable, be pronounced unpractical and impracticable, realisable perhaps by people of special temperament under special conditions, but incapable of moulding the thought and habits of the bulk of any progressive nation in our present highly complex state of civilisation? For, putting aside sentimentalism and faddist absurdities alike, it will be seen, I think, on closer analysis that the demand for self-abnegation on the part of a large section of our feminine population would be a very heavy one in thus setting back the hands of the clock. An intolerably heavy one, indeed, unless it be inspired and sustained by something far more intimately compelling, more appealing, more fruitful of inward consolation, than an obligation, real or imagined, of abstract patriotism. It must be remembered that the British mind finds curiously small motive-power in abstractions; while its patriotism, though ingrained beyond all question of doubt, is of the placid, take-it-all-for-granted sort. And if this is true of the average man, it is even truer of the average woman, the vast majority of whom are quite oblivious that they have a country unless the foreigner—individually or collectively—shows a disposition, of course wholly irrational, to attack it.

But to attempt that closer analysis. The different classes in England—and it is to England that I propose to limit my inquiry—shade into one another by such fine gradations that it is difficult to generalise concerning any one of them without risk of appearing superficial or arbitrary. Still, roughly speaking, it is among the women of the middle-class that this demand for self-abnegation would be most keenly felt, since it is they who have assimilated ideas of emancipation most freely and applied them most extensively to the conduct of life.

In the highest class the position and ideals of woman have changed very little under the new *régime*. She was always fairly well educated. She is so still. Marriage was her object, if not always her destiny. It remains so. Owing to questions of inheritance, of title, of landed and other property, it was in the bond that she should bear children. The conditions remain the same; and, having a sense of honour, not, perhaps, altogether common to her sisters of less exalted rank, she has not, and does not now, shirk fulfilling her part of the bargain. Her attitude is almost that of the Jewess of the Old Testament; and to be childless is

not only a sorrow, but something of a shame to her, she having, thereby, missed her very *raison d'être*. She has always been in touch with sport, with politics, and with philanthropy; and though her activities in these directions may have multiplied, they flow in the same channels as of old. If she possess beauty and intellect, these enhance her personal value and increase her opportunities; but they do not alter the conditions of her existence to any appreciable extent. For in the highest class the man is very much master still, and the woman's life consequently shapes itself to his desires. Even if he marry some Transatlantic or Colonial millionairess, she has, sooner or later, to submit to the exigencies of her acquired position and come into line. Let it be understood that with this mastery the present writer has—kindly—no quarrel, protracted and dispassionate observation having convinced her that, though he does not always use his power very pleasantly, the man's way, on the whole, is best.

Of the working classes, the same is true. A few cruelties and crying evils have been mitigated by sentiment or legislation, yet practically the woman's position remains very much what it was fifty years ago. She is better educated; but this one regretfully hesitates to hail as an unmixed blessing. If it has somewhat enlarged her outlook, it has also increased her restlessness. While, once away from school, actualities of food, clothing, and pleasure—of a not conspicuously elevated type—take her in their rather brutal grip, and she speedily forgets book-learning in learning of another and more vital description. But though education may go—it has hardly done more than scratch the surface of her mind as yet—the restlessness born of it stays by her. If country-bred she gravitates towards the towns, ostensibly in search of employment, actually in search of excitement. She prefers the shop or factory, however rough the labour or unwholesome the surroundings, to domestic service, because she “has her evenings” and can spend them as she pleases free of comment or control. Nevertheless, her ultimate object now, as heretofore, is marriage; her destiny, also as heretofore, too often the workhouse or the street. For causes not of property but of poverty, into which it is unnecessary to enter, she bears children; and that with an un-rebellious endurance which, in face of the sordid miseries of her lot, would be heroic were not her attitude one of moral and physical indifference somewhat distressingly animal. In this class, too, the man is still master, and the woman's life shapes itself to his habits and his will.

There remains the great middle-class, using that rather ambiguous term in its widest acceptation. And it is here, from the daughter of the man in the services, the professions, or in busi-



ness, to the daughter of small shopkeeper, national schoolmaster or clerk, that the so-called Woman's Movement in England has at once done most good and created most danger.

I propose to deal mainly with the sober-minded majority of this mass of contemporary humanity. But it is unavoidable, in passing, to make mention of a certain foolish contingent, whose aspirations are exclusively worldly, who ape the clothes and pastimes of their betters on insufficient incomes, regard marriage as the gateway to cheap intrigue, and waste their time at ladies' clubs with much the same detrimental consequences to family and household as is the case with women of the people who waste theirs in the public-house. They are given over to that most deadly of all delusions—the Worship of Appearances—with the result that nothing is really genuine about them from their enthusiasms to the material of their underskirts. They are infected by a greed of notoriety, of publicity, of gadding. They must catch the eye and be talked of. But all this is expensive, especially in the case of persons of no intrinsic importance. Somebody has to pay the bill. It is idle to pretend it is always the husband who pays it. These are hard sayings. I can only regret that they are not unmerited. In respect of this contingent there is, incontestably, great need of reform; and one could wish President Roosevelt's utterances might not only be read, but be very thoroughly digested, by them. There would be a spice of poetic justice in this, moreover, since, if the antidote to these persons' foolishness hails from Transatlantic sources, the poison which has, in great measure, produced it hails thence likewise. Here we tread on delicate ground, and our way is beset by pitfalls! Let us hasten, then, to admit, at the outset, that there are probably mysteries of national character which must ever be impenetrable to the understanding of the foreign critic. Only the young and intemperate will venture to pass judgment upon the social standards and moral tendencies of an alien people in relation to its internal interests and home affairs. However impartial, one is liable to argue from too limited data, thus inviting the equally unilluminating and unanswerable rejoinder, "Oh! but you don't understand." If this is true generally, it is particularly true of the people of the United States, since—as Sir Henry Maine pointed out many years ago—the genesis of the great modern republic having no parallel in history, being a first-hand and unexampled experiment, it is altogether futile to dogmatise concerning its present or prophesy concerning its eventual development. Let every people, therefore, and specially this people, be exempt, not from observation—that is asking a little too much—but from premature and invidious comment, so long as it remains at home.

When, however, it takes to coming abroad, bi-annually, in a mighty and locust-like host, when much of it not only comes, but "comes to stay," the situation is changed. Under these circumstances even the most scrupulously discreet of critics may permit himself to register the effect of the invasion upon the social standards and moral tendencies of his compatriots and to state his conclusions in print, without any breach of international courtesy. And in all seriousness, I would submit that for the worship of the false God of Appearances, not to mention other delinquencies of the foolish contingent aforesaid, our American invaders—themselves mostly women—must be held responsible. Is it not they, to begin with, who in their republican simplicity, have reduced our many and complex needs to two only—possession of wealth and opportunity of amusement? The American woman is a somewhat glittering creature. Usually she is wholesome, intelligent, and—to decline upon the vernacular—"perfectly straight," as well. Invariably she is very alert, very articulate, very self-confident. Her commercial instinct is strong, and in all her dealings she has a remarkable eye to the main chance. These may be qualities of eminent value in the evolution of the social system of a young country. In her natural environment and under the stimulus of the American climate—a climate which makes for the development of nervous energy rather than for that of sex—she doubtless is, as she rather loudly claims to be, the very blossom and crown of things feminine. But here, in the old world, not only are surrounding conditions very different, but we women are made of slower, heavier, yet more passionate and dangerously inflammable stuff. Light without heat appears to be common enough in her case. In ours it is practically unknown. And so it is not possible for us to go the lengths she does in certain directions—take dress and flirtation as examples—without definite and highly undesirable results. It follows that, notwithstanding her brightness and, as a rule, her virtue, the influence of the American woman, not only in England but on the Continent, has been extremely harmful. It has made for frivolity, for extravagance, for selfishness. It has tended towards the decay of fine manners, towards lack of reverence and reticence, and an increasing impatience of restraint. It has brought us the interviewer—that enemy of the dignities of private life. It has taught us to spell society with a capital letter. It has, also, taught us the art of self-advertisement in all its branches. It has gone far to indoctrinate us with the hardly grace-begetting belief that everything in life, really worth having, can be bought for hard cash; and that it is the primary duty a self-respecting woman owes herself to be in a position to buy it. Again let me guard myself against misconception. I do not say

this is the conscious creed or the constant character of the American woman—far from it. But I do say, secure of the support of many competent and unprejudiced witnesses both at home and abroad, that this is the creed and character which her presence and example is in process of stamping upon a vast number of her European sisters. It is not one for which one can find it in one's heart to be grateful.

But to turn to a less perilous subject—namely, the effect of the Women's Movement upon the sober-minded majority of the English middle-class. It is from this class, with one or two well-known exceptions, that the feminine leaders in social, civic, and philanthropic reform have been drawn. It is from this class, too, that all the successful women come in professional, scientific, literary, and artistic attainment—let alone the rank and file of the great army of workers, school-mistresses, secretaries, nurses, typists, shop-assistants, and clerks. All these women have, in their degree, tasted the sweets of independence, the exhilaration of owning money honestly earned. The fact of doing work which has a market value has set them free from many superstitions and fears, and added a new dignity and flavour to existence. These women have also, in many cases, had sharp experience of the humiliation of keeping up an effect of gentility upon small means, and of the very practical discomforts, not to say indecencies, of large families and limited house-room. The human heart, no doubt, remains fundamentally the same through all the changes of all the ages as far as its affections are concerned. But the modern young woman, if not a conspicuously seductive being with her inclination to leanness of body and deficiency of temperament, is an eminently clear-headed and practical one. Parents, querulous or irritable, permanently tired, harassed by petty anxieties, haunted by the spectre of debt, do not offer, to her thinking, a conclusive argument in favour of marriage. Hence it follows that she forms other ideals, and looks elsewhere for her romance. In this class the man no longer is master. He has lost his prestige since the woman has pitted her brains, her mechanical skill, her physical endurance against his. He ceases to impress her from the moment she discovers she is competent to earn her own bread; and, as far as the ordinary conduct of life in a civilised community goes, to take care of herself. His weaknesses—and even his warmest advocates cannot but own that you have but to see enough of him to know that he has many, and those by no means exclusively of the proverbially masculine type—are patent to her. His nerves, his vanities, his jealousies, his endless power of fussing, cause her mirth when she is in a good temper, exasperation when she is in a bad. So that, while

liking him greatly as a comrade, she quite honestly does not want him to develop into a lover, unless—for primitive instincts are not wholly exterminated in even these very emancipated maidens—he shows signs of developing into the lover of somebody else. Then, she has to make her choice. If she is self-respecting and high-minded, not being prepared to marry, she decides to rule love out. If, on the other hand, the emotional element is strong in her, she is much disposed to satisfy the propensities of her nature without sanction either of law or of church. Here is a danger likely, as things now stand, to suffer increase. For it must be remembered the modern woman treats most questions as open ones, and exercises the right of private judgment in regard of ethics as of all else. Her religion, when she still professes any, is usually devoid of the force of authority, vague, subjective, unscientific, or wholly conventional in character, an affair of feeling rather than of fact. And it must be accepted as an axiom, in respect of womanhood, that when faith ceases to be definite in doctrine and in outward practice, morals, at all events in the second generation, have a tendency to become most accommodatingly lax.

If the above is a fairly truthful picture, as I believe it to be, of the sober-minded majority of the English middle class, is it reasonable, is it possible, to expect that such women, at the call of a remote obligation of patriotism and in altruistic self-devotion to the physical and mental amelioration of the race, will abjure work and decline—as far as the object and interest of their individual existence goes—upon a state of dependence and tutelage, knowing all the while that, since their own sex is numerically superior, there cannot, in plain English, be nearly husbands enough to go round?

Two other causes may be mentioned arising out of the complex and costly conditions of modern life, which further contribute to narrow the field of marriage and lessen its attraction for women of the middle-class. It is often asserted that men have grown more selfish. This, I think, is a calumny and a rather stupid one. Men—Englishmen—are exactly what they always have been, save that they are, perhaps, growing a little less lazy and a little more intelligent. They are in process of discovering what the modern woman has already discovered—namely, that all achievement is based upon the rejection of the not-absolutely-essential, however unpleasant and even painful such rejection may be. They have further discovered that freedom is the first element in the attainment of success. Working women, of all people, have no right to quarrel with this, since the position is merely the converse of their own. Except in certain professions, or during the later stages of a public career, the possession of a wife and family presents an

almost hopeless bar to promotion. Unless he has a large private income, the man who works must choose between ambition and domesticity, just as surely as the woman who works must. Consequently, the ablest and cleverest men, those, in the estimation of the modern woman, most worth marrying, are those least likely to marry. If, having arrived at fame and fortune, such men do eventually marry, they tend to select wives, not from the ranks of their contemporaries in age and equals in birth, but from those of the younger generation and the aristocratic class. This may seem hardly fair, at first sight. But it is perfectly reasonable and perfectly natural, modern social requirements being what they are and human nature—specially masculine human nature—being what it is. Marriage by capture, in some form or other, will always obtain among the “braves” of a race.

The second cause contributing to lessen the attractions of marriage is one which can only be touched on with reticence and regret. Still observation unmistakably testifies to its existence, while indicating over-civilisation as its origin. I refer to the decrease of the maternal passion among the women of the English middle-class. These women are not less courageous than their mothers and grandmothers. They have plenty of presence of mind. It does not occur to them to scream or to faint. But their courage is of the active and militant, rather than of the passive and silent sort demanded by the long *malaise* of child-bearing and the pains and perils of child-bed. They have something of a healthy man's disgust for invalidism, and his jealous care that the body, for work's sake, be kept active and fit. The minds of many of them, moreover, have been infected by the morbid views of certain feminine essayists and novelists who stigmatise child-bearing as a gross animal function against which refinement and what, by such persons, is known as the “higher morality” alike protest. If the race can only be continued by these repulsive methods, well then—they say—perish the race! The result is a singular one—an attitude of pitying contempt towards the mother, and of sentimental apology towards the children whom she has done the very doubtful kindness of bringing into the world. For these writers and talkers are confirmed pessimists at heart, without any sane and wholesome *joie de vivre*—disappointed, discontented women who try to ease the smart of private failure by quarrelling with the laws of nature, not to mention those of grace.

In the eagerness of his advocacy of views diametrically opposite to the above, President Roosevelt goes so far as to hint at legislation. This, in our opinion, would constitute an unpardonable encroachment on personal liberty. In England we have not reached those altitudes of applied sociological science where it

might appear justifiable to legalise the sacrifice of innocent individuals in the interests of the race. Legislation, moreover, would in this connection be useless if applied to the married only. It is no good locking the stable-door after the horse is stolen. If the woman's prime duty is that of housewife and mother, she must be trained on those lines and indoctrinated with the very beautiful sentiment inherent in them from childhood. As it is, her education—too often a system of cram productive of chronic mental dyspepsia—leaves her barely time for the acquisition of fairly good manners, and very certainly none for the cultivation of the fine art of domesticity. Her only relaxation from strain of mind in lessons is strain of body in games. She is always in a hurry—that most unlovely thing in woman! What can she know of the endless silent adjustments of sympathy, the perpetual vigilance masked by suavity, the consideration for the comforts, not to say the stupidities and eccentricities of others, which are the very foundation of any gracious and happy conduct of a household? She hardly knows the cost of the clothes she wears. She is wholly ignorant of that of the food she eats. If, when her school-days are over, she takes up some wage-earning work, her disqualifications are increased. For the girl who has once experienced the joys of independence, even the minor excitements of going forth daily to business, be that business never so mechanical, by tram, or train, or 'bus, finds the confinement of home-staying and the manifold detail of housekeeping intolerable. She has, in point of fact, become nomadic—the artificial nomad of the overgrown cities and suburbs of modern civilisation, a wholly different being to the natural nomad, wandering, sun and wind enchanted, across the vast untenanted spaces of this most goodly earth. She has no use for a house save to change her clothes and sleep in. A single-room lodging and a restaurant to eat at please her far better than any home, since the latter necessarily implies restrictions and obligations, and these irritate her. She counts them a waste of time; her desire for beauty and dignity in her personal surroundings being scanty, and her desire for repose non-existent. If she should unluckily break down in nerves or in health, are there not rest-cures and hospitals, where that which is physically necessary can be done for her at the price of a moderate cash payment? A sympathetic atmosphere, refinements of privacy, a shrinking in illness from the touch of strange hands and sight of strange faces—to all these she is curiously blunted and indifferent.

What, then, about her future, both as to her individual happiness and her office in the modern state? The women of the aristocratic class and the women of the people, in relation to whom man is still autocratic, have been proved to be practically unaffected

by the emancipatory movement of the last half century. So it is solely the women of the middle-class, of the democratic and progressive class, broadly speaking of the intellectual and artistic class, in respect of whom we appear to have arrived at this *impasse*. These women, who should, from their intelligence and ability, supply a supremely valuable element in the life of the nation and development of the best tendencies, mental and physical, of the race, are precisely those who repudiate all responsibility in these matters. You may charm the labourer back to the land by the bribe of ownership, though the freehold offered him be of the smallest extent; for land-hunger is still strong in all those whose forefathers have had intimate dealings with mother-earth, learnt her lore, and worshipped at the shrine of her ancient deities. But by what form of bribery, by what appeal to the magic of hereditary instinct, you can charm the New Woman—sexless, homeless, unmaternal as she increasingly is—back to the store-closet and the nursery, it is difficult, indeed, to say! Therefore, while admiring President Roosevelt's sane and simple view of the relation of the sexes, and believing that under less disastrously complex conditions it would make for the good of the State and the happiness of the individual alike, we are constrained to pronounce that view visionary and chimerical, a counsel of perfection for elect souls, but useless as leverage for the mass, unless some more potent factor than an obligation of abstract patriotism enters into the question; unless—to return to our first contention—having gone far enough West we are in very truth coming East, and that with direct and far-reaching results. Should this prove to be the case, President Roosevelt's views—both as quoted at the beginning of this article from his message to Congress, and as more recently set forth by him in his address to the American National Congress of Mothers—may very well cease to be reckoned visionary, and be welcomed as prophetic, the declaration by one man of ideas which gradually and as yet, for the majority, unconsciously are affecting the thought and purpose of all. Mysterious influences, coming one knows not whence, at times sweep over the minds of nations as the wind sweeps over a field of wheat. Every head must bow before them, willingly or not, and bow in a common direction under the compelling force of a power unseen but absolute. Are there not signs that in English-speaking Protestant countries we are on the eve of some remarkable and widespread *influencing* of this sort? Men and women will deplore it as retrogressive and reactionary, or hail it as full of healthful promise, according to their personal convictions and temperament; but its existence no serious student of contemporary affairs and contemporary thought will deny. To give instances. In the department of politics, are not the divided

counsels and apparent collapse of the Liberal Party, the growth of Imperialism, with its twofold consequences of commercial expansion and militarism, among such signs? In the department of science is not the revolt from materialism, the unaggressive even friendly attitude adopted by the younger physicists and biologists towards mental and spiritual phenomena a sign? While in the department of religion, the unostentatious yet steady advance of the great mother church of Christendom, despoiled, penalised, scoffed at in England as obscurantist during close on four centuries, forces recognition that not only the logic of history is with her, but the even more convincing logic of the needs and aspirations of the human heart.

In truth it is hardly too much to assert that most of the beliefs in which we, of the elder generation, were brought up have been a good deal discredited by experience, and having been given sufficiency of rope, seem rather effectually in process of hanging themselves; or, to put it alike more justly and more gratefully, having served their turn, and done their appointed work, are in process of dying. Let us bury them not without tears, for they, too, had their days of effulgence and golden hope, such as, whether justified by the event or not, remain a precious asset in human history. Is the Woman's Movement among these? This one wonders a little and asks, though conscious it would be premature to attempt a definite answer, whether negative or affirmative, as yet. The next ten years will decide, in this as in much else of vital interest to the humanist, whether the reaction, of which we have already spoken, is to be a thing of really fundamental and permanent force.

But assuming, for the sake of argument, that the Woman's Movement has run its course and is doomed to dissolution, of this we may, I think, be certain, that, as far as our own country is concerned, its death will be a painless one, brought about not by violence, but by inanition, by a process of conversion from within the ranks of the feminine army, not by coercion from without. Any active interference with, or limiting by legislation of the intellectual, social, and civic freedom which women have gained for their sex is not to be feared for a moment. It is contrary to the temper of English sentiment, and to the sense of justice and common-sense of our countrymen. The doors which women have forced will remain open; but it is to be seen whether, as time goes on, unless driven to do so by the push of some exceptional talent or by the push of poverty, women will continue to go forth through those doors into the strain and stress of the working world.

The woman of conspicuous gifts, still more the woman of genius, will continue to go forth. She has done so in the past. She will



do so in the future. But she is a law unto herself. Neither the closing nor opening of doors makes much difference to her. She will stir the hearts of men, and generally contrive to break her own, on to the end of the earthly chapter. One does not pity her, nor does one greatly envy her. For to possess the dual nature—a man's brain and ambitions, and woman's capacity of loving and suffering along with that most intricate and capricious piece of mechanism, a woman's body—is, indeed, to dwell in a city divided against itself and to be unevenly yoked with an unbeliever. Probably it is the most enlightening of all human experiences. Certainly close observation of such rather cruelly over-endowed beings tends to the conviction that it must, also, be among quite the most agitating and dangerous.

The woman who is compelled by circumstances to earn her livelihood will likewise continue of necessity to go forth—but for her those open doors are an incalculable gain. They at once simplify and dignify her outlook. In all departments of modern activity the tendency is towards specialisation; and it is not improbable that the educated working women of the future will come to form a caste apart, ruled by its own standards of loyalty and honour, its own organisations, its own laws written and unwritten. This caste will be recruited not only from among those who must work, but from among those—there will always be a fair number of such—whose intelligence is in excess of their emotional capacity, women who, even though they have money and position, definitely prefer celibacy to married life. These single women—as distinct from unmarried women—are healthy, sensible, and notably useful persons. They are, it may be added, exclusively a product of the Anglo-Saxon race. As an example and encouragement to their less happy sisters, who are constrained to work not because they covet to do so but because they must, these women are invaluable. One looks at them with deep respect, for they are never among the sinners. Then one restores the balance of one's self-esteem by the reflection that, also, they are never among the saints.

But a very large majority of the young women who have recently affected to despise mankind and clamoured for the right to live their own lives belong to neither of the above orders. They have merely been affected by a prevailing fashion. Let the fashion change, their views will change along with it; and it is they who, though the doors still stand open, will exhibit no over-mastering desire to cross the threshold. For is it not among the constant characteristics of the feminine mind—a mind, from the beginning of things, somewhat perversely addicted to experiment—that complete liberty to act in a given manner takes away the desire so to act?

Remove the prohibition and, in nine cases out of ten, you remove the inclination likewise.

Therefore, if some great reaction in thought and practice, such as we have attempted to indicate, does actually obtain, there will be no valid cause for tears or lamentation in regard to even the middle-class, modern Englishwoman. No cruelties will be inflicted upon her. She will be subjected to no serious hardship, for she will be not a victim but a consenting party. The exaggerations, the abnormalities and absurdities engendered by the Woman's Movement will vanish, borne away by the breath of that strange wind of destiny which sweeps across the human field of wheat—and a very good thing too, for undoubtedly the movement has given rise to a large amount of peculiarly pernicious nonsense in speech and thought—but solid advantages will remain both to individuals and to the mass. The history of the Agricultural Labourers' Union offers, in this connection, a parallel eminently to the point. True it is now a thing of the past, yet its effects are in many respects permanent and very beneficial. It has changed the status of the English labourer, conferring upon him rights of which he cannot be deprived, and which give him weight and importance in the corporate life of the nation. Broadly speaking, the Union has raised him from the position of a serf to that of the responsible citizen. And something closely approaching this, even though it develop no further, even though it suffer speedy dissolution, the Woman's Movement will have effected for the women of the English middle-class. It has made the way of the girl who must needs earn her own bread far easier, both in opportunity and in social consideration. While for those who are not compelled to labour it has created opportunity also. Motherhood and housewifery may once more become for them the object and the ideal. But the middle-class woman will approach these things from a different level, since her position has been changed and raised. In many directions she has proved herself competent; and it is impossible that, though she devote her life to the bearing of children, the ruling of servants, and the keeping of house, according to the fashion of the women of past generations, she should ever decline again, unless she herself wills it, to the level of the mere play-thing, chattel, or squaw.

LUCAS MALET.

## THE CALLING OF THE ACTOR.<sup>1</sup>

I RECEIVED, not very long ago, in a provincial town, a letter from a young lady, who wished to adopt the stage as a profession but was troubled in her mind by certain anxieties and uncertainties. These she desired me to relieve. The questions asked by my correspondent are rather typical questions—questions that are generally asked by those who, approaching the stage from the outside, in the light of prejudice and misrepresentation, believe the calling of the actor to be one morally dangerous and intellectually contemptible; one in which it is equally easy to succeed as an artist and degenerate as an individual. She begins by telling me that she has a “fancy for the stage,” and has “heard a great many things about it.” Now, for any man or woman to become an actor or actress because they have a “fancy for the stage” is in itself the height of folly. There is no calling, I would venture to say, which demands on the part of the aspirant greater searching of heart, thought, deliberation, real assurance of fitness, reasonable prospect of success before deciding to follow it, than that of the actor. And not the least advantage of a dramatic school lies in the fact that some of its pupils may learn to reconsider their determination to go on the stage, become convinced of their own unfitness, recognise in time that they will be wise to abandon a career which must always be hazardous and difficult even to those who are successful, and cruel to those who fail. Let it be something far sterner and stronger than mere fancy that decides you to try your fortunes in the theatre.

My correspondent says she has “heard a great many things about the stage.” If I might presume to offer a piece of advice, it would be this:—Never believe anything you hear about actors and actresses from those who are not actually familiar with them. The amount of nonsense, untruth, sometimes mischievous, often silly, talked by otherwise rational people about the theatre, is inconceivable were it not for one’s own personal experience. It is one of the penalties of the glamour, the illusion of the actor’s art, that the public who see men and women in fictitious but highly exciting and moving situations on the stage, cannot believe that when they quit the theatre, they leave behind them the emotions, the actions they have portrayed there. And as there is no class of public servants in whom the public they serve take so keen an interest as actors and actresses, the wildest

(1) A lecture given to the Academy of Dramatic Art.

inventions about their private lives and domestic behaviour, pass as current, and are eagerly retailed at afternoon teas in suburban drawing-rooms.

Now, the first question my correspondent asks me is this :—“ Does a young woman going on the stage need a good education and also to know languages? ” To answer the first part of the question is not, I think, very difficult. The supremely great actor or actress of natural genius need have no education or knowledge of languages ; it will be immaterial whether he or she has enjoyed all the advantages of birth and education or has been picked up in the streets ; genius, the highest talent, will assert itself irrespective of antecedents. But I should say that any sort of education was of the greatest value to an actor or actress of average ability, and that the fact that the ranks of the stage are recruited to-day to a certain extent from our great schools and universities, from among classes of people who fifty years ago would never have dreamed of entering our calling, is one on which we may congratulate ourselves. Though the production of great actors and actresses will not be affected either one way or the other by these circumstances, at the same time our calling must benefit in the general level of its excellence, in its fitness to represent all grades of society on the stage, if those who follow it are picked from all classes, if the stage has ceased to be regarded as a calling unfit for a man or woman of breeding or education.

The second question this lady asks me is this : “ Does she need to have her voice trained, and about what age do people generally commence to go on the stage? ” The first part of this question as to voice training touches on the value of an Academy of Acting. Of the value—the practical value—of such an institution rightly conducted there can be no doubt. That acting cannot be taught is a well-worn maxim and perhaps a true one ; but acting can be disciplined ; the ebullient, sometimes eccentric and disordered manifestations of budding talent may be modified by the art of the teacher ; those rudiments, which many so often acquire painfully in the course of rehearsal, the pupils who leave an academy should be masters of and so save much time and trouble to those whose business it is to produce plays. The want of any means of training the beginner, of coping at all with the floods of men and women, fit and unfit, who are ever clamouring at the doors of the theatre, has been a long-crying and much-felt grievance. The establishment of this academy should go far to remove what has been by no means an unjust reproach to our theatrical system. As to the age at which a person should begin a theatrical career, I do not think there

is any actor or actress who would not say that it is impossible to begin too early—at least, as early as a police magistrate will allow. That art is long and life short applies quite as truthfully to the actor's as to any other art, and as the years go on there must be many who regret that they did not sooner decide to follow a calling which seems to carry one all too quickly through the flight of time.

My correspondent also asks me a question which I shall answer very briefly, but which it is as well should be answered. She writes, "Are there many temptations for a girl on the stage, and need she necessarily fall into them?" Of course there are such temptations on the stage, as there must be in any calling in which men and women are brought into contact on a footing of equality; perhaps these temptations are somewhat intensified in the theatre. At the same time, I would venture to say from my own experience of that branch of theatrical business with which I have been connected—and in such matters one can only speak from personal experience—that any woman yielding to these temptations has only herself to blame, that any well-brought-up, sensible girl will, and can, avoid them altogether, and that I should not make these temptations a ground for dissuading any young woman in whom I might be interested from joining our calling. To say, as a writer once said, that it was impossible for a girl to succeed on the stage without impaired morals, is a statement as untrue as to say that no man can succeed as a lawyer unless he be a rogue, a doctor unless he be a quack, a parson unless he be a hypocrite.

To all who intend to become actors and actresses, my first word of advice would be—Respect this calling you have chosen to pursue. You will often in your experience hear it, see it in print, slighted and contemned. There are many reasons for this. Religious prejudice, fostered by the traditions of a by no means obsolete Puritanism, is one; the envy of those who, forgetting the disadvantages, the difficulties, the uncertainty of the actor's life, see only the glare of popular adulation, the glitter of the comparatively large salaries paid to a few of us—such unreasoning envy as this is another; and the want of sympathy of some writers with the art itself, who, unable to pray with Goethe and Voltaire, remain to scoff with Jeremy Collier, is a third. There are causes from without that will always keep alive a certain measure of hostility towards the player. As long as the public, in Hazlitt's words, feel more respect for John Kemble in a plain coat than the Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack, so long will this public regard for the actor provoke the resentment of those whose achievements in art appeal less immediately, less strikingly, to

their audience. But if they would only pause to consider, surely they might lay to their souls the unction that the immediate reward of the actor in his lifetime is merely nature's compensation to him for the comparative oblivion of his achievements when he has ceased to be. Imagine for one moment Shakespeare and Garrick contemplating at the present moment from the heights the spectacle of their fame. Who would grudge the actor the few years of fervid admiration he was privileged to enjoy some 150 years ago as compared with the centuries of living glory that have fallen to the great poet?

Sometimes you may hear your calling sneered at by those who pursue it. There are few professions that are not similarly girded at by some of their own members, either from disappointment or some ingrained discontent. When you hear such detraction, fix your thoughts not on the paltry accidents of your art, such as the use of cosmetics and other little infirmities of its practice, things that are obvious marks for the cheap sneer, but look rather to what that art is capable of in its highest forms, to what is the essence of the actor's achievement, what he can do and has done to win the genuine admiration and respect of those whose admiration and respect have been worth the having.

You will read and hear, no doubt, in your experience, that acting is in reality no art at all, that it is mere sedulous copying of nature demanding neither thought nor originality. I will only cite in reply a passage from a letter of the poet Coleridge to the elder Charles Mathews, which, I venture to think, goes some way to settle the question. "A great actor," he writes, "comic or tragic, is not to be a mere copy, a fac-simile, but an imitation of nature; now an imitation differs from a copy in this, that it of necessity implies and demands a difference, whereas a copy aims at identity; and what a marble peach on the mantel-piece, that you take up deluded and put down with a pettish disgust, is compared with a fruit-piece of Vanhuysen's, even such is a mere copy of nature, with a true histrionic imitation. A good actor is Pygmalion's statue, a work of exquisite art, animated and gifted with motion; but still art, still a species of poetry." So writes Coleridge. Raphael, speaking of painting, expresses the same thought, equally applicable to the art of acting. "To paint a fair one," he says, "it is necessary for me to see many fair ones; but because there is so great a scarcity of lovely women, I am constrained to make use of one certain ideal, which I have formed to myself in my own fancy." So the actor who has to portray Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth—any great dramatic character—has to form an ideal of such a character in his own fancy, in fact, to employ an exercise of imagination similar to that of the painter

who seeks to depict an ideal man or woman; the actor certainly will not meet his types of Hamlet and Othello in the street.

But, whilst in your hearts you should cherish a firm respect for the calling, the art you pursue, let that respect be a silent and modest regard; it will be all the stronger for that. I have known actors and actresses who were always talking about their art with a big A, their "art-life," their "life-work," their careers and futures, and so on. Keep these things to yourselves, for I have observed that eloquence and hyper-earnestness of this kind not infrequently go with rather disappointing achievement. Think, act, but don't talk about it. And, above all, because you are actors and actresses, for that very reason be sincere and unaffected; avoid rather than court publicity, for you will have quite enough of it if you get on in your profession; the successful actor is being constantly tempted to indiscretion. Do not yield too readily to the blandishments of the photographer or the enterprising editor who asks you what are the love scenes you have most enjoyed playing on the stage, and whether an actor or actress can be happy though married. Be natural on the stage, and be just as natural off it; regard the thing you have to do as work that has to be done to the best of your power; if it be well done, it will bring its own reward. It may not be an immediate reward, but have faith, keep your purpose serious, so serious as to be almost a secret; bear in mind that ordinary people expect you, just because you are actors and actresses, to be extraordinary, unnatural, peculiar; do your utmost at all times and seasons to disappoint such expectations.

English actors and actresses should remember that they are fortunate at least in one respect; in no country in the world are actors so well considered, so socially acceptable as here in England. A very famous critic wrote a hundred years ago, "the actor has now an opportunity of being as respectable as he may be, because his profession is respected as it ought to be." This was true more than a hundred years ago, when Voltaire bitterly compared the refusal of the Roman Catholic Church in France to bury with decency the famous actress, Adrienne Lecouvreur, with the fact that our Nance Oldfield was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. It is equally true in, of course, a modified form to-day. Whilst, abroad, the actor and actress are barely regarded as ordinary citizens, here in England they labour under few serious disabilities. To the successful actor society, if he desire it, offers a warm and cordial welcome. Its members do not, it is true, suggest that he should marry with their daughters, but why should they? An actor has a very unattractive kind of life to offer to any woman who is not herself following his profession.

What I mean is that the fact of a man being an actor does not debar him from such gratification as he may find in the pleasures of society. And I believe with the great critic I have quoted that the effect of such raising of the actor's status as has been witnessed in the last fifty years has been to elevate the general tone of our calling and bring into it men and women of education and refinement.

At the same time, remember that social enjoyments should always be a secondary consideration to the actor, something of a luxury to be sparingly indulged in. An actor should never let himself be beguiled into the belief that society, generally speaking, is seriously interested in what he does, or that popularity in drawing-rooms connotes success in the theatre. It does nothing of the kind. Always remember that you can hope to have but few, very few, friends or admirers of any class who will pay to see you in a failure; you will be lucky if a certain number do not ask you for free admission to see you in a success.

It is to a public far larger, far more real and genuine than this, that you will one day have to appeal. It is in their presence that you will finish your education. The final school for the actor is his audience; they are the necessary complement to the exercise of his art, and it is by the impression he produces on them that he will ultimately stand or fall; on their verdict, and on their verdict alone, will his success or failure as an artist depend. But, if you have followed carefully, assiduously, the course of instruction now open to you, when the time has arrived for you to face an audience you will start with a very considerable handicap in your favour. If you have learnt to move well and to speak well, to be clear in your enunciation and graceful in your bearing, you are bound to arrest at once the attention of any audience, no matter where it may be, before whom you appear. Obvious and necessary as are these two acquirements of graceful bearing and correct diction, they are not so generally diffused as to cease to be remarkable. Consequently, however modest your beginning on the stage, however short the part you may be called upon to play, you should find immediately the benefit of your training. You may have to unlearn a certain amount, or rather to mould and shape what you have learnt to your new conditions, but if you have been well grounded in the essential elements of an actor's education, you will start with an enormous advantage over such of your competitors as have waited till they go into a theatre to learn what can be acquired just as well, better, more thoroughly, outside it.

It has been my object to deal generally with the actor's calling, a calling, difficult and hazardous in character, demanding much



patience, self-reliance, determination, and good temper. This last is not one of its least important demands on your character. Remember that the actor is not in one sense of the word an independent artist; it is his misfortune that the practice of his art is absolutely dependent on the fulfilment of elaborate external conditions. The painter, the musician, so long as they can find paint and canvas, ink and paper, can work at their art, alone, independent of external circumstances. Not so the actor. Before he can act, the theatre, the play, scenery, company, these requisites, not by any means too easy to find, must be provided. And then it is in the company of others, his colleagues, that his work has to be done. Consequently patience, good temper, fairness, unselfishness are qualities he will do well to cultivate, and he will lose nothing, rather gain, by the exercise of them. The selfish actor is not a popular person, and, in my experience, not as a rule a successful one. "Give and take," in this little world of the theatre, and you will be no losers by it.

Learn to bear failure and criticism patiently. They are part of the actor's lot in life. Critics are rarely animated by any personal hostility in what they may write about you, though I confess that when one reads an unfavourable criticism, one is inclined to set it down to anything but one's own deserving. I heard a great actor once say that we should never read criticisms of ourselves till a week after they were written—admirable counsel—but I confess I have not yet reached that pitch of self-restraint that would enable me to overcome my curiosity for seven days. It is, however, a state of equanimity to look forward to. In the meantime, content yourself with the recollection that ridicule and damning criticism have been the lot at some time in their lives of the most famous actors and actresses, that the unfavourable verdict of to-day may be reversed to-morrow. It is no good resenting failure; turn it to account rather; try to understand it, and learn something from it. The uses of theatrical adversity may not be sweet, but rightly understood they may be very salutary.

Do not let failure make you despond. Ours is a calling of ups and downs; it is an advantage of its uncertainty that you never know what may happen next; the darkest hour may be very near the dawn. This is where Bohemianism, in the best sense of the term, will serve the actor. I do not mean by Bohemianism chronic intemperance and insolvency; I mean the gay spirit of daring and enterprise that greets failure as graciously as success, the love of your own calling and your comrades in that calling, a love that, no matter what your measure of success, will ever remain constant and enduring, the recognition of the fact that

as an actor you but consult your own dignity in placing your own calling as a thing apart, in leading such a life as the necessities of that calling may demand, and choosing your friends among those who regard you for yourself, not those to whom an actor is a social puppet, to be taken up and dropped as he happens for the moment to be more or less prominent in the public eye. If this kind of Bohemianism has some root in your character, you will find the changes and chances of your calling the easier to endure.

Do not despond in failure, neither be over-exalted by success. Remember one success is as nothing in the history of an actor's career; he has to make many before he can lay claim to any measure of fame; and over-confidence, an inability to estimate rightly the value of a passing triumph, has before now harmed incalculably many an actor or actress. You will only cease to learn your business when you quit it; look on success as but another lesson learnt to be turned to account in learning the next. The art of the actor is no less difficult, no less long in comparison with life, than any other art. In the intoxicating hour of success let this chastening thought have some place in your recollection.

When you begin work as actors or actresses, play whenever you can and whatever you can. Remember that the great thing for the actor is to be seen as often as possible, to be before the public as much as he can, no matter how modest the part, how insignificant the production. It is only when an actor has reached a position very secure in the public esteem that he can afford, or that it may be his duty, to be careful as to what he undertakes. But before such a time is reached his one supreme object must be to get himself known to the public, to let them see his work under all conditions, until they find something to identify as peculiarly his own; he should think nothing too small or unimportant to do, too tiresome or laborious to undergo. Work well and conscientiously done must attract attention; there is a great deal of lolling and idleness among the many thoughtless and indifferent persons who drift on to the stage as the last refuge of the negligent or incompetent. The stage will always attract a certain number of worthless recruits because it is so easy to get into the theatre somehow or other; there is no examination to be passed, no qualification to be proved before a person is entitled to call himself an actor. And then the life of an actor is unfortunately, in these days of long runs, one that lends itself to a good deal of idleness and waste of time, unless a man or woman be very determined to employ their spare time profitably. For this reason, I should advise any actor or actress, especially in London, to cultivate some rational hobby or interest by the

side of their work; for until the time comes for an actor to assume the cares and labours of management, he must have a great deal of time on his hands that can be better employed than in hanging about clubs or lolling in drawing-rooms. At any rate, the actor or actress who thinks no work too small to do, and to do to the utmost of his or her ability, who neglects no opportunity that may be turned to account—and every line he or she speaks is an opportunity—must outstrip those young persons who, though they may be pleased to call themselves actors and actresses, never learn to regard the théâtre as anything but a kind of enlarged back-drawing-room, in which they are invited to amuse themselves at an altogether inadequate salary.

In regard to salary, when you start in your profession, do not make salary your first consideration; do not suffer a few shillings or a pound or two to stand between you and work. This is a consideration you may keep well in mind, even when you have achieved some measure of success. Apart from the natural tendency of the individual to place a higher value on his services than that attached to them by others, it is often well to take something less than you ask, if the work offered you is useful. Remember that the public judge you by your work; they know nothing and care little about what is being paid you for doing it. To some people their own affairs are of such supreme importance that they cannot believe that their personal concerns are unknown to, and unregarded by, the outside world. The intensely personal, individual character of the actor's work is bound to induce a certain temptation to an exaggerated egotism. We are all egotists, and it is right that we should be, up to a point. But I would urge the young actor or actress to be always on the watch against developing, especially in success, an extreme egotism which induces a selfishness of outlook, an egregious vanity that in the long run weakens the character, induces disappointment and discontent, and bores to extinction other persons. Disraeli on one occasion, when asked to speak words of pregnant wisdom to the small child of an admirer, laid his hand on the infant's head, and said, "My dear child, never ask who cut off the head of King Charles I., or wrote the *Letters of Junius*; for, if you do, people will regard you as a bore, and that is the worst thing that can befall any man." I cannot help thinking that had Disraeli encountered some of those actors and actresses whose one absorbing topic is themselves, their careers, their futures, their triumphs, and their grievances, he would have said, "Do by all means ask who cut off Charles I.'s head, or who wrote the *Letters of Junius*; study the questions exhaustively, and talk about them at every opportunity; anything, any subject, however trite or well worn.

would be preferable to the very limited and comparatively uninteresting topic of yourself." I would not for one moment advise an actor never to talk "shop"; it is a great mistake to think that men and women should never talk in public or private about the thing to which they devote their lives; people, as a rule, are most interesting on the subject of their own particular business in life. Talk about the affairs of the theatre within reason, and with due regard to the amenities of polite conversation, but do not confuse the affairs of the theatre, broadly speaking, with your own. The one is lasting, general; the other particular and fleeting. "*Il n'y a pas de l'homme nécessaire.*" Many persons would be strangely surprised if they could see how rapidly their place is filled after they are gone, no matter how considerable their achievement. It may not be filled in the same way, as well, as fittingly, but it will be filled, and humanity will content itself very fairly well with the substitute. This is especially true of the work of the actor. He can but live as a memory, and memory is proverbially short.

H. B. IRVING.

## A VALUATION OF MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

THE publication of Mr. Stephen Phillips's latest poetic drama, *The Sin of David*, seems to offer a convenient opportunity for a consideration of his abilities as a dramatist and a poet. The period of promise is over and the period of fulfilment, considering that this is Mr. Phillips's fourth play, has, or ought to have, begun. A few years ago the acclamations of reviewers would have drowned any attempt at a sane and dispassionate criticism of Mr. Phillips's work. Never has a young man, at his first entry into the literary world, been so enthusiastically greeted. Take, for instance, the following sentence, culled from the Press notices of *Paolo and Francesca* :—"Mr. Phillips (I quote from memory) has demonstrated what we should have thought incapable of demonstration, that another poem could be finer than 'Christ in Hades'!" Surely many among the illustrious dead must have turned in their graves as this sentence was written! But praise of this sort is, of course, intolerable. It is both uncritical and hysterical. Not only is it an insult to English literature but it is a millstone round the neck of the poet. What sort of standard was this that Mr. Phillips was asked to live up to? From such a pinnacle there could be no ascent, only decline; and, as far as Press criticism goes, it is to be feared that Mr. Phillips has in some degree experienced the bitterness of that downward path. A glance at the Press notices of *The Sin of David* shows that Mr. Phillips has ceased to be a superstition. The general tone of criticism is cooler, even where it is not actually disparaging. There is no longer that rapture of acknowledgment or that eagerness of expectation which were apparent a few years ago. Probably the summit of Mr. Phillips's popularity was just before the production of *Herod* at His Majesty's Theatre. Up to that time we had only the *Poems* and *Paolo and Francesca*, both almost unparalleled popular successes. From the moment of the production of *Herod* popular estimation began to cool. The production of *Paolo* at the St. James's was also somewhat of a disappointment and did nothing to reinstate Mr. Phillips in his old position. Since then, whether it be that Time makes for the sane and the normal, or that Mr. Phillips has gone back instead of forward, it is clear enough to those who have followed his career that he is less of a figure in contemporary literature than he was.

Now such a change in public opinion has usually a rational

cause. It is only after the voices of the critics have died away that a book or a play can be judged on its merits. The silent process of reading and re-reading in private, the discussion and exchange of views amongst individuals, and the final test of durability supplied by the lapse of time—these are the things which give the authoritative verdict on a literary reputation. In Mr. Phillips's case the lapse of time has been short, considering that we have to do with an author who has been seriously encouraged in his bid for immortality. Four or five years at most—and now we may find one reviewer comparing him unfavourably with the author of *The Prayer of the Sword*, while another goes so far as to use the following words in reference to a recently published collection of poems by living writers: "We do not miss the work of the Poet Laureate or Mr. Stephen Phillips, but we do not find it here." Furthermore, anyone who desires to purchase a first edition copy of any of Mr. Phillips's work will find that he has to pay twelve shillings less for it than he would have done three years ago.

The change in valuation, then, is a real change, and seems to be widespread. It may be, of course, that this is only one more instance of the pendulum swing of literary reputations. But I am inclined to think that this is not the case, and that the decline in Mr. Phillips's popularity is due to a calmer and maturer estimate of his attainments. Since, then, any such decline naturally dates from a time subsequent to the publication of the *Poems*, it follows that it is with Mr. Phillips's dramatic work that critics are dissatisfied; and it is in connection with this that I wish to put forward a few suggestions.

Mr. Phillips, as is well known, began his literary career as a writer of lyrics and narrative poems of a lyrical character. To these he brought a strongly emotional temperament and a curious vein of mysticism which appealed to the imagination of the public. *Christ in Hades* and *Marpessa* both reveal these qualities very vividly. They are successful because they afford the poet an environment in which he can move easily and naturally. The un-earthliness of *Christ in Hades* and the remote mythological setting of *Marpessa* carry him away to just that distance from actual life which suits his peculiar bent. Now, this admixture of mysticism and emotion, in itself, is not what one would have described as a promising asset for a would-be dramatist. But Mr. Phillips had at one time been an actor and, fired possibly by a spirit of ambition to emulate the highest that had been done in English literature, naturally bethought him of writing a blank-verse play. Apart from the encouragement he had received from the Press, a sufficient motive may be found for him in the desire of every young poet

to attempt the utmost possible. The perpetual lode-star of all post-Elizabethan poets has been the drama of Shakespeare. There it stands, an eternal provocation and incitement to the young writer conscious of his powers yet ignorant of his limitations. This is a healthy instinct, like all aspirations after the highest, however irrational or ill-supported they may be. But it has led to more failures on the part of great poets than any other influence in literature. There is hardly an eminent name throughout the roll of post-Shakespearian English poets with whom we cannot associate some unsuccessful attempt at poetic drama. When Mr. Phillips set about the writing of *Paolo and Francesca*, the failures of Lord Tennyson in drama were fresh in the public mind. There could have been no better instance of the difficulties which attend the writing of plays when the writer happens not to possess those specific qualities which go to make the true poetic dramatist. Tennyson had the art of poetry at his finger-ends. In every way he was more highly gifted and artistically more accomplished than Mr. Phillips, yet Mr. Phillips, at his first attempt, managed to produce a play which immediately eclipsed in popularity anything that the older and more distinguished poet had attempted in the same line. The success of *Paolo and Francesca*, as a reading play, was as instantaneous and assured as that of the earlier lyrics. It was thought on all sides that at last the looked-for poetic dramatist had appeared who was to carry on the noble traditions of the Elizabethan stage. Mr. Phillips was naturally encouraged to go on writing plays, and has in consequence devoted himself exclusively to this branch of composition. Yet for some time past there has been a growing conviction that our hopes have been somewhat misplaced, and that he is not destined to achieve the great things which were at one time predicted of him.

To what is this feeling due? To the present writer, despite the extraordinary success of *Paolo and Francesca*, the cause seems to be nothing more or less than this—that we are beginning to realise that Mr. Phillips is not a dramatist. After a careful consideration of Mr. Phillips's work, I have come to the conclusion that his only qualifications for the writing of drama consist in a knowledge of stage-craft, derived from some years' practical experience as an actor, and a facility in expressing strong lyrical emotion. Beyond these two things he seems to me to lack utterly all those many and diverse qualities which are essential to the great dramatic poet. He lacks, that is to say, the power of apprehending and handling a problem, of portraying character, of introducing that multiplex diversity of colour into his treatment, and, incidentally, into his verse, which the great traditions of English poetical drama have led us to demand. In short, I hold

Mr. Phillips to be, as I have said, merely an emotional lyrist with some knowledge of the technique of the stage.

Such meagreness of equipment, if what I say be true, will show itself in many obvious directions. It therefore remains to illustrate what I mean by reference to Mr. Phillips's work; and for this purpose I select *The Sin of David*, being, as it is, a new play, fresh in the public mind and as yet little written about, and also because in this, Mr. Phillips's latest dramatic work, we are justified in expecting a greater maturity and a firmer consolidation of the writer's style and treatment.

I propose, therefore, briefly to examine *The Sin of David* with a view to finding an answer to three questions:—(1) Can Mr. Phillips handle a problem? (2) What skill has he in the delineation of character? (3) Is his verse entitled to esteem, either as dramatic verse or, more simply, as verse?

First, then, as to the problem involved in *The Sin of David*. This problem is, as the author avows by his choice of title, that of the well-known Biblical story of Uriah the Hittite; only, for reasons probably connected with the Censor, Mr. Phillips has transferred his period and scene of action to Puritan times in England during the Civil Wars. Without giving the story of the play, which by this time is doubtless familiar to our readers, it will be sufficient to say that David becomes Sir Hubert Lisle, commander of the Roundhead forces in the Fenland; Bathsheba becomes Miriam, wife of Mardyke, an old Puritan officer, who, in his turn, is naturally the representative of the ill-fated Uriah.

It will be readily seen that Mr. Phillips has selected a theme of the highest dramatic possibilities. It is of a Greek simplicity, and is inspired by the typically Greek idea of Nemesis, that mysterious consummation of a Fate which is higher than the Gods. Every great serious play, if we examine it, will be found to contain something of this idea of Nemesis. Sometimes, as in Greek tragedy, or this play of Mr. Phillips's, it takes the form of a Nemesis which follows upon a particular action. At other times it appears in more subtle guise—as the Nemesis of heredity, or of character, or of uncontrollable events—in which case it may even become the Nemesis of inaction. When it takes this form, the whole cast of a play becomes more intricate and psychological. *Hamlet* is a play of this type. The Nemesis of definite action is to be found in a play like *Macbeth*, in which the final assertion of the eternal justice is hardly less obvious than the Nemesis of the police court.

Of the latter type, then, is *The Sin of David*. The cause which sets the retributive destiny moving is a certain clearly defined act—the sending of Mardyke to his death by Sir Hubert Lisle, in



order that he—Sir Hubert—may be able to wed Mardyke's wife, Miriam. Thus the motive of the play is of a naked simplicity which, for its truest artistic exposition, demands a simple and straightforward treatment.

But a simple and straightforward treatment demands, unfortunately, a great artist. Among many other qualities, it calls for courage—courage to look the facts in the face without flinching. Mr. Phillips, with sorrow be it said, has flinched. He has allowed himself to make comfortable explanations which blunt the edge of the problem. This lack of courage on his part I attribute to the limitations of his intellectual grasp of life, and, indirectly, to the conventional attitude which a theatrical training invariably imposes upon its devotees.

Let me now show, in a few words, how Mr. Phillips has hedged at the three crucial points of his play.

The first of these points is where Lisle falls in love with Miriam, a married woman; and Miriam, a married woman, responds by falling in love with Lisle. Of course, from the point of view of accepted social morality, this is a very shocking state of affairs. No hero or heroine must be allowed to act like this without the very strongest excuse. Therefore, Mr. Phillips, as in *Paolo and Francesca*, arranges the circumstances of the marriage so that they shall be unendurable to any woman possessed of that sensitiveness and high spirit which we are accustomed to associate with the stage heroine. Whereas there is nothing to show that the original Uriah was not an admirable husband to Bathsheba, Mardyke is presented to us as a bully, hard and unsympathetic, and double his wife's age. Let us listen a moment to his mode of addressing her:—

MARDYKE.

But hither!

Miriam! Heed well that you displease him not,  
By silly gaud on bosom or in hair,  
Lest he account thee light, a daughter of Gath.  
I'll strip this chain from thee; these wanton beads,  
Meshes of Satan, grind I into dust.

*(He snatches the chain from her roughly and tramples it under foot.)*

Or, later on:—

MARDYKE. Mistress, bestir you! To your household tasks,  
And make this dwelling ready for the night!  
And then to bed! Else will I lock you up:  
Provide you bread to eat, water to drink.  
I'll starve this fiend of indolence out of you.

Soon after this last speech, he seizes her so roughly by the wrist as to raise a conspicuous bruise.

No wonder, therefore, that we find Miriam saying :—

I am no wife to him, and the waked woman  
Within me cries against the yoke and loathes it.

Or :—

A child of him ! I sicken, I quake at it ;  
My very flesh doth shiver

And no wonder she turns readily to the man who can address her in words like these :—

LISLE.     Thou hast unlocked the loveliness of earth,  
              Leading me through thy beauty to all beauty.  
              Thou hast admitted me to mystery,  
              Taught me the different souls of all the stars.

&c., &c., &c.,

Miriam is a woman, and, as a woman, naturally desires to be loved. A husband, like Mardyke, who will trample her necklace under foot and grip her wrist so brutally as to raise a bruise, is obviously intolerable. The audience, whom we suspect Mr. Phillips has ever in his mind's eye, will look forward eagerly to the dissolution of such an ill-assorted match. Consequently, when Mardyke finally disappears, no feeling of pity follows him to his doom. The spectator feels that he has only got what he deserved.

Thus does Mr. Phillips carpet the way for the love of his hero for another man's wife. The effect on the dramatic situation is to rob it of its poignancy. The cruel husband, on the stage, exists only to be got rid of.

Turning now to the second crucial point of the story—the sending of Mardyke to his death—we find Mr. Phillips again obscuring the issue. In the old biblical narrative, David has no shadow of excuse for his action. “ And it came to pass in the morning that David wrote a letter to Joab, and sent it by the hand of Uriah. And he wrote in the letter, saying, ‘ Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die.’ ” Here is the true horror of deliberate murder. Let us observe now how Mr. Phillips tones down the circumstances for his David. A letter comes to Sir Hubert, urgently imploring aid in the attack on Castle Bolingbroke. A man is needed to lead the midnight onslaught—a man “ of such desperate valour, that, in scorn of life he will adventure . . . of such fiery zeal that others follow him. . . . ” ; then an injunction to Sir Hubert, “ knowing well thine own spirit, I entreat that thou, thyself, shalt not so adventure ; for thy life is of the worth of many cities.” Since, then, Lisle is forbidden to volunteer, the task

must devolve upon one of the officers quartered at Rushland House. Of these, Mardyke is a man, according to Lisle :—

. . . . ripe

With such experience *as none other hath*,  
In breaches and in onslaughts both in France  
And in the foreign fenland.

Mardyke, then, is the man whom it is Lisle's duty to send in any case. The only other course is for Lisle to go himself. But he has been forbidden to do this in the letter. Consequently, the sending of Mardyke, although to Lisle's guilty conscience the coincidence of wish and opportunity make it seem a crime, is really no crime at all. The only suggestion of crime lies in Lisle's inward wish that Mardyke will never return. How different is this to the scriptural sin of David! David, with cold-blooded cunning, had adapted circumstances to his end. Lisle has the circumstances forced upon him. Thus the naked problem of the earlier story is so decently apparelled and muffled up by Mr. Phillips, that we rub our eyes in the vain endeavour to recognise in it any problem at all.

One more instance of Mr. Phillips's nice concern for his hero. This occurs in the final act of the play, where the expected blow of Nemesis falls upon the wrongdoer. When I say "falls upon the wrongdoer," I should say "falls upon somebody else," since it falls not directly but obliquely, and the author of the crime has only a sentimental interest in its fall. The actual sufferer is the infant which has been born to Sir Hubert and Miriam in the interval between the second and third acts. This infant dies of a sudden illness five years after the death of Mardyke. Before it dies, however, the poet is at great pains to show us, in the course of a sentimental scene between the parents, how great is their love towards it. His endeavour, of course, is to prove that the death of the child is fully as severe a blow to Sir Hubert as his own death would have been. But in this he is hardly successful, for the simple reason that the child, owing possibly to extreme youth, has not a single line to utter, and thus cannot enlist our sympathies on his own behalf. The only people with whom we can sympathise are the bereaved father and mother, and our sympathy for the father (and indirectly for the mother) is more than half discounted by the feeling that he is extremely lucky to be still alive. Thus, at the end of the play, the two chief characters, after successfully making up a difference which, for the moment, threatens to mar the desired happy ending, go off with every prospect of living, though perhaps at first with a somewhat subdued felicity, happily ever after.

We cannot help feeling, therefore, that Mr. Phillips, in his handling of the uncomfortable subject of punishment, has contrived to make it as comfortable as possible, and that poetic justice has exercised a kindly prudence in the selection of its victim. The reason, of course, for the avoidance of the direct issue, lies in Mr. Phillips's early stage training. One of the conventions of the modern theatre is that the sympathy felt by the audience for the hero and heroine must at no time be shocked. There must be no rough handling of these favoured creatures on the part of the Eternal Fates. If they have to die (as in *Paolo and Francesca*), it must be a death full of poetry and romance, not a death in expiation of a vulgar crime. Nay, more, there must be no such thing as a vulgar crime. It must never be vulgar and, if possible, must be so bolstered up by equivocation as to create a serious doubt as to whether it be a crime at all.

In fact, paradoxical though it may seem, the worst thing that can happen to a writer of the higher drama, in these modern days, is to have been an actor. Mr. Phillips was once an actor; and what he has gained by his experience on the boards seems to me to fall short of what he has lost. He has gained a knowledge of stage-craft, which ensures that his plays will be well-constructed and run rapidly and well. He has lost his grip on life, which means that his plays ring false. There is in them none of that genuine criticism of life which makes us return to a great play time after time, and each time find something new to ponder over and digest. A second reading of one of Mr. Phillips's plays is invariably disappointing. When we have learnt the story and exhausted the immediate emotional appeal, there is little left to which we may return. What seemed powerful at first then comes upon us with a certain tone of *false* *setto*. What was once pathetic fails to excite our sympathy. In short, Mr. Phillips seems to exemplify the truth which, in reality, is at the bottom of the complaints against the modern stage—the truth, namely, that the eye which has been trained to see by the glare of the footlights is ever afterwards ill at ease in the light of the sun. Most of our living playwrights have been actors, and it is a curious fact that at the present moment the only two writers of plays who are possessed of original force and natural insight into character are men who have received no regular theatrical training.

Talking, however, of insight into character, brings me to the second question which I asked about Mr. Phillips—Has Mr. Phillips any skill in the portrayal of character? Since this question is intimately connected with the further inquiry as to the merit of his verse as dramatic verse, I will take the two together.

Every character in a play must be in some degree a type. If

we run our minds over the list of our acquaintances, we find that there is none of them whom we cannot put into some category, more or less broad, as the case may be. A category like "Englishman," for instance, or "healthy," or "good-natured," is extremely broad. The further we qualify, the narrower the category becomes. Thus a category like "healthy, good-natured Englishman, brought up in a country rectory, afterwards successful in business, with wife and six children," will probably include less than a thousand persons living at the same time. Now, any man's individuality is in itself a category with an infinity of terms, and therefore it behoves the dramatist, who seeks to portray men, to enlarge as far as possible the terms of the various categories which include the characters in his play; that is to say, it is his duty to travel as far as possible in the direction of that infinity. If he travel only a short way, he will produce puppets and dummies, not living characters.

Judged by this criterion, Mr. Phillips does not seem to go very far. Often he seems to halt at a point very little beyond the broad type. Take the category "Puritan," for instance. We can easily qualify this three or four times (*e.g.*, "stern, high-principled, God-fearing, given to prayer and the use of devout language, probably hard and unsympathetic, intolerant of weakness in others," &c.), but even when we have done this, we have progressed only a very little way from our starting-point. We have still a long way to go before we reach the warm, live humanity; further still before we come to anything like a clear-cut, well-rounded individuality. Mr. Phillips's Mardyke, however, seems to contain few more terms than those included in the above brackets. Space forbids me to quote, as the quotations necessary for the illustration of a dramatist's conception of a character would have to be somewhat lengthy. But I refer readers to the play.

Take, again, the category "lover." There is no difficulty in qualifying this up to the hilt of convention (*e.g.*, "passionate, lyrical in utterance, self-surrendering, heedless of everything but the object of love, seeing the world with new eyes," &c.). In Mr. Phillips's case there is no need to insert the differentiation "male lover," "female lover," since both are affected in a precisely similar way and use similar language to express their emotions. I cannot resist, in this case, giving the following little quotation from a passage between Lisle and Miriam, in order to show how absolute is this lack of individuality of sex, of attitude, and of manner of speech :—

- A. Peer not into the dark.  
 B. Else will it swallow us. O suddenly  
 We two must hew us out a path.

- A. Disturb not  
This hush and church of passion with the world !  
B. How thy speech wantons, while I stare at life !  
A. Hush ! I am lifted even above hope !  
B. He, he——  
A. Thou hast my spirit, be content.  
O, all that in me wanders and is wild,  
Gathers into one wave that breaks on thee !

I have purposely not appended names, in order to give the reader, who happens not to have read the play, a little intellectual exercise in guessing which of the two persons mentioned is A, and which B.

With this lack of differentiation in the drawing of character goes a corresponding lack in the verse which clothes the dialogue. Mr. Phillips's Puritans speak the same tongue as his Italians in *Paolo and Francesca*, or his Greeks in *Ulysses*, or his divine and mythological persons in *Marpessa*. The reason for this is, that it is Mr. Stephen Phillips, whose voice we are hearing the whole time, albeit the printed directions tell us it is Francesca or Mar-dyke, or Antinous ; and the reason why Mr. Phillips can only speak with one voice is that he is, as I have said, really a lyrist, and not a dramatist at all. This is easily perceived in a perusal of his dialogue. So long as the persons speaking are carried away by the force of some violent emotion, what they say, being emotional and lyric, seems to come fairly appropriately from their lips. But when nothing particular is happening the effect on the verse is deplorable. Instead of some earth-going vehicle, we still have balloons, but balloons only half-inflated and bobbing dismally along. Let me give an instance, from Lisle's first introduction to Miriam, where the two are supposed to be merely exchanging courtesies :—

- LISLE. You are not of our country?  
MIRIAM. No, of France,  
And I was born in the sun's lap—will you  
Not rest awhile?  
LISLE. (*hesitating.*) You are then of that land  
Where flows the crimson wine that now I drink?  
Is't not so?  
MIRIAM. Even so.  
LISLE. (*Holding up the wine.*) And in such glory  
Have you fared hither over the sea.  
MIRIAM. Will you not rest?  
LISLE. (*after hesitation.*) I thank you.  
MIRIAM. See—this way.  
LISLE. And you—how long is it that you left  
Your southern vines? . . .

And so forth. I have put into italics some of our half-inflated balloons. The result of this unchanging lyricism in the dialogue

is, of course, to make it vague and characterless, and hence monotonous, which leads me to the final question I had asked, namely, as to the quality of Mr. Phillips's verse as verse.

Any scruples which I might have had concerning perpetual fault-finding, unleavened by any word of praise, are nullified when I remember all that has been written about Mr. Phillips. Every man feels it his duty to protest when he sees lauded as first-rate what he honestly thinks to be only second-rate. This is my feeling about Mr. Phillips, and, therefore, in view of the astounding praise he has received, I feel no compunction in saying that almost the only three consecutive lines in *The Sin of David* which approach a rhythm easily and naturally great, are the following in Act III. :—

Our former marriage, though by holy bell  
And melody of lifted voices blest,  
Was yet in madness of the blood conceived,  
And born of murder.

In these, for one fleeting moment, we have an echo of the "grand style." Elsewhere, in this play, it is difficult to read any passage of more than a line or two without tripping and being forced to go back. The explanation of this is simple. It is that the natural *tempo* of Mr. Phillips's verse is fast, inasmuch as his natural bias is towards rapidly delivered speeches of a highly emotional character. So long as the delivery is rapid, faults of scansion escape notice. The voice sweeps over them, and the rhythm of the paragraph becomes more important than the prosody of the line. It is easy to see that Mr. Phillips thinks more of his paragraph than his line. Most of his speeches work up to a climax, both of sense and of rhythm. The following passage, for example, if read swiftly, has a kind of emotional rhythm, but, read slowly, and with due regard to the line, is seen to limp in more than one place :—

That bud was mine; and I have cankered it :  
And though my boy came from me without spot,  
And though his body from the scythe of Death  
Lieth as sweet as mown grass in the even,  
Yet on his soul were deep, transmitted stains  
And tell-tale scars, to spirits visible.

The second and fourth lines are bad, but they are saved by the swing of the whole passage. Mr. Phillips's verse, in short, drives us on at breakneck speed. It is as though we were moving over quicksands and were forced to run in order not to sink.

I give a few clumsy lines culled at random from this play :—

' Where lived I ere I came into your service?

And as the solemn coming to a kingdom.

You would not have your way with me thus—nor  
Will you with her.

I cannot go out of the warm sunshine  
Easily; yet I am a gentleman. . . .

By its own virtue the more vulnerable.

Mumbles it, sitting half-out in the sun.

Another result of this highly-strung, neurotic style of composition is that feeling is liable to exclude thought. There are no aphoristic lines in Mr. Phillips; nothing to remember; no cameo criticisms of life; no passage where we have to think twice in order to fathom the underlying thought. The passages quoted by newspaper critics, as each new play appears, are always of the "purple patch" description, white-hot passages torn from a context quivering with emotion. This, I take it, is why we cannot read any of these plays with pleasure a second time. A second reading might be possible, even supposing that the literary technique were artistic enough to call us back. But Mr. Phillips's literary technique is slipshod and thoughtless. He never troubles, for instance, to wait for the inevitable epithet. He practically discards epithets and contents himself with splashing in substantives of a far-fetched and highly metaphorical nature, which, with all allowance for poetic licence, are often meaningless. I quote a few typical lines :—

The colour and the bloom and the music of life.

Make blank

The murmurs and the splendours of the world.

This hush and church of passion.

Thou shattering storm, thou eve of after blue,  
Thou deluge, and thou world from deluge risen,  
Thou sudden death, and thou life after death.

This sort of thing, I admit, may sound fine enough when delivered *ore rotundo*. But it is not literature. It is an easier thing altogether. The quiet, somewhat critical reader is likely to bethink him of Johnson's judgment of *Lycidas*, and wonder



whether that judgment might not be better applied elsewhere. Or, perhaps, the well-known passage of Shakespeare, concluding with the words "signifying nothing," might suggest itself to him as not inappropriate to some of Mr. Phillips's work.

The mention of Shakespeare reminds me that Mr. Phillips has been much commended for having broken away from Elizabethan models. For this he is certainly to be commended, since we none of us want a pseudo-Shakespearian blank-verse play from a modern writer. But there are still a few things which Mr. Phillips might learn from the older master. One of these is the dramatic effectiveness of restraint. Let him study Othello's last speech, or Viola's speech in *Twelfth Night*, beginning :—

My father had a daughter loved a man,

Or, if at some future date he is minded once more to portray the affection of a parent for a child, let him check for a moment his exuberant pen, and recall that simple, human cry of Constance in *King John* :—

Therefore never, never  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

And let him especially brood over the third word from the end.

E. A. WODEHOUSE.

## GOVERNMENTS AND SOCIAL REFORM.

THE poverty and distress which affect continuously a large proportion of our people is peculiar to Western civilisation. England, France, Germany, the United States of America, and British Colonies present the unhappy spectacle of a great mass of people, especially in the cities, living under deplorable physical and moral conditions, on the brink of destitution. In other communities, which we are accustomed to scoff at as inferior to our own, the human race is not exposed to misfortune of this kind. They may suffer more from the harshness of nature in famines and pestilences, which our material progress has eliminated from the catalogue of human suffering, but the wretchedness of our poor, who spend their lives in one continuous struggle against want and misery, in which they are doomed ultimately to succumb, is unknown. Amongst the uncivilised Maories of New Zealand there was no "submerged tenth," such as now exists in Wellington and Auckland. In the city of Cairo, with its population of more than half a million, there is not a hungry person; whole thousands of such swarm in Manchester and Glasgow. In China, whose ancient civilisation we regard as pitiable and ludicrous, and in which the population is more concentrated than in any other part of the world, the industrial population is singularly free from that instability of condition and insecurity of prosperity from which all Western people suffer. M. Eugène Simon, who lived for ten years as French Consul in various provinces of China, says that the Chinese, when asked why they did not adopt Western industrial methods, used to answer: "Large industries, such as exist in your country, ruin the individuality of workmen; they become machines and know only one trade. If the factory is stopped, the hands are thrown out of work and die of hunger. In our country every man knows several trades; if one fails, he can fall back upon another. There is no cessation of work." As to beggars, who in the East rank as members of a trade or profession, and cannot, therefore, be regarded as indicative of distress in the labour market, M. Simon expresses the opinion that nowhere do so few exist as in China. "In the country," he says, "there are next to none; while in the towns of the interior, from information I have gathered, and from my personal observations, I do not believe the mendicants amount to more than from twenty to twenty-five among populations numbering 150,000 to 200,000 souls."

The misery of the workers, if a direct product of our civilisation, appears to be unaffected by the political or economic systems of the various countries involved. It does not matter under what form of government a nation may be placed, whether absolute or popular, these unsatisfactory conditions manifest themselves in all the large centres of population. In the Tsar's autocratic dominions, in France under her Republican Government, in our own constitutional Monarchy, in the Democracy of the United States, in the Monarchy of the German Empire, and in the free young communities of Victoria and New South Wales, the same problem of widespread destitution has grown to almost equally alarming proportions. No civilised country of the West has escaped. It is only under the stress of the present Fiscal Controversy that anyone would say that either Protection or Free Trade was directly responsible for the evil. An economic system which tends to raise the price of the necessities of life must naturally be a factor in increasing the misery of those who are constantly on the borderland of want; but the actual presence of this misery, although the degree of its acuteness may vary according to local economic conditions, is common to all countries, irrespective of their commercial arrangements in regard to the unfettered or restricted exchange of goods.

To what, then, it will be asked, is this distressing feature of Western civilisation to be ascribed? The time has gone by when its existence can be denied, or when it can be wholly attributed to the worthlessness of the sufferers. Some of the poverty, particularly in its worst and most degraded forms, may doubtless be ascribed to the fault of the people themselves. There are drunkards and loafers in all ranks of society, who may be practically regarded, as far as individual cases are concerned, as irreclaimable. But this is partly the cause, and partly the effect of poverty; and the greater portion of the prevalent distress cannot be laid directly at the door of those whom it affects. There are philosophers, politicians, and agitators who denounce the whole system of society as rotten, and declare that there is no remedy for the evils under which so large a part of the people suffer, except a complete destruction of the present order, and its reconstruction on entirely different lines. The danger of such a revolution hangs continually over every Western nation: when the sufferings of the people become exasperated beyond a certain point, such a revolution may anywhere break forth. It is probably the chief cause of the present domestic troubles in Russia. In our own country there is little prospect of violence or bloodshed; a revolution could be peaceably accomplished by the people at the polling-booths. But apart from any drastic change in the system of society, there are many

ways in which Governments can alleviate the miseries of the poor, and so put off the evil day if it is to come.

All Governments, for example, could imitate that of Germany, and make public provision for insurance against sickness, accident, and old age. In our country the first is entirely voluntary: the insurance societies are under no public control, nor is their solvency guaranteed. The prudent insure; the unthrifty do not, but rely on charity or the Poor Law. *It is clearly to the interest of the State that the sick should be cured as speedily and as efficiently as possible.* Sound, they contribute to the wealth and strength of the commonalty: sick, they are a source of weakness and expense. Yet the whole machinery for accomplishing this public duty is left almost entirely to the voluntary, and necessarily incomplete, organisation of private charity. The waste and overlapping—to say nothing of the precariousness—which result from this system, or lack of system, can only be surmised. It is one of the most extraordinary examples of administrative incompetence which the institutions of this country are able to furnish. The lucky get excellent relief in sickness; but hundreds perish unaided and unknown. Even without putting any additional burden on the taxpayer, a great deal could be done to remedy this chaos, which produces extravagance and inefficiency. If hospitals and workhouse infirmaries were co-ordinated, and thus placed on some logical basis of relationship, more satisfactory results would be achieved, in coping with the ever-increasing wants of the sick and infirm, than are attainable under existing conditions. The charitable section of the public, upon whom our hospitals are solely dependent for support, would then, under the assurance that their money would be wisely and economically spent, be the more inclined to give freely and generously. It would be more readily ascertained where the pinch was really felt, and hospitals would no longer be laid under the necessity of competing with each other for subscriptions.

Accidents are partially provided against by the Employers' Liability Act, of which the imperfection is admitted by everybody, but for the amendment of which no Parliamentary time can be spared. Old-age pensions are a monument of the pledges and broken promises of political parties. Provision for old age is left to voluntary effort, and voluntary societies, of which the soundness and solvency are most imperfectly guaranteed by Government supervision. Some unfortunates having staked their provision for old age in unsound and mismanaged undertakings, are left destitute when too old to make a fresh start in saving, and discover that their provident thrift has not saved them from the Poor House.

In one most important section of the population, the children of the poor, Governments could, with great ease, and at little cost, put an entire stop to destitution and suffering. It has been established beyond the region of controversy that a large proportion of children attending the public elementary schools, and thus under the daily observation of public authority, in London and in all the great industrial centres, are suffering from habitual underfeeding. Some are compelled to go through their daily lessons whilst in a state of actual starvation. Evidence to this effect was given by the highest medical authorities and school experts before the Committee on Physical Deterioration, and filled everyone who read it—except the Government, who have been officially cognisant of the fact for so many years that they have grown callous—with consternation and alarm. The right to relief of a destitute starving child, forced by society to go to school and learn lessons, has never received proper attention. Few people seem to have a clear idea regarding the basis upon which all children stand in relation to the State, although it was discussed and decided five years ago by the High Court of Appeal in the case of *Attorney-General v. the Guardians of Merthyr Tydvil*. A child cannot be a pauper. It is born into the world in a natural condition of dependence, and with the right to be maintained. If this obligation is not performed by the parent, the State is bound to step into the breach and relieve the suffering child irrespective of the conduct and character of its parents. The idea that children should be left to starve if their parents wilfully neglect to maintain them, or refuse to apply to the Poor Law authorities for relief, is only worthy of barbarians. Yet this, incredible as it may appear, is the position which has hitherto been taken up by many public authorities and private persons in this country.

The effects produced by thus defrauding helpless children of their legal rights, and forcing them on an empty stomach to learn, for example, how to deal in stocks and shares, must be witnessed to be believed. It is the apotheosis of official stupidity and cruelty. Four Education Acts have been passed by Parliament within the last three years, whilst a fifth Government Bill, applicable to Scotland, is being dealt with during the present Session. In not one of these has power been given to the local education authority even to feed hungry schoolchildren before setting them to learn lessons or perform physical exercises, notwithstanding the testimony of medical and school experts before the Royal Commission on Physical Training in Scotland in 1902, and of the above-mentioned Committee on Physical Deterioration in 1904. If a starving horse or ass were treated in the same way as hundreds of starving children are daily treated by public authority in our

public elementary schools, the offender would be taken up and punished by the Criminal Law.

One of the saddest results of the condition of our people is the frightful rate of infant mortality in large towns. In spite of improved sanitation and better housing, the death-rate amongst infants, far from diminishing, continues to show a slight but appreciable increase. That this is due to causes that are largely preventible may easily be judged by comparison. Whilst the percentage of infant deaths in the various wards of Birmingham ranges from 133 to 331 per thousand births, in the working-class village of Bournville, which is scarcely more than four miles distant from that city, it was only 65 per thousand in 1903. These figures are sufficiently alarming to call for the immediate attention of the nation; yet Government take no notice of them. The first cause of this high mortality is undoubtedly the fact that women are employed in factories and industries in too close proximity to childbirth. The subject was discussed at the Berlin Labour Conference, and the British Government joined in a declaration that it was desirable, in the interest of the rights of infants, to forbid the employment of mothers for some period before, and a considerable period after, childbirth. The proposal was carried out in many foreign countries; but in Great Britain nothing has been done. There is a law which existed before the Berlin Conference to prohibit mothers being employed until one month after childbirth. The prohibition has been but imperfectly enforced; and, although many Factory Acts have been passed since that time, no attempt has been made to increase the period to the Berlin standard. In addition to this there is the fact that a very large proportion of infants, amongst the poorer classes, are subjected from the date of their birth to improper feeding. The mothers are unable, to an increasing extent, to nurse their children themselves; and, in spite of instruction given for thirty-five years in the board schools in such subjects as hygiene and domestic economy, the girls are turned out, for the most part, as ignorant of how to feed babies by artificial means as of the nurturing of chimpanzees. Some local authorities have taken this matter in hand in a praiseworthy manner. In certain towns mothers, when they register their newborn infants, are supplied with leaflets drawn up by the medical authorities of the municipality, instructing them how to feed, clothe, and bring up their children. Municipal enterprise has gone even further than this. It is not always possible for mothers who understand the proper feeding of their children to procure the necessary supplies of sterilised or humanised milk, or even of pure milk at all, partly on account of prohibitive prices, and partly because the demand is so small in poor neighbourhoods. To meet

this difficulty, local authorities in a few populous centres have established milk dépôts, where carefully regulated meals, suitable to infants of varying age, are to be obtained in sealed bottles ingeniously contrived so that babies can drink out of them, thus saving the risk of using a dirty vessel which contains the germs of disease. That the practice of providing these admirable dépôts could be indefinitely extended, to the great advantage of the whole working population, does not need to be pointed out. It is obvious how much could be done by Government to stimulate negligent public bodies into activity of this kind in the interest of the people.

The problem of the unemployed is so difficult that no one will blame Governments for not having yet solved it, and nobody will grudge the satisfaction which the Local Government Board feel at having gone so far as to have framed a Bill to constitute local committees, who will be empowered to deal with this question, and who, they hope, may succeed where they have failed. But their previous efforts have been confined to the appointment of commissions and committees which, as is their way, have taken voluminous evidence without arriving at any practical result. The Government have made no effort to establish labour colonies, such as have been instituted in many foreign countries, and even by private associations like the Church Army and the Salvation Army. In Germany there are colonies for the physically or mentally deficient and for the unemployed, besides experimental farms under the designation *Heimatkolonisten*, where unskilled labourers are taught agricultural work, fruit farming, building, and other useful occupations. They have not all of them proved an unqualified success, owing to the percentage of criminals and vagrants who find their way into these refuges. But perfection cannot be attained all at once, and when a better system of classification has been introduced, it may be anticipated that a great advance will be made in Germany towards a solution of the unemployed difficulty. In France, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium there are many institutions of a similar character. For example, in Belgium there is a colony for criminals and vagabonds called a *Dépôt de Mendicité*, in which approximately 5,000 colonists are assembled under a system of classification, who are taught all kinds of different trades, such as agriculture, gardening, and manufactures. Why do we, who pride ourselves upon our enlightenment and progress, leave these social experiments to our Continental neighbours, whilst our Governments refrain from exhibiting the smallest interest in the admirable work in this direction undertaken by private associations, and do nothing whatever to assist or to encourage their efforts.

Labour registries will not cure the evil of lack of employment,

but they will at least mitigate it. They secure that such labour as is being offered shall be made to go as far as possible, and they put an end to the anachronism of good workmen having to tramp in search of work in these days of telegraphs and telephones. In different parts of Germany there are public labour bureaux managed jointly by employers and workmen, besides numerous relief stations and other institutions. These are in telephonic or telegraphic communication with each other, thus enabling a man in search of work to ascertain without delay the locality where there is a prospect of his finding it. Some labour registries have been instituted here by private effort and latterly by municipal bodies. But the Central Government has established no clearing house to bring local effort into co-ordination.

The possibility of improving the condition of the people by reforms involving no revolution of our social system is not new. They have constantly been brought to the notice of successive Governments. Why, then, has nothing been done to alleviate all this misery, which involves directly a third of our people, and must act adversely upon the nation as a whole? What are the obstacles to domestic reform that have deterred Governments from attempting a practical solution of pressing social problems? It has certainly not been from lack of pledges and promises at election times. The electorate have been deluded often enough into the belief that something was going to be done to grapple with the evil. But their attention is invariably distracted from the things which concern them most vitally by questions of comparative insignificance, on which their verdict is loudly demanded by those who are appealing to the country. This recurs with automatic regularity at every General Election, and appears to have become an integral portion of our political system of party Government. The explanation is not far to seek. It arises from the fact that the entire administration of public affairs is vested in one class. Government is a rich man's profession or pastime. Reforms do not interest men of this class personally. They may interfere with their convenience or curtail their pleasures, but they cannot add to the happiness of those who live in luxurious houses, surrounded by every comfort, and whose children are well cared for, well fed, and well clothed. Disraeli described the rich and the poor as "two nations, between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws." The permanent officials, by whom government is really carried on, belong to the



wealthier class. They regard our system as the best in the best of worlds, and tradition teaches them to look upon official routine as the chief pillar of society. Political offices are held by persons of the most exalted social position, with their relatives and adherents, who regard all public questions from the same biased standpoint, and who only move in the direction of progress if driven by strong and persistent public opinion. It is always the "Opposition" who are concerned for social reform, but as soon as they become a Government their zeal abates. The good seed is sown among thorns. The deceitfulness of worldly prestige, the lust of power in Imperial affairs, chokes their good intentions, and they become unfruitful. It is not that they forget their pledges, but the occasion for redeeming them never arrives.

Under these conditions the power of the democracy in this country is as complete a sham as could well have been devised. The extension of the franchise has not, in any practical sense, affected the position of the labouring classes in an appreciable degree. The function of the voter is limited to the choice between two rival political parties, who put forward much the same programme, containing pledges that are seldom, if ever, carried out. He often finds himself voting for alternatives which do not concern his interests, or the vital needs of the nation, in the least, and about which he does not honestly care twopence. And, in either case, he only helps to put into office men recruited from what has become a traditional and hereditary governing class. The first objective of both political parties is to obtain a lease of power. The means employed to achieve this result are common to each. Issues are raised which, whilst calculated to capture the imagination of the electorate for the moment, are carefully designed to distract public attention from inconvenient questions of real importance. The housing of the poor, the problem of unemployment, a harsh and defective Poor Law administration, the condition of destitute schoolchildren—all these pressing matters are obliterated by exaggerated appeals to patriotic sentiments concerning some inflated project, which, if not actually injurious to the country, is many times less important to its welfare than the domestic questions it is designed to supersede. In this way dust is systematically thrown in the eyes of the people by political parties. Their class interests separate them, in the first instance, from all practical sympathy with questions that lie remote from their sphere of knowledge or observation. They are afraid, in the second place, of burning their fingers by applying themselves to the task of genuine reform. If anybody doubted this, the fullness of the benches of the House of Commons when a Motor Car Bill was under discussion, and their

emptiness when Education or Social Reform was before it, would convince him.

It appears then that Governments and Parliaments, owing to inherent defects in their constitution, cannot be expected to take action of their own accord to remedy existing social evils. Is there no force that will compel them to act? And if so, what is it? The working-classes form by far the greater part of the electorate; the House of Commons and the administration of Government are what they choose to make them or to permit them to be. Above all things then, this political indifference engendered in the governing class is due to the apathy of the people themselves. As long as the latter remain, to outward appearance, supremely unconcerned regarding the questions which most affect their well-being, it is useless to expect zeal for reform to be manifested by those who are personally, at least in their own estimation, unaffected by them. It is a fundamental necessity that the masses of the working population should be taught their true interests and aroused from this fatal insensibility. The people perish for lack of knowledge. Without their active and persistent co-operation nothing can be hoped for in the direction of ameliorating the conditions under which so large a proportion of them are living. Let them only put pressure upon their Parliamentary and municipal representatives, and the path of reform will at once be made smooth. Governments and Parliaments, as we have seen, are ultimately dependent upon the will of the majority. It would be an easy thing for the workers to assert their claims to paramount consideration in the way indicated. Nobody could resist such pressure. It has produced excellent social reforms in Switzerland and in some of our Colonies. But in our own country the power of the democracy has only made itself felt in the conduct of national affairs at rare intervals and under abnormal circumstances. It must initiate a sustained and organised effort in order to make itself a genuine factor in the world of political thought and action. It is the duty of the educated class amongst the electors to set the example, and to show how this democratic power can be used for the good of the nation at large. Foremost amongst those who should lead the way in this respect are "all seminaries of sound learning and religious education, especially the universities of the land." They do not represent financial, commercial, or class interests, but the sum of the collected wisdom and learning of humanity at large. It devolves upon them, therefore, in the first instance, to spread the knowledge of the curable defects of Western civilisation throughout the land, and, if they are to retain the right to return members to Parliament, to send them with a mandate to apply themselves to the task of pressing forward those social re-

forms which are in the best interests of the State as a whole. For if our great seats of learning fail to set the example in this respect, how can it be expected that members of the House of Commons, who for the most part represent special interests that predominate in their constituencies, will be induced to apply themselves to the task?

If Parliament and the Central Government are incompetent for the carrying out of social reform, why should municipalities and other local authorities be prevented from undertaking the task? There is no real self-government under our present system. Before municipal and county councils can attempt to carry out local reforms they must wait, in most cases, for the approval of Government, and they are strictly confined within the limits of those powers which have been specifically conferred upon them by Act of Parliament. They have no freedom to act generally for the benefit of those by whom they are elected. They are not in any real sense "governing bodies" at all. They are only administrative bodies, elected, it is true, by the people, but "cabined, cribbed, confined" by the sections of Acts of Parliament, and bound fast by the red-tape of bureaux in London. The consequence of this is that local authorities, following the line of least resistance, avoid for the most part dealing with questions involving the trouble and expense of an appeal to Parliament. An illustration of this circumstance was given during the discussion, at a recent meeting of the London County Council, of a report of the Education Committee concerning the feeding of hungry school-children. Several members, who were desirous that something should be done to meet the urgent necessity of the case, strongly advocated that the Council should adopt some plan within the compass of its authority, in order to avoid the delay and possible failure of an application to the House of Commons for fresh powers.

Any attempt to obtain by legislation the additional powers that the experience of local administration has proved to be necessary, is fraught with innumerable and almost insurmountable difficulties. The House of Commons, as a result of its new rules of procedure and of political obstruction, has become as a legislative machine perfectly effete. This fact is exemplified every Session by the number of useful measures, introduced by private members, which, after struggling through one or more preliminary stages, are wilfully or accidentally stifled. An unofficial member of Parliament has the slenderest chance of carrying through any legislation, however uncontroversial and useful it may be. The fate of the Musical Copyright Bill last Session, and of many of its predecessors, is a case in point. To have any chance at all, the framer

of a Bill must be amongst the first half-dozen amongst three or four hundred competitors in a ballot at the commencement of the Session. Should he succeed in getting a day when his Bill can pass the Second Reading, and be referred to a Standing Committee, he must still run the gauntlet of obstruction which, as often as not, is aimed not at his, but at some other measure behind. Even if all these vicissitudes have been surmounted, and the Bill has emerged triumphantly from the Standing Committee, there are only two days after Whitsuntide in which it is possible, by extraordinary luck, to pilot it through the Report and Third Reading stages. In a word, legislation, by an unofficial member, has now become impossible. The power reserved to members of proposing Motions at the two sittings given up to them in the earlier part of the Session is of little practical use. Luck in the ballot is still a condition precedent, and the Motion, if carried, is perfectly sterile in its effect. They merely form, when carried, abstract expressions of the opinion of Parliament to which Governments pay no more attention than they do to the resolutions of debating societies at Oxford or Cambridge. The leader of the House has in the present Session proclaimed to the world the utter futility of Resolutions of the House of Commons by ostentatiously refusing for himself and his party to take part in their discussion. Formerly the Bills and Resolutions brought forward by unofficial members were a fruitful help to social reform. They were established originally with that object in view, and it is solely due to the degeneration of Parliamentary institutions that they have been reduced to an almost contemptible level of impotence. The unofficial member of Parliament has thus become little better than a voting machine. As a legislator he is a mere sham. Until his sphere of usefulness is restored, no help in the direction of domestic reform is to be hoped for from the House of Commons.

There is, however, a small political group at Westminster to whom people might naturally look to change this state of affairs—the “Labour Party.” Labour has now its special representatives in Parliament, who form a nucleus destined one day, it may safely be prognosticated, to grow into one of the most powerful parties in the State. It must be admitted, however, that the efforts of the Labour Party in the House of Commons have, so far, met with but little success. This is to be accounted for by three reasons. In the first place, they are very small in number, a fact which would in any case preclude their exercising a really appreciable effect upon the House of Commons. Secondly, they have no leader; and a party without a leader, even when united by a common cause, cannot expect to make itself an effective instrument in political life. And, lastly, they fail, at present, in col-

lective action. No better illustration could be afforded of this latter fact than what took place recently at the second reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill. This is, as everybody knows, an occasion on which any subject connected with the administration of the country can be discussed. Some of the Labour members had intimated to the Speaker that they intended to raise the question of the report of the Committee on Physical Deterioration, particularly in respect to underfed schoolchildren. Yet hardly any members of the Labour Party, beyond the few who spoke, were present during the debate. Nothing, therefore, in the nature of a demonstration of the feeling on the subject of the Labour members themselves, or of the masses outside whom they represent, made itself apparent in the House. As soon as the discussion of this most important and vital question came to an end, some point was raised by the Irish members in connection with fisheries in Ireland—a topic which, though doubtless of importance, could scarcely be compared with the former subject in its relation to the national welfare. But the contrast in the methods of the two political groups was striking in the extreme. The benches were, during the discussion, filled with Irish members, including Mr. John Redmond, their leader. They cheered the speakers on their side, approved vociferously of all that was said by them, and produced upon the House of Commons the impression that the whole Irish people took a much greater interest in Irish fish than the mass of the workers of the United Kingdom in the condition of their children.

Finally, we come to consider the use to which the people themselves put the political powers vested in the electorate. Here, if it could be brought into effective use, is the most potent instrument for enforcing the will of the majority. If the working classes chose they could exercise irresistible pressure on their Parliamentary and municipal representatives. But as far as social reform is concerned, the power of the democracy has hitherto been almost a negligible quantity. Parliamentary elections, and many municipal elections, are merely a set-to between the two great political parties. The electors take sides, just as costermongers and 'bus-drivers, who scarcely know where Oxford and Cambridge are located, take sides in the University boat-race. The questions upon which the election is fought are of as little concern to most of them as the football in a match. All they care about is to have a good party cry and a good stand-up fight. Our social conditions cannot be bettered so long as electors think more of party success than of their own interests. If candidates for Parliament, and the Governments whom the majority place in office, realised that the people interested themselves in social reform, that they knew

what they wanted, and would turn out any local representative and any Government who failed to give it to them, social legislation would occupy a very different place in Government programmes. As it is, both sides readily make the most extravagant promises, and neither side makes any effort to perform them.

Whether our social organisation demands as the price of its stability and continuance that one-third of our people should pass their lives in poverty and chronic distress is a question that we are scarcely in a position to answer. It is a matter more of faith than of actual knowledge. Some quote Scripture and believe that we shall have the poor (which they interpret to mean, not the few beggars of Oriental civilisation, but the third part of the people of our day) always with us. Others believe that without the radical changes of Socialism poverty can be exterminated. But one thing is certain. The condition of the people can be speedily and effectively improved by measures well within the power of the people themselves, and the rulers and Parliament which they create. Other nations have entered upon the path of progress, and are already far in advance of us. It is high time for us to follow an example which we ought to have set, and do something to remove the reproach of letting preventable misery and injustice exist amongst a third of our people.

JOHN E. GORST.

## WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

THERE are tens of thousands of watchmen all over Europe—watchmen in banking-parlours, in editorial rooms, in commercial bureaux, in clubs, in libraries, in the streets, in the parks, wherever men of intelligence and capital work, and think, and converse. But do they read the weather aright? nay; do they look at the night at all with any thought of the morrow?

According to their bias, their connections, or their interests, they are in triumph over Japan, or they are in mourning over Russia; but how many of them look at this tremendous conflict with anxiety for its influence on their own future? The rejoicing of the white races over the victories of a brown race is curiously illogical, because such victories, if continued, must be injurious, if not ultimately mortal, to the white races. Can Great Britain suppose that, if continued, it will not eventually lead to the uprising against her yoke of the coloured races of India? With what consistency can she applaud the triumphs of the Mikado, and keep her own heel on the necks of the native princes and populations of Hindostan? Her object in her tyranny over Hindostan is her own gain—gain in wealth, in territory, in prestige, in force of many kinds; it is often written and said by English public writers and speakers that were that vast conquered possession which is called by the generic name of India wrested from the British throne and Government, the sun of British glory would have set, never to rise again. This may be so, or may not be so; it is certain that the loss of India would grievously cripple the British dominion. Is it not then a suicidal form of unreflecting folly to welcome with rapture the ascendancy of a brown or yellow race?

The brown or yellow race may have virtues, talents, diplomacies, military and naval genius, superior to those of the white races; but it is certain that, if this be the case, the white races must eventually go to the wall. It seems odd that the foresight of political writers of the white races does not go as far as this, since it needs no great acumen to remember that appetite comes in eating to the consumer of the gains of war as of the foods of the table. It does not require a prophetic soul, or a clairvoyant's magic crystal, to see that if the brown and yellow races unite they will race over Europe in an irresistible flood, as did the Huns and the Goths and the Visigoths, in an invasion even more terrible than theirs, for they will have all the means of scientific destruction with which the white races have supplied them united to their

own overwhelming numbers, and to their natural indifference to the merciless loss of life.

The applause with which Europe greets the genius of Japan for war seems to me extraordinarily short-sighted, and even amazingly blind. Europe acclaims the self-devotion with which whole Japanese regiments throw themselves on what they know to be certain and wholesale destruction; and it does not perceive the peril to itself which may lie in such self-sacrifice. It is the age of great telescopes and microscopes, but it is the age of short sight in public questions. The Press is the prophet, and the Press has no time to reflect. Political writers who write otherwise than in the daily Press find few readers; and journalists, especially daily journalists, form their opinions hastily, and express them by flash-lights; they have no leisure to remember to-day what they said yesterday, much less do they trouble themselves with what they said yesterday week.

There are talents and qualities in the yellow people which are almost magical in their power, almost infernal in their ingenuity, almost incredible in their heroism; but there are also others which for the white peoples will be so much poison in their blood and brain. The East has always been a toxine to the West. The white man who cohabits with the coloured woman deteriorates. Even the Hindoo, so refined, so gentle, so delicately formed, does the white man no good. What will, then, result from the union between white races and Japanese, which must inevitably follow on the crazy enthusiasm of the former for the latter? Meantime, it is certain that white influence on the yellow race is, despite the resisting power of the latter, by no means salutary, and one cannot but marvel that the latter, whilst so stubborn in rejecting many points of white influence, is yet so easily impressed in others that it can imitate the ridiculous attire, civil and military, of the European and American, and that its own easy and useful working-garb, as seen in its populace, and the magnificent national costumes of its dead daimios, have been, and are being, replaced by the ugliest and silliest forms of dress copied from the fashions and the habits of the Western continents. Will imitation prove stronger than idiosyncrasy? On this will depend the duration, or the decay, of Japanese force.

Undigested opinion is like undigested food—it does not nourish. No one who has any intelligence can fail to recognise the great talent and qualities of the Japanese race; but if the English and American mind were more calm, analytical, and logical, it would see the danger to the white races which arises with this Rising Sun coming out of the Yellow Sea. Nothing surely can be more short-sighted than the persuasion of English public feeling that



the Japanese victories can only be fraught with benefit for Great Britain and the United States. Certainly the sympathies of Japan are more likely to desert than to favour the white man. The division between races may be bridged ; it cannot be soldered. To those amongst us for whom the intellect has more interest than the game of war, there is a great menace in the dominance of the latter in later years, and especially in the last decade. To those who reflect, and resist the currents of popular prejudice, there is much which is appalling in the intense passion for war news which fills the nations interested in any campaign (and even those who are only attracted as lookers-on) in the inattention to art, to literature, and even to science and invention, unless they be such as may assist in war ; the slight measure in which it is moved by shipwrecks, by earthquakes, or by any appalling disaster, or in which it is moved to sorrow, to charity, to political life, to intellectual interests, and to the suffering of poverty, whilst a duel between two nations is going on in either hemisphere. The ear of the public is open to nothing except the shouts of the news-vendors, whilst the Bourses tremble like sensitive plants. War is still the sport of kings, but it is now also the pitch and toss of the crowds.

The immeasurable physical suffering, mental torture, bereavement, destruction, and incalculable ruin caused by war are ignored and not weighed for a moment. It needs no professional knowledge to perceive that each successive war is more murderous and on a vaster scale than its immediate predecessor. Every year sees the engines of slaughter increased in numbers and in power. The youthful and the able-bodied are swept away to each campaign in greater numbers than in the preceding one, and the aged, the maimed, the sickly, are left in their homes with the womenkind. To what can this tend ? It would be comic, if it were not tragic, to see the boastful vaunts of the scientists of all they do for the amelioration of human life, whilst, side by side with their medical schools and their laboratories, there stand the cannon-foundries, the powder-magazines, the factories of explosives, the docks containing the torpedoes, the submarines, and all the other manufactories for wholesale human destruction. What a Mephistopheles should be the philosopher to enjoy this spectacle ! What a cynic his Deity !

It seems to me that no one of the white races appears to remember that ever since arms were carried those successful at arms cannot resist the joy and excitement of using them, will not immediately beat the sword into a ploughshare, will not readily consent to leave the camp for the cottage, will not easily lose that terrible thirst for blood which is instinctive in the man as in the tiger.

They appear to watch the present conflict with the intense interest, but with the same certainty that its issue cannot be dangerous, with which they watch a cricket or a sculling match. They are, for the chief part at least, delighted to see that victory must be for the Japanese; their delight is untroubled by any apprehension. Yet it seems to me that some cause for apprehension there certainly is. The entrance of the war lust into a people, who show unmistakable passion and talent for war, cannot be a light consideration for other nations. Whether as enemy or friend, such a nation cannot become again a *quantité négligeable*. She cannot be left out of the calculations of other nations. Nay, by her extreme genius for combat, and her indifference to the sacrifice of life, she becomes both a fatal example and an irresistible arbiter. Henceforward, at least for many a day, she must be reckoned with first in all reckonings. It was said the other day that Japan can send army after army to be cut up, without suffering at home, because women are so largely employed at home in work of all kinds, so that neither trade nor agriculture suffer from the losses in the male population. This may be a false idea, and it is difficult to believe that the most buoyant, and the most capable, nation in the world can long rely successfully on women alone; and it is unlikely that women themselves can long be satisfied with such solitude and severance. Be that as it may, it is quite certain that Japan is indifferent to an enormous loss of its male population. This fact alone renders Japan a most formidable foe: an unprecedentedly formidable foe. When her victorious battalions return to her, and her marshals with their wonderful military genius have to succumb to private life, it is very unlikely that either the rank and file, or the commanders, will be content to sit under a cherry or a peach tree and look at Fuseyama.

Highly developed qualities insist upon being used, and nations which can brew the hot drink of triumph will not consent to be content with it cold. We cannot suppose that the Japanese hosts, when they return, will sit quiet and inactive, painting chrysanthemums or making tea-trays. War will have probably ruined, as it usually does, their artistic instinct, as it will have hardened their fingers and blinded their eyes to natural beauty. Japan is moderate and pacific at present; but so have been others before her. Bonaparte's letters to George the Third show him as a sincere seeker of the benefits of peace. How can we be sure that the Napoleons of Nippon may not change as he changed?

Watchman, what of the night? The *horizon* is red with fire.

QUIDA.

## THE REAL CHRYSANTHEMUM.

"THE only qualities that befit a woman," says the great Japanese moralist, Kaibara, in the oft-quoted *Onna Daigaku*, "are gentle obedience, chastity, mercy and quietness."

For over two hundred years the words of the sage, crystallising, as it were, the beliefs of his period, have been accepted, if not as gospel, at least as an infallible guide to the conduct and training of woman. The *Onna Daigaku*<sup>1</sup>, generally translated "The Great Learning of Women," though the actual sense is more rightly conveyed as "The Whole Duty of Woman," has until quite recently been the manual from which Japanese womanhood received her guidance. To-day Kaibara stands on the eve of supersession. Another prophet has arisen, and the "New Great Learning of Woman," by Fukuzawa, strikes at the root of the ancient sage's theories. The new woman of Japan is to be her husband's equal.

This is among the most revolutionary of Japan's recent conceptions; Kaibara preached that "the great life-long duty of a woman is obedience." She is told that in all her dealings with her husband "both the expression of her countenance and the style of her address should be courteous, humble and conciliatory, never peevish and intractable, never rude and arrogant." If ever a husband should inquire of his wife, she must "answer to the point; to answer in a careless fashion were a mark of rudeness. . . . Let her never dream of jealousy. If her husband be dissolute she must expostulate with him, but never either nurse or vent her anger. If her jealousy be extreme, it will render her countenance frightful and her accents repulsive and can only result in completely alienating her husband and rendering her repulsive in his eyes." Concerning the ordering of her daily life she must be "ever on the alert and keep strict watch on her conduct. She must rise early and at night go late to rest. Instead of sleeping in the middle of the day, she must be intent on the duties of her household and must not weary of weaving, sewing and spinning. Of tea and wine she must not drink over much." Her amusements were very restricted, and although in many provinces a Samurai woman was allowed to attend the public theatre, a privi-

(1) *Daigaku* is the title of a text book of Confucianism much studied by men. When Kaibara wrote his book for women, he therefore took the well-known title, prefixing the word "Onna."

lege forbidden by custom to the men of her class, she was nevertheless cautioned by the moralist, "not to feed her eyes and ears with theatrical performances, ditties and ballads." Even the mild relaxation of attendance at temples must be rarely indulged and her prayers may be of the shortest, for "if only she satisfactorily perform her duties as a human being, she may let prayer alone without ceasing to enjoy divine protection." And the sum of her duty as a human being was to give entire satisfaction to her husband and his family. In order to ensure this, let her profit by Kaibara's advice to "avoid extravagance and both with regard to food and raiment to act according to her station in life and never give way to luxury and pride." And as to her dress, "her personal adornments and the colour and pattern of her raiment should be unobtrusive. It suffices for her to be neat and cleanly in her person and her wearing apparel." Is it symbolical that the bright hues of a maiden's kimono should disappear when she becomes a wife, growing more sombre with each succeeding year?

The precepts of the old moralist have sunk deep into the heart of Japanese womanhood. The key to the whole duty of woman, as he conceived it, was self-control, patience and self-sacrifice; whether these ideals can endure under the stress of the new civilisation remains to be seen. "We ought," says Professor Jinzo Naruse, one of the most ardent feminists of his race and the founder of the Japanese University for Women, "to be ready to adopt all the good things of Western nations, while preserving all that is best in our own." A splendid ideal indeed! But conditions are changing. Already highly-educated women are beginning to compete against men and against each other to obtain employment. Will it be possible in the storm and stress of such competition to retain the fine conception of duty summed up in the watchwords "self-control, patience, self-sacrifice." Yet it is only under conditions where educated women can make sure of a living wage, that their emancipation from the tyranny of marriage—of marriage as the only career open to them—can proceed. It is indeed a problem.

"The prime duty of man," said President Roosevelt in his recent Presidential Address, "is to work, to be the breadwinner; the prime duty of the woman is to be the mother, the housewife." Until the last few years, life in Japan was conducted very much on these primitive and admirable lines. It is quite true that the woman's position, seen from a European standpoint, was intolerably subservient: was she not told "to look on her husband as if he were Heaven itself and never to weary of thinking how she might yield to him." Yet at the same time she had much more influence, and much more power, than is generally

believed. She was responsible for everything connected with the management of the house ; in wealthy establishments she had her own steward, her viceroy, through whom she governed the outlying portion of her realm, and of whom she exacted close and careful account. No detail was too trivial for her personal superintendence. She had, as a rule, a faculty for organisation ; her economy was often great and her commonsense remarkable. Her husband's income was usually entirely in her charge, and she was an expert in spending and saving it to the greatest advantage. She was the housekeeper and the hostess, servant, it might be, to her husband and his parents, but, above all, the mother. Not only were her own children entirely in her charge, but if her husband followed the primitive custom of enlarging his household by the addition of *mekaké* (concubines), his wife, who was the responsible head of the household, and who alone bore his name, undertook the charge of all the children. It was her duty and her joy to educate them. Love is the great educator of the Japanese child ; in no other country, perhaps, are children so passionately desired and loved. And it seems to develop all that is best in them, for petted and considered as they are, they are never spoilt. The Japanese believe that abstract virtues are perfectly comprehensible to children, and from babyhood the ideals of their race are held constantly before them. Duty, kindness, honour, patriotism are the watchwords even of the nursery. Perfect confidence and perfect obedience seem to rule the relations between parent and child in Japan. And the wealth of love with which both father and mother envelop their children is fully repaid. Not only in great things, but in small, does the little one desire to serve its mother. As a trifling instance it may be mentioned that over and over again children have been found, unknown, of course, to their parents, lying naked outside the mosquito nets, that the insects might feed on them and their parents' slumbers remain undisturbed. Those who knew many a Japanese household, where the lord maintained the patriarchal custom of *mekaké*— a sliding scale regulating, according to rank, the number of these subsidiary wives—have marvelled at the wife's devotion to the children of her rivals. But as such they were not regarded by the dutiful wife ; rather were they deserving of her kindest treatment as the fortunate recipients of a husband's favour. The lot of the *mekaké*, however, was not altogether a happy one in a land where motherhood is the supreme relation of a woman's life. Mother she might be, but she had no right in her children ; to them she was merely an upper servant. To-day both law and custom have relegated such arrangements to the past. To the credit of the Japanese woman, at whose chastity

so many stones have been thrown, it must be said that the position of *mekaké*, legalised as it was, never presented attractions to her. Obedience to parents, one of the arch virtues of Japan, might induce her to accept it, as it often did the far lower one of *joro*, but very rarely did a woman enter the house of a man of her own class under these conditions.

Morality, it has been said, is a question of climate; certainly it is a question of point of view. The morality of Japanese women has been much discussed. The Japanese prize chastity very highly, but they do not consider it the only essential characteristic virtue of woman. Devotion and obedience to husband and parents stand even higher. One of the most famous of Japanese plays contains a situation where a wife sells herself to the proprietor of a *joroya* for two years in order to enable her husband to do his full military service to his lord. It is a question of honour. And her personal honour is as nothing weighed against her husband's duty to his chief. The bargain is concluded without the knowledge of the husband, but when he hears of the sacrifice, while he laments the necessity, he accepts it as inevitable. Such stories are common in Japan and help to illustrate the different standpoint from which the Japanese regard sexual morality. A girl would feel bound to sell herself should dishonour or penury threaten her parents; if she did not take the initiative they would probably, even to-day, conclude the arrangement without consulting her. The Japanese woman, if she seeks such a life, does it with her eyes open, recognising that it is the lowest depth to which she can sink. But she argues that defilement of the body may yet leave the soul absolutely pure; that a woman may lead a life of degradation and may yet return to her highest ideals, because, owing to the circumstances under which she has accepted shame, she can still hold her self-respect untouched. The courtesan is the heroine of many a Japanese romance, but she is not the courtesan of Dumas, of Victor Hugo or of Daudet.

Among the married women the standard of morality is extremely high, not only among the well-born, but among the wives of the proletariat, the *heimen* women. Far greater freedom has always been accorded to these than was enjoyed by their more aristocratic sisters, especially in the country, where women working side by side with their husbands and earning their proportion of the family income, have always been in a position of greater equality than was found in the upper classes. The higher we went in the social scale, the greater became the difference. Independence is one of the key notes of the woman question, and the woman of the people, wage earning and independent, could hold up her head proudly, while the well-born lady would not

have thought of such an equality as within her just demands. But this independence gives the *heimen* woman none of the aggressive airs which we find under similar conditions in other countries. A Japanese woman is never either brutal or vulgar.

In Japan the chivalrous devotion to woman which characterised mediæval civilisation in Europe, covering a multitude of cruelties and, under varying conditions, hampering her development, never existed, but some thousand and more years ago, her position was almost on an equality with that of man, and she played an important role in the making of Japanese history. Around the person of Jingo Kogo, the great Empress-conqueror of Korea, hang many legends. Her husband entirely refused to place any credence in the mission with which Jingo believed herself entrusted by the Gods. He was a man of some ability, and insisted on governing his country on his own not altogether successful lines. Only after his death could Jingo assert herself, quelling home rebellion and arming expeditions for conquest. It was through the conquest of Korea that Chinese civilisation and Chinese learning found their way to Japan. Thus the great Empress was in a measure responsible for the power which in the future was to undermine the position of her sex. For the influence of Chinese customs with regard to the position of women undoubtedly modified Japanese thought in this respect. It is curious to note that the glory of Jingo's achievements have not been allowed to remain a glory to her sex. Legend, the vehicle of Buddhist priests, ascribes her wonderful career to the influence of her unborn son, who so distinguished himself in life as to be accorded the position of the War Spirit in the Walhalla of the Japanese Gods.

But the debt which Japan owes to her women does not end here. When Chinese learning and Chinese culture threatened the language of the country, it was the brilliant literary women of the period who maintained it in its exquisite purity and grace. We see something of this feminine influence in the extraordinary novel, *Genji Monogatari*, written by a woman, Murasaki Shikib, in the tenth century. The young scholars of the Universities were then not too proud to sit at the feet of their professors' daughters and to learn of them. One of these ladies is described as having such "dashing genius and eloquence that all ordinary scholars would find themselves unable to cope with her and would be reduced to silence." But it is significant that even in those days the Japanese youth resented the superiority, for he remarks that though "it is no doubt true that our wife or daughter should not lack intelligence, yet, for the life of me, I cannot bring myself to approve a woman like this." Almost imperceptibly, yet very

steadily, the position of women in Japan declined. She became merely the housewife, admirable within her limitations; ruling in her sphere for the most part wisely and well, but with no influence outside her home. Her individuality was stunted by complete subservience, first to her parents, then to her husband and his parents. "Women," says the Bhuddist proverb, "have no homes of their own in the Three States of Existence"; they had none in this "Universe of Desire," as regulated by Japanese custom. The "treasure flower" of the paternal hearth is only a sojourner; all too soon she must take root elsewhere. Marriage, even to-day, means a very different parting in the Japanese home to what it does in the European. It is actually a reversal of the old proverb, "Your son's your son till he gets him a wife; your daughter's your daughter all your life." The daughter, so petted by her parents, is now to a great extent, cut off from their love; they have little power to influence her future happiness. That lies "on the knees" of her mother-in-law. The fact that this lady paramount has expressed approval of her new daughter-in-law elect and has expressed affection for her, means more than the most rapturous love on the part of the bridegroom. For her mother-in-law will rule her life in the future. The pleasant butterfly existence, with its dainty duties and decorative studies, has come to an end. The little Japanese maiden knows what is before her—she has watched her mother at work and has come to her assistance in such important matters as serving her father and his honoured guest, or assisting at the ceremonial tea, the important etiquette of which still remains an important item of a girl's education. Perhaps, too, she has at home seen something of the tyranny of the mother-in-law, and knows how difficult it will be for her kindly young husband to protect her. Well might Kaibara the sage warn her that she must rise early and at night go late to bed. If her mother-in-law be of a wakeful disposition the young wife must still wait upon her *coucher*. Upon her *lever*, too. Almost before the dawn she must be about her household affairs, must see that the servants are at work, and superintend the preparation of breakfast. Then she must call her husband and his mother, acting as valet to one and as maid to the other, opening their shutters, taking them hot water, the *hibachi*, or anything else they may require. The husband may be independent, but the old lady generally exacts her pound of flesh. She had to do it when she was young. And this is her hour. It is only when a woman herself becomes a mother-in-law that she can expect any leisure. And, naturally enough, she makes the most of it.

Contact with another civilisation explains the modification



which Japan is undergoing in all the ramifications of the women question. The divorce laws have, within the last few years, been greatly altered. Common enough among the lower grades of society, divorce has always been rare among the aristocracy. The noble considered it beneath his dignity to divorce his wife; if she were childless the difficulty could be met by his constituting his son by a lesser wife his heir, or by the time-honoured custom of adoption. Concubines are no longer recognised by law, but the Civil Code provides the father with the means of legitimatising a natural son should he so desire. Prince Haru was formally recognised as heir to the throne before the marriage question received Imperial attention. He will be the last exception to the new laws, to which, in future, even the Emperor must bow. Should Prince Haru or his sons die without heirs, the crown would pass to a collateral branch of the Imperial family. Before the new laws did so much to improve the condition of woman, a wife could be divorced on the flimsiest of pretexts. And she never quite recovered from the stigma. It has often been said that incapacity in cooking, for which to-day we hesitate to dismiss even our cooks, was enough to get a wife her *congé*. But this cause was not recognised. Too much freedom in conversation was, however, sufficient; she could be dismissed for "loquacity," or for jealousy. No wonder Kaibara gave her recommendations on this point. Disobedience to father-in-law or mother-in-law was a well-established reason. Bad disease or larceny, like adultery or failure to produce an heir, were also accepted as grounds for a husband obtaining a divorce. But to-day the divorce laws of Japan are very similar to those of many European countries.

It is, doubtless, the oppression of the patriarchal system affecting men and women alike which, in the present condition of intellectual development in Japan, is leading to what might be termed the decentralisation of family life. To-day men and women are cutting themselves adrift from their families in order to attain independence. They are making no little sacrifice, for he, who thus assumes individuality before the law, casts off his aristocratic privileges and becomes frankly a plebeian. He founds a new family of a lower class. Then, and then only, can his wife share his independence, and, influenced perhaps by the gospel according to Fukuzawa, it is often for her sake that the rupture is effected. No greater proof could be given of the change which has come over the Japanese man with regard to his womanhood. To-day the man is sacrificing himself for the woman. To-day, too, he has realised that he needs a companion quite as much as a housekeeper. And to achieve this he knows he must educate her, even as he is educated. To their honour be it said that the

men of Japan are entirely responsible for their own woman question. They know "that woman's cause is man's." They have taken the initiative, for in their whole-souled devotion to the future of their country, they have realised how closely connected with it is the position of woman. As a wife, it is true, she may affect only the individual; "they rise or sink together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free"; as a mother she influences the race. Were it possible that she should remain content with the ideal of the past, the ideal of wifehood and motherhood, strengthened and intellectually magnified by the generous education of Western women, Japan might hope for the millennium. But this could hardly be. Meanwhile the future of the race is crying out for the education of the mother physically and mentally. Once give her education and the woman will claim independence. It is the history of the woman question all over the world during the last fifty years.

"The five worst maladies that afflict the female mind," to return to the words of the old moralist, "are indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy and silliness. Without any doubt, these five maladies infest seven or eight out of every ten women, and it is from these that arises the inferiority of women to men. . . . The worst of them all and the parent of the other four is silliness." And he recommends as a cure "self-inspection and self-reproach." Those who are intent on the remaking of Japan are finding another treatment. They are discarding the old national proverb, "Never trust a woman even if she has borne you seven children," and are putting the sharpest of weapons into her hand. She is being emancipated and she is being educated. When the Woman's University was opened in 1901, Count Okuma urged the necessity of education for women upon the country. Japan, he said, would be twice as strong if its women were well educated, and he pointed out how the countries which were content to see only their men educated had fallen behind in the universal competition. But long ere the new University became a fact, the matter had been taken seriously in hand. Elementary education is now compulsory, and there are innumerable higher schools where the course, in addition to the usual scholastic subjects, includes moral precepts, training for domestic affairs, cutting out and sewing—in old days the making of her husband's clothes was part of a wife's duty. There is a higher normal school for women in Tokyo, as well as the Woman's University. Of course, there are also large numbers of private schools. But in his article on Woman's Education, Baron Suyematsu tells us that the supply of educational institutions is always far behind the demand, for the emulation and aspiration of Japanese women

increase year by year. There was a time between 1884 and 1891, when a reaction set in against the inevitable widening of women's sphere. The Japanese met their problem of revolting daughters by the closing of many schools. Not only the character of the coming woman was considered to be affected; her health undoubtedly was. The hygiene of a young girl's life in the new conditions of close study was not understood by the old-fashioned mother. She was allowed to work too much, and to eat too little. Naturally, her health suffered. But these matters are righting themselves and prejudices are dying out. The influence of the Peeress School is seen throughout the country in the matter of athletic training, in which it was the pioneer. The same attention is now paid to physical culture in all the more democratic institutions.

It is the fashion to-day to speak of the Peeress School as conservative. And so, in a manner, it is. But in this matter we must sympathise with the feelings of the Empress, its creator, and patron. Ardently as she desires all that is best for her people, it is with a natural regret that she sees the picturesque characteristics of her country swept into oblivion. She does not want to see Japan pressed into a European model; she desires to maintain not only the ideals, but the customs of old Japan. And thus, while she insists on due attention to intellectual development, accomplishments, with poetry as the chief, take a prominent place in her scheme. Old traditions must be maintained. Perhaps the Empress recognises in the extraordinary lyrical gift of her people a powerful factor against the materialism which, in the race for success, threatens to choke their finer aspirations. Certainly, she encourages as far as possible the cultivation of the arts, music, painting and literature, though equal attention is paid to more domestic attainments. Modern materialism is in direct opposition to the spiritual and moral ideals of the Japanese, the development of the higher nature is the law of Bushido, which enjoins the elaborate formalism of etiquette, not as an end in itself, but as the means to a nobler end. Hence the mysteries of etiquette still play an important part in the *régime* of the Peeress School.

The revival of athleticism is in accordance with the Samurai spirit which still dominates the nation. Only for a short time had the physical development of women been disregarded; except for the immediate families of the Daimios, the women of old Japan were a hardy race, and the physical training of the Samurai girls was almost as vigorous as that of the Spartan women of old. The duty of a lady-in-waiting on a Daimio's wife included the defence of her lord's castle in the absence of his male retainers. She was

expert in fencing and in the use of the long-handed sword (*Naginata*). Quite as important was the act of suicide, should circumstances demand it; like Hedda Gabbler, her ideal was a beautiful death. Not for her was *hara-kiri*, but the more stately *Jigai*<sup>1</sup>, to us, a far less repulsive method of death. The sacrifice enjoined by Bushido is now officially abolished, but all it represented still powerfully influences the minds of Samurai men and women. In her delightful book, *Under the Care of the Japanese War Office*, Miss McCaul tells how her companion, Madame Kuroda, was fully prepared for death when it was feared her charges might fall into Russian hands. The little dagger without which, even to-day, no Japanese woman is supposed to travel abroad, was ready to hand. Should she fail in the mission entrusted her—the bringing back of her charges in safety to Japan—suicide seemed the only dignified course. The honour of a Samurai is a conception which other civilisations find it hard to apprehend fully. Loyalty to Emperor and country is its first law. It is developed in earliest childhood and influences the woman as much as the man. We see it now in a very high degree, when every woman would sacrifice her all in the moment of her country's need. Only the other day a man, eager to volunteer for active service, was deterred by the knowledge that he was the sole support of his mother. He perceived a divided duty, but the claim of his family, for once, seemed the greater, and, having carefully weighed the matter, he decided to remain at home. His mother knew nothing of the matter; it came to her knowledge later. And, perceiving then that she stood in the path of her son's obligations to his country, she immediately committed suicide. When the attack was made on the present Tsar during his visit to Japan, the insult to the nation's honour was felt by the women and girls quite as deeply as by the men. From Mrs. Fraser we hear how the ten-year-old daughter of Viscount Aoki lay for hours in an agony of grief, moaning "I am a Japanese! I must live with this shame! I cannot! I cannot!" And a youthful maiden actually committed suicide after conveying a message to the Emperor, that, humble as she was, she begged he might find some comfort in her death, since she gave her life gladly, in atonement for the insult to her country's honour.

We get here a curious blending of the old ideals with the new civilisation, and this meets us everywhere in Japan, particularly in regard to the position of women. Many are the instances

(1) This form of suicide consisted of plunging a dagger into the neck. It was really part of the *hara kiri* or *seppuku*, for in the case of men the abdominal incision was merely superficial, death being caused by a subsequent blow in the throat.

quoted of the husband who would not think of preceding his wife when she is wearing European clothes, but who stalks majestically in front directly she resumes her national dress. The Emperor, and even more noticeably the Crown Prince, have done their utmost to bring about a change in this respect, and always treat their wives with greatest courtesy. It is hard to eradicate the influences of countless generations, both in man and woman. The woman as yet makes no claim to her "rights"; she continues to accept a position of inferiority. It has always been her privilege to wait upon her husband, to give him devoted personal service in trivial as well as in important matters. Even the Empress is not exempt from a personal superintendence of her lord's wardrobe. Miss McCaul paints a pretty picture of the Marchioness Oyama "very busy packing her husband's things" on the eve of his departure for the front. As President of the Ladies' Patriotic Society and one of the most energetic members of the Red Cross Society, this dainty little lady has laboured unceasingly in her country's cause, but all other duties fell for the moment into the background when the question of her husband's needs became immediate.

To-day the woman question in Japan is going through the same phases as we have witnessed during the past fifty years in Europe and America, modified to some extent by the traditions of the race. Women, well taught and trained, are finding independence. There is an immense demand for teachers in schools, and thousands of women are thus employed. As nurses they have gained the highest distinction, and the number of women who take up this profession is very large. But they are also beginning to compete seriously with men, not only in medicine, in art, in journalism, and in literature, but in agriculture and commerce. The increase of factories is leading to a greater demand for female labour. Women are finding occupation as telephone clerks, in printing offices and in banks. A few are employed as typewriters, but Miss Alice M. Bacon, in *Japanese Girls and Women*, reminds us that "until a writing machine has been invented that will write four thousand characters there will not be much demand for typewriter girls outside the treaty ports." It is not surprising to find that with the increased number of openings for women, the servant difficulty is arising in Japan. Japanese servants have hitherto had the reputation of being among the best in the world. But the master or mistress must accept the fact that they will do their work on their own lines, and not on any preconceived plan of the person they serve. An English lady taking out a maid to Japan soon finds her Japanese women much more conversant with her idiosyncrasies, and much more eager to minister to them than her English maid. They

share the independence of their class, and in the treatment of their husbands, if one is lucky enough to get a pair of married servitors, much resemble Europeans of the same position. In the interests of the master, the "boy" is kept very much up to the mark by his wife. For loyalty to the house they serve is the characteristic note of the old-fashioned Japanese servant, many of whom came from the Samurai class. Like the old retainers of European families and the petted household slaves of South America, the servants of the bygone *régime* were members of the family, and the women are still honoured by strangers with the affix San. In the absence of her mistress or the daughters of the house, it was the servant's duty to receive a visitor, and so exquisite were her manners that many a European has gone away from a house at which he has paid his call, quite oblivious of the fact that he had been entertained and made much of by the housemaid.

Like many other Japanese institutions, woman in Japan is at the moment in a transitory stage. We cannot but hope that her ideals may endure unharméd by the probation to which the change in her outlook undoubtedly subjects her. Like the Spartan woman, the Samurai woman's highest hope was to be the wife of a great man and the mother of illustrious sons. If this spirit prevails it will keep the woman of the future unspoiled by her advanced education and on a higher platform than the woman of other nations. "For woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse." And to-day the world wants women whose ideal is not masculinity, but rather self-control, patience, and self-sacrifice. The law of sacrifice, the necessary condition of all advancement, has been learnt by the Japanese woman direct from nature. As Nature sacrifices the individual for the sake of the race, so will the Japanese woman make her sacrifice, consciously, daily, hourly. The race, in her eyes, is of more importance than all else beside, and her sacrifice to it is her sacrifice to her forefathers who begot it; to the Gods themselves.

ETHEL M. M. McKENNA.

## THE EROSION OF AUTOCRACY: A LETTER FROM RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 13th, 1905.

THE fathers of modern geology contended fiercely as to the manner in which the earth's crust had attained its present shape. The distribution and level of land, the contours of valleys and mountain-chains, in which some saw merely the peaceful processes of eternal Nature, using water as her tool, others ascribed to the caprice of volcanic forces stored in the subterranean world. The war between Neptunists and Plutonists even engaged the mind of Goethe, who in the second part of *Faust* covered what he regarded as the anarchical views of the Plutonists with scorn. The dispute, dead in science, is very much alive in the philosophy of contemporary politics, and may be applied, without straining a point, to the conflicting prophecies lately made by observers of Russia's troubled condition. The majority acclaimed the revolt which began on January 22nd as a revolution. It was the premonitory black cloud foretelling the volcanic eruption by which autocracy and all its abominations would be rent and overwhelmed. These observers were the Plutonists who, not in Russia alone, but in all troubled lands, in Austria, in Spain, in the Balkans, are for ever watching tensely for catastrophic events and sudden dissolutions. The minority, or Neptunist observers, saw nothing so momentous. They risked their reputation, at a time when the risk seemed considerable, by deriding the revolution. But they did not deny that the present condition of the Tsar's Empire was unstable; that the frosts and deluges of social and political discontent had cracked and crumbled the Imperial fabric; and that within a brief time the monarchy must be buttressed upon popular support won by Liberal concessions, or tumble to the ground. The Neptunists, in short, saw the effects of erosion and disintegration, slowly accumulating, but surely threatening ruin, while the Plutonists were trembling over imminent earthquakes.

The events of the month which has passed since last I wrote, may be taken, I think, as final evidence that the Neptunists were right. The month has been absolutely barren of political events of first-rate importance. But although no single occurrence has added perceptibly to the immediate peril of the Autocracy, the situation has steadily worsened. Before peace has been restored to the towns—and May Day may bring forth intensified turmoil—the country has begun to smoulder. In nearly every province,

from Vitebsk east to Saratoff, and down the whole belt of Central Russia as far south as the Crimea, veiled or open revolts have taken place, and in many cases continue. Against factories, sugar-refineries, *chateaux* isolated in forest and on steppe, bands of armed peasants have marched victoriously and with impunity. Even the Tsar's estate at Livadia has been outraged by impious hands. St. Petersburg has continued to strike one day, work the next, and threaten both days; Lodz, Warsaw, and Petrokoff have been delivered over to bomb-casters and Cossacks. Tiflis has been in open and triumphant rebellion, and the "provisional Government," which was a mockery in the metropolis, has been set up in real earnest in other Caucasian centres. Hoards of bombs have been unearthed in St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and Odessa; incendiary literature goes boldly through the post, and stuffs every pocket, including even, as the Kharkoff case shows, the pockets of State *tchinorniks*. To all these internal forces of disintegration, which may be likened to frost working in the very structure of the stone, have been added two external calamities, which may be compared to tempest beating from outside. The disaster at Mukden has been consummated, and the foreign investor has at last buttoned up his purse. Before this letter appears another and final defeat at sea seems certain. In short, everything has gone ill, and nothing well, in the worst of all possible Empires.

But strange as it may seem, revolution, which connotes the complete subversion of the present system of government, seems as far off as ever; and the small minority which desires it is no more hopeful of speedy success than it was a month ago, when disorder was confined to a few isolated cities. That this is not due to any superiority in the statesmanship of St. Petersburg and Tsarskoe Selo needs no proof. The war has given Russia true measure of the wisdom and prescience of her oppressors. But the autocracy can still claim this element of resisting power as an organic unity, whereas the revolt, so far, has been a series of flashes in the pan. Although flames of rebellion have now been lighted in every part of the Tsar's dominions save in the extreme north, they have either burnt themselves out or been extinguished everywhere save in Poland and in the Caucasus, both non-Russian lands which, beyond mere hatred of bureaucratic oppression, have other impulses to revolt. There has been no unity of aim, and less than no unity of action. Had all the numberless riots and rebellions of the past month taken place, by will of some universal organisation, on a single day, the autocracy would have been paralysed, and revolution an accomplished fact. As it is, revolution has receded out of sight; and, instead, we are faced with the aimless, sporadic lawlessness of desperation—proof not of the people's power to rebel, but of



their weakness and total lack of concord and plan. It is not the destruction of the autocracy, but the destruction of Russia with which we are threatened. The erosion of general anarchy is swiftly wearing away the whole social fabric. Though there is no visible chance of oppression being torn from its throne, there is more than a chance of general chaos in which organised State and organised people will for a time cease to exist. It was from such social dissolution that the Romanoffs three centuries ago saved Russia. Its recurrence may save Russia from the Romanoffs.

It would be an excess of refining to deny this breaking-up process the title of revolution, were it not that the heroic associations of the latter word are nowhere to be found. Since "Bloody Sunday" nearly three months have passed; and St. Petersburg during those three months has, as far as externals go, been as content and uncomplaining as London or Paris. And as in the capital so elsewhere. Each local outbreak, having had its day and ceased to be, had been followed by tranquillity so deep that the superficial imagine Russia has merely been letting off steam, instead of getting it up. Outside the narrow cyclones of anarchy which visit all centres in turn and for a brief time, the Empire remains unmoved and pursues assiduously its pleasures—and even sometimes its business. What a writer in this REVIEW last month called "Russian Apathy and Insouciance," is not peculiar to warworn soldiers in Manchuria, for the public here also cares nothing for the war and less for the revolt, save when its immediate interests are touched. The humour of both dramas obscures the tragedy. When Port Arthur fell, St. Petersburg's pet conundrum ran as follows: "Did you hear that Stoessel is coming home on crutches?" "No?" "Yes, he left his Nogi in Port Arthur," the point of this pleasant joke being that "Nogi" is Russian for "legs." The "revolution," like the war, inspires as many jokes as it breaks heads. Indeed, an acquaintance of mine spends his free time—which, as he is a Government official, is considerable—in compiling for the benefit of posterity a volume of the current jokes and puns inspired by the recent political murders, pillagings, floggings, and even, for there is no subject too sad for his eclectic wit, by Imperial Manifests. He boasts that he visited Moscow specially "to collect the good things said about the Grand Duke Serge." Newspaper editors are daily tricked by would-be wits and tyrannicides, who, in the harmless guise of verse or letters about the local drains, contribute cryptograms containing threats to murder, or playful thoughts on murder already done. I can think of nothing more characteristic of society's good-humoured acquiescence in the present anarchy than the following passage from a private letter, which I give with fictitious names. It was

written by a highly-respected and humane lady of mature years :—

When we got to Anastasevka, we found that no one expected us, and the children were absent. They told us, "They are in the yard." When I ran out, I saw Kolya's head peeping over the fence and Vanya running frantically up. Kolya had a snowball, and as Vanya ran past he threw it not at his head but at his feet, and cried triumphantly, "Bang! Mister Nolken, how do *you* like being blown up?" As I kissed the dear little ones, Kolya shouted excitedly, "We're playing Warsaw, mother; it's our new game. Come and be blown up!" I remonstrated, "*These things are not for your years*;" but Kolya persisted, and finally, we played at bomb-throwing till dusk, when Paul Platonitch came out, and said, "Are you mad, *natushka*?" Still, he was so pleased at the droll idea that he gave Vanya a twenty-kopeck piece, which V. stuck in an apple, and concealed in the shrubbery, screaming, "Now you be policeman and come and search for my bomb!"

I do not affirm that this playful spirit is universal. Some regard the position as having passed outside the domain of wit, and I can testify to the fact that one "gentleman of the twentieth"<sup>1</sup> declined to participate in a sweepstakes as to which member of the Imperial Family would be next removed, on the moral ground that no Russian zealous for his country's salvation could doubt that the removal of the Emperor would be accomplished first.

The implication of this incident—that even *tchinovniks* are sometimes so faithless to their position as to desire the extinction of the supreme *tchinovnik*—will no doubt cause surprise to those simple-minded Englishmen who regard the Russian revolt as a mere war between Oppression and Liberty, in which the evil or bureaucratic principle withstands in battle the generous assaults of the good, or non-bureaucratic. That is a journalistic, not an historic, summary. Ormuzd, indeed, exists, though with the serious mental and moral ailments which, using a worshipper as a mouthpiece, I exposed last month. The crux is to find Ahri-man, the despot and degrader. Where is the evil, greedy, unscrupulous force which, despite bombs, street revolts, and resolutions, holds Russia in slavery? It is certainly not to be found in St. Petersburg. Perhaps it is the local soldier or policeman who, faced by immediate peril and responsibility, acts with decision and ruthlessness. But above these subordinate heads—among Ministers, among those by office responsible for directing the Empire—it is hard to find not merely a despot, but even an avowed adherent of the present order. Institutions, in fact, persist by virtue of some contrary magic inherent in the house that is

(1) *Tchinovniks* are paid on the 20th of the month, and their interests and aspirations are supposed to focus on that date. Hence the picturesque description, *liudi dvatsatavo tchisla*, which means literally, "persons of the twentieth date."

united against itself. Among all the Tsar's Ministers and high officials there is believed to be only one—the Governor-General of St. Petersburg—who sincerely believes that the autocracy can be permanently maintained, and that repression can maintain it; who believes, therefore, that he is engaged in a good and necessary work. But, in this exceptional case, faith springs from an exceptional lack of political education. The rest of Nicholas II.'s supposed advisers, so far from being brutal despots, are simple-minded, weak-willed gentlemen, who inform you quite frankly that things are impossible, that radical reforms are imperative, and—tearfully—that they themselves have not the power to institute those reforms. It is positively pleasant for a man of Liberal instincts to come into collision with the objective, unsophisticated mind of Major-General Trepoff after listening to the lachrymose Wertherisms of his "corrupt and brutal" colleagues. To defend the present misrule is the last thing that corrupt and brutal adviser dreams of. He does not even affirm—as perhaps with justice he might—that autocracy is defensible as the lesser of two evils. The whole system, he admits, is insupportable.

That I am not exaggerating in laying so much stress upon the union of the Government against itself I show by quoting the following almost verbatim report of a fragment of a long conversation which I had with a Minister whose name, formerly obscure, has of late been much in the Western European Press :—

"You ask me how far what you call ruling sentiment is in favour of Constitutional reform. I believe the sentiment is universal that radical reforms are necessary." "But Constitutional reforms?" "Constitutional reforms are possible only upon the personal initiative of the Tsar?" "But Ministers have advisory powers?" "No Minister has the power to advise the Emperor to limit his own authority. Such a thing is incredible. I believe there is only one Minister who, were the question put to a vote, would oppose all forms of representative government. We all desire reforms." "But if Ministers agree that the present system is hopeless, and if they are powerless to mend it, why do they hold office?" "No Russian Minister takes or leaves office with regard to problems of higher (*obstche-gosudarstvenni*) politics? He holds office as head of his department. The Minister of the Interior is the only exception to this rule. Thus you see that although we may deplore the present chaos, and be convinced that appeasement can come only through making great concessions to the popular demands, we can do nothing. I personally am powerless. For instance. . . ." And the corrupt and brutal adviser after giving an instance of his own vain intercessions, stating that "few Ministers had any desire to hold office," and that "all feel that something must be done. But the decision does not rest with us," concluded with the following fine piece of historical philosophy: "Russia has always moved forward by elemental movements, independently of her statesmen. Since Peter's time, few individuals have done anything, but much has been done. *The situation will solve itself.*"

Childish as this last sentence seems, it is probably true. The lack of dramatic, masterful personalities at the head of either of the contending forces—tyranny without a tyrant pitted against rebellion without rebels—presages an unheroic peace.

That Ministers of this type maintain even a semblance of authority is the best proof of the essential weakness of the anti-Governmental campaign. The course taken by the agrarian revolters is further evidence of feebleness and incoherency. For years past the essential solidarity of interest between peasants and nobles has been the main factor in the anti-Governmental movement. *Muzhik* and *dvorianin* alike had been sucked bloodless to enable the State to instil vigour into moribund industrialism. Both were, consciously or unconsciously, in opposition. Standing for his own class in *Zemstvo Sobranye* and Agricultural Committee, the noble had stood for the peasant, urged his claim to fiscal amelioration, to mental enlightenment and moral regeneration. Save in the peasant's occasional dependence on the squire for wood or pasture, nothing of the feudal relation remained. The *Zemstvo*, controlled mainly by the nobles, was the single institution in the Empire which even aspired to play the part of earthly Providence towards the voiceless, shepherdless herd which forms the basis of the Russian State. Outside those thickly-peopled provinces where mouths had outpaced *desyatinas*, where the *muzhik*, to feed his family, was forced to buy piecemeal the heritage of his former owners, even the land was no apple of discord. Few failed to realise that it was the depredations of the Finance Ministry—committed equally against both nobles and peasants—that made it impossible for the *muzhik* to subsist on his patch of communal land. If the peasant did not know that the noble was his best friend, the noble often, in the face of ingratitude and distrust, persisted to act as the peasant's ally. For some this unwritten compact had an almost sacramental import; many ruined themselves upon schools, abjured official rank and distinction, rather than desert their people, and lived as unpaid and unhonoured *Zemstvo* members in remote, tiresome provinces, mere residence in which implies a more than Spartan fortitude. Yet, despite full identity of interests and devotion beyond praise, the autocracy's old policy of *divide et impera* has triumphed. To-day the insurgent *muzhik*, whose real interest is to hang the *zemski natchalnik* and cantonal clerk, is raising a fratricidal hand against the only class in the Empire which at all understands him, which has needs identical with his, which has more than once, to the injury of its own interests, set his special claims in the foreground of demands for reform. Natural enough in feudal France, in Russia the *jacquerie* is the most painful of all conceivable proofs

that the people are still groping blindly for salvation in darkness as to their real interests. It rejoices only the enemies of reform, who see in it a manifestation of "The Fist" against the "educated"—and in Russia nowadays to be "educated" means to be "disloyal"—and the full fruition of those seeds of inter-class alienation which, sowed first in the soil of serfdom, have, during the past generation, been assiduously cultured by the long line of far-sighted oppressors which, with the death of Pléhve, seems to have come to an end.

The union of peasants and nobles by the reform of the autonomous rural administration has for years past been a cherished Liberal ideal. The Zemstvo is at present the sole organ of rural self-government which represents all classes. The Government Zemstvo sometimes controls territory as large as all England; the district Zemstvo, which does the actual work, may administer an area of an English county. Between it and the purely peasant *Volost*, which manages the affairs of a commune, comprising but a few villages, there is a great gap. The peasants are weakly represented on the Zemstvo; in the *Volost* the nobles are not represented at all. Between the two classes yawns a bridgeless gulf, making united action and efficient administration impossible. No better system could have been devised for keeping the *muzhik* out of contact with the Liberalised nobles, and preventing the nobles studying the needs of the *muzhik*. The Liberal demand was for the creation of a "Small Rural Unit" of local self-government (*melkaya zemskaya yedinitsa*), in which, in the administration of an area intermediate between that of the Zemstvo and *Volost*, both classes should participate. The definition of this new area of local self-government was a matter of dispute even among the reformers. Some merely wanted the participation of all classes in the present *Volost*; others required the artificial delimitation of *utchastki* or *okrugi*, with populations of from 15,000 to 30,000. But despite these differences as regards details, the movement spread, and soon the "Small Rural Unit" was a rallying cry for all Progressives. Reactionary publicists like Prince Miestchersky, M.M. Komaroff, Velitchko, and Znamensky warred against the project, denouncing it as "a fetish of Russian Liberalism which would introduce the demoralising principles of Parliamentarism into the village."<sup>1</sup> But an attempt made in 1903 by the administrative authorities of Riazan to prevent the discussion of the great problem by the local Zemstvo was quashed by the Ruling Senate, and the movement seemed on the point of success. The reactionaries, however, so far held their own as to prevent

anything being done ; and at the present time, in all that concerns their common interests, nobles and peasants live in unnatural and artificially-maintained isolation. The result is that when hunger and panic drive the peasantry to a rising of desperation their hands are lifted against the one class in the Empire which opposes the Government on the grounds on which they, were they thinking beings, would oppose it. The *jacquerie*, however, is a two-edged sword. It may serve the autocracy by cleaving irremediably in twain the two great classes which live by the land. But as it cannot, unlike a Kischineff or Baku race riot, be bid to cease at any convenient hour, it may spread too far, and prove to be the most powerful of the erosive influences which threaten to bring the autocracy down with a crash.

Unfortunately for the autocracy, it no longer gathers around it the astute if unscrupulous servants who produced even these ambiguous fruits. The watchword of the Throne to-day is *laissez-faire*, which in practice means that Ministers do nothing but shed tears and wait for events on the principle that nothing can be worse than the things that are to-day, and that the scales of justice and the sword of repression are handed over to underlings with full authority to do as they will and full absolution from responsibility. It was this dropping of the reins which produced the initial tragedy of January ; and it is this which is fostering anarchy and vengeance all over the Empire to-day. The local rulers—and the only local rulers left are the Gendarme, the Cossack, and the Censor—clothed in brief but terrible authority, are combining to drive into despairing revolt a people whose meekness has for centuries been a byword among the nations. During the past month arrests have multiplied, and ruthlessness has degenerated into savagery. The provincial governors, whose power the late M. Plehve, with accustomed foresight, two years ago plotted to augment, have lost all control over their subordinates ; and I am told that one—by no means a mirror of chivalry—complained to M. Buluigin, the Minister of the Interior, that unless they were given a free hand his hirelings would decline to repress, whereas, if they were given a free hand, their methods of repression would drive the people mad. With savagery stupidity goes hand in hand. The innocent are arrested and chastised, though it is the interest of the powers themselves to chastise only the guilty. *Dvorniks* and *muzhiks*, set upon students and schoolboys, are taught the licence which, sooner or later, will recoil upon the heads of the instigators. (The first fruits of these

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor,

are already being reaped, if the reports from the provinces of

strikes among the *dvornik*-police-spies are true.) Roughs drag "disloyal" intelligents into courtyards, where, with the privacy and leisure ensured by official approval, they may beat them into insensibility or death. The people retort in their aimless, ineffective way with bombs and bullets. Both sides suffer, and though neither oppressor nor oppressed advances one inch to victory, the disintegration of society proceeds apace, the situation moving towards solution independently of personalities and powers, precisely in the manner prophesied by my Ministerial friend.

The revolt of the Orthodox Church is the last of the erosive influences threatening the existing order from within. In Russia, as abroad, it has been acclaimed by optimists as heralding a new spiritual regeneration; but the less sanguine here depreciate its import, and declare that whether the Synod is ridden of its Ober-Procuror is of no importance if only the Empire at large is ridden of the baleful sway of M. Pobiedonostseff. Of a spiritually-inspired and therefore politically potent religious revival there is still no sign; such things do not come from Metropolitans and Bishops, but from parish priests—and parish priests in Russia are inert and uninspired. Orthodoxy will undoubtedly support the autocracy, as long as autocracy remains on top. The Metropolitan Antonius, future Patriarch, with whom I conversed on that subject some weeks ago, expressed himself as definitely as any adherent of autocracy could wish. The priests would always support the Government. Any other attitude was inconceivable. They were at one in that with the peasants from whom they sprang and to whom they ministered. The future Patriarch, as I saw him, was a shrewd, humorous man of the world, endowed with a handsome but by no means austere or imposing presence. Probably well-equipped to engineer administrative reforms, he is the last man in the world to infuse enthusiasm into the adherents of a decadent faith. Until lately his attitude towards domestic troubles has been severely official, and his pastorals and *poslaniya* issued since the outbreak of the war with Japan might have been—some say were—composed by M. Pobiedonostseff himself. From the heads of the Church, as from the rank and file of the clergy, little is expected. As for the Russian people, those whom the State religion repels seldom aspire to reform it; the refuges on the one hand are sectarianism, and on the other secularism. At the same time the stirring of any somnolent institution is significant, and it is no longer doubtful that the high priests of Orthodoxy realise the weakness of their secular masters, and are resolved to profit by the general emancipation of which that weakness is regarded as the certain pledge.

In St. Petersburg the failure of the French loan was at first

regarded as a blow to the autocracy more potent than any of the internal troubles. The effect among the malcontents I cannot better describe than by saying that there was even heartier rejoicing than over the assassination of the Grand Duke Serge. Coming together, it was predicted that the defeat at Mukden and the *débâcle* of the hitherto triumphant Finance Ministry would bring about peace; and peace, by tearing the last rags of prestige from the autocracy, would consummate its downfall. So ran the argument of the native Plutonists who, like their foreign sympathisers, reject the humdrum processes of history and live from day to day in tense expectation of seismic overthrows. But, as a sceptic remarked to me when peace rumours were flying fastest: "The very stupidity of our rulers will delay the catastrophe. The situation in St. Petersburg, in Warsaw, in the villages, is a thousand times more hopeless for the Government than the situation in Manchuria. But if the Tsar has not wits to see that he cannot withstand his people, why presume in him wits to see that he cannot withstand Japan?" There is perhaps wisdom in this stupidity, for many Russians declare that a continuation of the struggle will stay for a time the hand of doom, adducing the fact that it was not during, but after, the Crimean and Russo-Turkish wars that the last two great liberalising waves attained full height. The difficulty of obtaining a foreign loan is unlikely to accelerate the testing of this problem. If peace comes about, it will be for want of hope, not for want of cash.

Russians, it must be said, show little gratitude for the blundering assistance given by foreign sympathisers, whether in the shape of attacks on the national finances, of subscriptions in support of the meaningless outrages and meaningless butchery which premature rebellion alone can yield, or of cheap rhetoric about tyranny. National uprisings, they feel, are not summer plants, but may be likened rather to the Alpine flower which, robbed of sunshine by its covering of frozen snow, melts its prison walls and grows to maturity by its inherent warmth. To-day the regenerative forces of the people are slowly dissolving the icy prison in which they have been so long pent. These forces will wax greater by themselves; the revolt, like the soldanella, must yield its own quickening heat. Not until it has done that shall we see the new and emancipated Russia of which—to revert to my first metaphor—the political Plutonists are prematurely acclaiming the advent.

R. L.



## THE RUSSIAN LINES OF COMMUNICATION.

THE determination of the Tsar to continue the war in spite of the Mukden *débâcle*, recalls the remarkable telegram which Kuropatkin was reported to have sent after one of the big defeats of last year—"Army continues to advance northwards," for by no plausible method of reasoning can the probable abandonment of the whole of Manchuria and a retirement into Siberia be qualified as "strategic."

The cutting off of supplies through Chinese sources, and the preservation of the Russian lines of communication with their base, again opens up the much-vexed question as to the possibility of the single line of railway across Siberia and the Trans-Baikal sufficing to convey troops as well as provide for them. The problem is a complex one, and places the whole plan of campaign on a new footing, as it virtually means a total reorganisation of the entire commissariat and transport department. The old saying that it is inadvisable to swap horses whilst crossing a stream would perhaps be considered applicable at this juncture were it not for the fact that it looks like being a case of *nolens volens*. Indeed, all this reorganisation will have to be undertaken, at any cost, whilst the war, if it really is to be continued, is in progress. That the Japanese are fully aware of the predicament the Russians will be placed in once they are forced to retire from Harbin there can be no doubt. A glance at the map will show how desperate will be the position of Linievitch if by any chance his line of communication should break down—for the only place of any importance whatever between Harbin and Karinskaya in the Trans-Baikal is "Manchuria Station," some 584 miles distant on the Siberian frontier, and which is but a big straggling railway junction with only a small and unimportant settlement round about it. In fact, one may safely say that until Chita is reached there is really no town sufficiently large to enter seriously into any strategic calculations. The railway line passes through as bare and inhospitable a tract of country as can be found anywhere in the world. It is practically a continuation of the Gobi, the "great hungry desert." The monotony of the bleak, treeless plain is unrelieved by even a hillock, the sun rises and sets on a vista of dreary solitude, which is only broken by an occasional Mongol caravan. The only habitations to be seen are the station buildings, and perhaps here and there a native *Yourt*. It is an uncultivated and uninhabited sort of no-man's land, where it would be impossible to

maintain an army unless it were amply provided by the railway with everything requisite, including water, and offers a startling contrast to the fertile and well-populated country one sees going southwards when Tie-ling is passed. Nature would do more to assist the Japanese commanders than all the fighting, in the event of the Russians being forcibly driven back towards the Siberian frontier.

It is argued that every verst Linievitch retires means a corresponding verst the less in the length of his line of communications. That is so, but it must not be overlooked that on the other hand the Japanese, with the control of the railway to the coast, are really more in immediate touch on all sides with a prolific source of supplies than are the Russians with only one link with their base, in the shape of the great Trans-Siberian railway. There appears to be so great an amount of misconception with regard to the working capabilities of this much-discussed, and one may also add, much-maligned railway, that a short *résumé* of my journey from Moscow to Harbin last year may be of interest, and the more especially as I am prepared to admit that before I started I quite expected to see a state of chaos everywhere. It was in October, a few days after the terrible battle and defeat of the Russians on the Shaho that the Second Manchurian Army was being hastily rushed through to the front, and every passenger train was crowded to overflowing with officers, whilst enormously long military trains with troops, horses, and every description of war *matériel* were sandwiched in between the ordinary trains. It is difficult to convey in writing any impression of the wonderful scenes of military activity and preparation one witnessed everywhere along the whole length of the line. From Moscow to Mukden, night and day, was one endless procession of trains loaded to their full extent: artillery, balloons, huge siege guns, light locomotives and railway plant, pontoons, and, in fact, everything imaginable for equipping an immense army in the field. It was, indeed, an awe-inspiring spectacle, and one I am never likely to forget, as it went far towards giving a true impression of the immense military resources of Russia—for this was but the Second Manchurian Army going through, and others were to follow. Since that time the third and fourth Armies, all of equal strength, and with similar equipment, were despatched without a hitch to the front. The train by which I left Moscow was the usual Trans-Siberian Government express, which in ordinary times takes eight days to reach Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia. In spite of the enormous pressure of military traffic, our train was only eight hours late on reaching its destination. This on a journey of close on 3,500 miles, apart from the fact of its being in war-time, struck me as a record, and

as reflecting the greatest credit on the management. As the train had an observation car attached to it, I had a good opportunity for judging how the single line was worked so smoothly. I may here mention that the express takes precedence over all other trains, which, therefore, have to wait whilst it goes by. Every few miles are long sidings in which the trains pass each other, and I noticed that whenever there was one waiting, no sooner were we out of the section than it restarted on its journey without unnecessary delay ; there was no hitch anywhere. However much the Russian Government may regret the mistaken " penny-wise and pound-foolish " policy which led them to construct only a single line for what they had always intended should be the great strategical counterpart of their Tiflis, Merv and Samarkand railway, they are evidently determined to make the very best of what they have whilst actively preparing for the near future. It has been announced that it has already been decided to convert the line into a double track one as quickly as possible. Apart from the new Circum-Baikal section, which I shall describe later on, the amount of money expended on the Trans-Siberian railway must have been something stupendous, for it is now an open secret that the bribery and corruption in connection with the building of the line were excessive even for Russia, which is saying a good deal, and made the fortunes of many others besides the contractors. It would be interesting to know what this colossal enterprise has, and will, eventually cost the nation, whilst so badly was a considerable part of the work carried out, that, to a great extent, it has all to be done over again ; as, for example, the metals and ties, which are entirely out of proportion to the weight of the trains and locomotives, are to be gradually replaced by others of the requisite size ; this will entail enormous extra expense, I learned. A high rate of speed over a line thus inefficiently laid is impossible, in fact, an all-round average of twenty miles an hour for the express is considered good going, whilst the troop trains are doing extremely well if they cover 190 miles in the twenty-four hours. But speed counts for nothing in this land of " Nitchevor " (never mind), provided the destination is safely reached. It is the continuity that tells in the long run, the railway officials argue. " So long as we can forward twenty-two full trains every day to the front, and twenty empty ones return, the line is working admirably, though no doubt this number could be considerably increased if necessary." When one comes to think it out there appears no doubt as to the correctness of the argument, and this will be the more easily realised when one takes into consideration the extraordinary length of the average Russian train. None of them ever consisted of less than forty large trucks, and could not, at the lowest estimate, have

been much less than a quarter of a mile in length. *Insouciance*, that curious characteristic of the Muscovite temperament, was seldom, to my mind, more clearly demonstrated than in connection with these military trains, for, incredible as the statement may appear, they were never provided with any breaks whatever, except those on the locomotives. This was, as will be admitted, tempting Providence with a vengeance, yet accidents were very few and far between. More haste and less speed is an excellent motto, and one well adapted to the Russian railway lines of communication, where safety and certainty are always placed before all questions of urgency. This reasoning on the part of the officials explained, therefore, the long delays in dreary wayside stations or sidings, till one at last discovered that there is a form of patience—one might almost call it railway patience—which one learnt on this line, where hurry and bustle are unknown quantities, and which seemed to grow on one after a time. The officers and soldiers appeared to take all such trifling *contretemps* in a most philosophic manner, for I never heard a single word of grumbling anywhere, not even when, on one occasion, when I was travelling in a troop train, it was found that we had only done sixty-four miles in twenty-four hours. One realised how glorious and enviable a thing it is to be able to go to sleep at any time and under any conditions. What struck one particularly on the line was the magnificence of the locomotives. I do not remember having seen anything finer even in America, and as a rule so huge were they as to appear quite out of proportion to the speed got out of them. They were, however, evidently never worked up to their full capacity, for on one occasion whilst I was examining with great interest one of these leviathans, the driver told me with much pride that it was quite the latest type of "fast" engine, and that if he were allowed he could do as much as forty-five versts (thirty miles) an hour easily with it. It was said that, after the battle of Liao-Yang, Kuropatkin, although he lost a good deal of his rolling-stock, managed to save all his locomotives—a distinctly prescient or a wonderfully fortunate achievement, and one the full benefit of which must have been realised when Mukden was evacuated, and train after train got away at short notice, for the station sidings always appeared to me to be crowded with locomotives. At the Commander-in-Chief's headquarters at Shanshi-ma-touing, where his special train was at all times in waiting, two especially magnificent engines were always coupled together and with steam up in readiness for any emergency. Owing to the intense cold and their exposed position, the cylinders and wheels had the curious appearance of being made of white porcelain, so thickly were they always coated with ice.

From Moscow to Mukden the journey had practically to be done in four stages, by which I mean that one had to detrain that number of times before the front was reached, at Irkutsk, the terminus *pro tem.* of the Trans-Siberian, at Baikal, where, according to the season, steamers or sleighs crossed the lake, at Manchuria Station, and at Harbin. With the completion of the Circum-Baikal portion of the line the journey is so considerably abridged that if the army is withdrawn across the frontier it will be possible to run trains direct through from Moscow to the front without a break—an enormous advantage to the Russians from every point of view. The Circum-Baikal railway links together the two hitherto broken sections of the immense line and, given normal conditions, the Far East may be said to be brought quite within easy distance of Europe. So much has been said and written during the past year by so-called authorities about this portion of the Trans-Siberian, and so little appears to be really known even now of the enormous difficulties which had to be contended with and overcome during its construction, that it is not realised that Prince Khilkoff and his staff have accomplished an engineering feat second to none in the world in an incredibly short space of time. Through the courtesy of the officials I was invited to be the first passenger over the line, which was then barely completed, and had a long interesting chat with General-Inspector von Zéla, who accompanied me, in the course of which I learned that the length of the line round the end of the lake is 244 versts (roughly 162 miles), of which 55 versts from the military port of Tanchoi to Missovaia have been ready for the past two years. The track follows the sinuosities of the rock-bound coast the whole way. All the difficulties to be overcome and which so long retarded the work were concentrated in the 80 versts (56 miles) between Baikal and Koutoulik, and some idea of what these difficulties were, and which at times were considered almost insurmountable, will be gathered when it is mentioned that in this comparatively short distance there are no less than 39 tunnels and 13 galleries or cuttings roofed in as a protection against landslides. The longest of these tunnels is 1,600 metres, and there are several averaging 600 metres—all have been built wide enough for two lines, whilst owing to the peculiar geological formation of the rocks all had to be lined throughout with masonry. It is said that every verst of this section cost 240,000 roubles, as against 50,000, the average cost of the other portions of the Trans-Siberian line, and 20,823 on the Samarkand-Merv railway, or, roughly speaking, £1,170,000 for the 56 miles. Of course, I give these figures with reserve, as I naturally had no means of checking them. So unsparing was the expense and so energetically were

the operations pushed that it is claimed that during the last ten months three years' work was accomplished. As a matter of fact, one could not help being deeply impressed by the unflagging zeal, and one might almost add enthusiasm, were not such a word so foreign to the Russian temperament, of the railway officials all along the line. It was a remarkable antithesis to the indifference and conceit of the military authorities. I feel convinced that had the success of the Russian armies depended on the working of the railway, then the issue would probably not have been much in doubt. No description of all this wonderful organisation would be complete without some reference, however brief, to the remarkable career of the man who engineered the entire formation of the Trans-Siberian railway. Under the high-sounding cognomen of Prince Khilkoff, which is his title by right of heritage, and "Imperial Minister of Railways and Transportation," one would hardly recognise the whilom "John Mikale" who many years ago under this assumed name emigrated from Russia to the United States without a penny in the world and started earning his living in Philadelphia as attendant of a bolt-making machine at a dollar a day. After a few years in the machine-shop, where his remarkable talents soon attracted attention, and learning much of the practical side of engineering, a knowledge which was to stand him in such good stead later on, he worked his way up by dint of indomitable energy successively from brakeman on a freight train to the position of locomotive engineer on the Pennsylvania railway. Shortly afterwards a breakdown on the line gave him the opportunity of his life. His remarkable skill in averting what might have been a very serious accident attracted the attention of one of the passengers who happened to be no less a personage than the Minister of Railways of one of the South American Republics, the result being that the young engineer went off to South America as superintendent of a new railway in Venezuela, and ended eventually by becoming the manager of the line. This almost continuous run of luck would have probably turned the brain of many men, but John Mikale was not of that sort. To return to his native land and make a position for himself amongst his own countrymen had always been his ambition, so he decided at last to throw up his fine position in South America and returned to Russia still under his assumed name—though by this time he was probably more American than Russian. By good fortune, as it again turned out, he managed to get an insignificant berth in a small country station, and here he might have vegetated indefinitely had not his wonderful luck again helped him. This unimportant little place on the line had always been the centre of a serious dislocation of the traffic—no one could exactly explain

the cause or how it could be remedied. John Mikale, with his American experience and training, grasped the situation at once, asked for and obtained permission to try and remedy it, succeeded instantly, and from that moment became not only a marked but also a made man in Russia, where such initiative genius is rare. From this moment there was no looking back for John Mikale. Having once attracted the attention of his superiors, that of the Emperor followed as a matter of course; he was promoted to the headquarters at St. Petersburg, from thence to the staff. The general managership of the line followed and was succeeded by honours and appointments sufficient to satisfy the most ambitious of men, not the least being the restoration to him by the Emperor of the title and estates which he had voluntarily renounced when as a mere youth he had emigrated to America.

Although the journey across Lake Baikal may now be considered obsolete, the huge steamer *Baikal*, which has proved itself so invaluable during the past year for conveying troops, is likely in the event of the continuance of the war to continue a valuable adjunct to the railway for conveying stores and relieving the pressure on the line, as she crosses the lake, which at this end is only thirty miles wide, in less than four hours. This immense ferry-boat, for it is practically that, was built in England in 1898 by Armstrong and brought over in sections; it is 4,200 tons register, and is constructed to carry 28 loaded railway waggons and 3,000 men. During the eight months the lake is free from ice the boat will, therefore, be of the greatest possible service to the transport officers. The commissariat sections of the Russian armies in the field call for special reference. I feel sure that every correspondent who went across Siberia and into Manchuria must have been struck with the really admirable arrangements for feeding the troops not only when in camp but also in the trains all along the line. So little is generally known on this score that a few details will doubtless be of interest. The soldier on active service gets three hot meals daily, as follows:—at 7 o'clock, half *funt* of hot soup (the *funt* equals .9028lb. av., English); at 12 o'clock, three-quarters *funt* of cabbage soup and *kasha*, a sort of coarse meal much used by the peasant class in Russia; at 6 o'clock, quarter *funt* of hashed meat and soup. In camp hot water for making tea is available all night—on the railway each station is provided with a shed where is a big tank of boiling water always in readiness day and night. Besides these meals, each man receives every day three *funt* of bread (or biscuit if no bread available), whilst to every hundred men four *funts* of sugar and half *funt* of tea are also issued daily. The cooking arrangements struck me as being particularly good. Every regiment has its cooking canteen, which is a sort of circular iron boiler mounted on what looks like the

limber of a gun ; there is a fire-box attached underneath, and the whole invention is so ingeniously constructed that even when on the march the regimental cooks can be getting the men's meal ready, so that there need be no delay when the halt is called. As a matter of fact, at the battle of Sandiapou I saw these regimental canteens following the reserves into action, smoking like small fire-engines, and with the soup in them hot and ready for the men. With the thermometer standing at 15 degrees below zero it may be imagined how welcome this must have been. When on the railway the canteens are hoisted into one of the trucks which is set aside specially for the regimental kitchen. On many occasions when I had the opportunity I made a meal with soldiers' fare and always found it most appetising and excellently cooked. I often thought that the men were better off in this respect than the officers, who often had to be content with tinned food only. The distribution of food was a curious and amusing sight : each company sending big pails for their quantum of soup and *kasha*, and all was carried out in most orderly fashion. I fancy that the feeding of the Russian soldier when on active service compares very favourably with that of the English Tommy Atkins—anyhow, I know which I should give preference to. As a set-off, however, against the good feeding it struck me that the men were very much crowded in the trucks, and considering the weeks they were on the journey, to quite an unhealthy extent I am firmly convinced. Forty men with their kits and accoutrements in one truck does not leave much breathing space, especially when, owing to the intense cold, there is little or no ventilation. In connection with this I heard a joke which shows that a Russian officer is not necessarily devoid of all sense of humour. At a station where a troop train was drawn up a group of reserve men went up to one of their officers and made a complaint that they were terribly overcrowded. The officer accompanied them to their truck in order to judge for himself, and, looking inside, asked how many men were occupying it. "Forty," was the reply. "Oh, is that all you have to complain about?" said the officer. "Now come along here. You see what is written up there?" pointing to the usual military inscription on the side of the truck—"40 men, 8 horses"—well, if I have any more of your nonsense about overcrowding, I will have the eight horses put in as well!" There were no more complaints after that.

The kit of the Russian soldier in Manchuria is of so heavy and cumbersome a nature that a few of its ordinary items may also be of interest. The weight, exclusive, of course, of any private personal belongings, amounts to sixty *funts*, and is made up as follows :—



	Funts.
Rifle and bayonet .....	10
Three hundred cartridges .....	35
Bread, three days' rations .....	9
Extra underclothing .....	2
Extra pair heavy boots .....	4

And to this must, of course, be added the weight of the heavy sheepskin coat and uniform overcoat which are always worn in winter. There are no baggage waggons attached to a Russian regiment at the front, so every man has to transport his own kit at all times, whether on the march or in battle, the result being that many of the men simply manage to stagger along under the weight they have to carry or else drag wearily in the rear of the column. This arrangement, whilst relieving the transport service of much expense and responsibility, militates, however, considerably against rapid movements of troops, as may be imagined.

From Lake Baikal to Chita, the most important place on the Trans-Baikal portion of the line, one passes through a mountainous region with dense forest on all sides; this gradually gives place to bleak steppe land as the confines of Mongolia are neared. There are a few fairly large and apparently prosperous villages along the route, but only very occasionally any sign of cultivated land, whilst there is quite a noticeable absence of human life everywhere. It will, therefore, be seen that it is not from this district that Russia will be able to draw supplies of any magnitude. The question of the possibility of maintaining the armies at the new front and on the present lines of communication resolves itself entirely into one for the railway to solve. In my opinion there should be no difficulty about it if Irkutsk is made the base of operations, for although 787 miles distant from the frontier it is well adapted for a general depot of the Army in the field, provided, of course, that the commissariat continues to work as smoothly as hitherto, and, above all, that there is no vexatious interference with the management of the line by the War Office at St. Petersburg. The internal resources of Russia are so immense that he would be a bold prophet who would venture to predict that the Mukden disaster will permanently cripple the nation. Of course, I am now only referring to the organisation and the lines of communication and the possibility of Russia being able to maintain a gigantic army in the field independently of all extraneous assistance from the Chinese or the Mongols. The competence or ability of the Russian generals to take advantage of the excellent organisation of the railway is a nice question which, of course, lies entirely outside the scope of this article.

JULIUS M. PRICE.

*War Artist of the "Illustrated London News,"  
with the Russian Armies in Manchuria.*

## THE SPORTSWOMAN.

"Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,  
Quæ fugit a sexu? vires amat. Hæc tamen ipsa  
Vir nollet fieri, nam quantula nostra voluptas!"

*Juv. Sat. VI., 252-4.*

TWELVE years have elapsed since Mr. Pincro, in his lighter vein, convulsed London playgoers with the taming of the mannish daughters of Lady Castlejordan, and it cannot be said that Englishwomen have in the interval receded from their emancipated position in the world of sport. It is unfortunate that the majority of men seem unable to discuss a subject of such importance in its bearing on our social evolution in any spirit other than one of either patronage or derision, for their unnecessary inhospitality has inspired in women themselves a corresponding attitude of sarcastic apology that is no apology at all. None, indeed, is called for, and the pity is that reaction against the tyranny of the male has provoked reprisals which must now and again alarm the less progressive of the fair sex even more than it disgusts the men.

What is still more reprehensible is our unchivalrous gibing at the modern woman who, redundant to an extent in which the supply lamentably exceeds the demand—for in a condition of enforced monogamy we can have too much, even of a good thing—is forced to fight the battle of life, which, however exhilarating in the higher rewards which it offers to the generals on the hill, can for the rank and file be very little more amusing than the battle of Liao-yang. Bill-discounting, horse-dealing, and detective work are all regarded nowadays as suitable means of earning a livelihood for women, and commiseration would surely be a more appropriate sentiment on the part of those who formerly bore the whole brunt of life's dirty work. One of Mr. Wells's giant children deprecates letting the mothers of the race scrub floors, but where, after all, is the degradation of such honest work compared with that of horse-faking! It may be urged that many women could find their ideal in the old-fashioned profession of matrimony, but the sordid truths of the divorce court, stronger than the vapourings of anæmic poets, have taught them that the solitary path from the cradle to the cemetery is often less thorny.

The sportswoman is an eternal type, beginning with the divine Artemis and surviving in the young ladies who foregather at the Bath Club. The other kind of woman, who places outdoor exercise lower than mental culture, is represented by the Lady Jane

Grey. That unhappy child, when only fourteen years of age, was discovered by Master Roger Ascham deep in the *Phædo* of Plato, while her friends were out hunting<sup>1</sup> in the park. When Ascham expressed surprise that she also was not out riding, "I wist," said she, "all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never knew what true pleasure meant!" Few would grudge the gentle little student her joy in the comforting confessions of the dying Socrates. To one with but three years more to live ere a painful and degrading death overtook her, they must have offered, had she known the future, appropriate solace. Yet we may unhesitatingly aver that if any little girl of fourteen, princess or commoner, were to speak in that way to-day, her mother would at once consult a Harley Street brain-specialist.

Much of the fun which shallow-pated wags have made of a type freely labelled "Sportswoman," arises from a wanton confusion with other independent products of female emancipation. They wilfully include in the definition women who bet, swear, smoke tobacco, and wear articles of men's clothing, like the Ladies Belturbet, under the silly delusion that such hermaphroditism in attire is rational.

Betting on horse-races has no more to do with a healthy love of outdoor recreation than playing with a calculating machine at Monte Carlo tables. There are good sportswomen and good sportsmen who never staked a sovereign on the finish of a race, or a shilling on the fall of a card. It may be that the type of lady who in Regency days gambled away her own jewels and her lord's honour at hazard is not extinct, but there is no need to inquire further into the unsavoury evolution of the species. The name of the game, at any rate, is different; and let us hope that the alleged excesses on the part of young ladies who once preferred dancing and flirtation to card-playing, are in great measure the tattle of discharged servants, the fountain-head of information for a certain type of cheap journalist. The more robust modern betting woman, a type which the histrionic genius of Mrs. John Wood in *Dandy Dick* made almost lovable, is a by-product of the Married Woman's Property Act, and she has made the most of twenty years of independent development.

Swearing is commonly, and unfortunately not without reason, regarded as a common accompaniment of sport. But address in profanity never yet helped man or woman control a horse or play a fish; and those who employ foul language in the pursuit

(1) It is hardly necessary to refer back to the game laws of Edward VI. to conclude that in the month of August, the time of year specified in the anecdote, the quarry chased in the Duke of Somerset's preserves were park deer.

of sport would, as a matter of temperament, probably do so on their death-bed.

Tobacco-smoking, a mild vice when practised in excess, has also no more connection with sport than the older and still dirtier habit of taking snuff. It is not more needful for a sportswoman to smoke tobacco than it is for a sportsman to chew it.

Those who regard the hideous "bloomer" as the hall-mark of the athletic woman probably base their erroneous notion less on actual facts than on the not wholly incorrect assumption that trailing skirts must, in a measure, hamper freedom of movement in a game like hockey or in a pastime like cycling. Yet a short skirt, which has hygienic advantages over the broom-like train, is found adequate to these athletic needs, and even cycling women need neither parody the "trews," nor fare forth barelegged like Diana.

Two other types of women, infinitely higher than those hitherto referred to, must also be excluded from the category with which this article concerns itself. The term "sporting" is much too freely used in modern conversation. If a man gives a long price for something he does not want, or hits a man who is bound to thrash him, or enters a den of performing lions, or otherwise takes a great risk for small gain, he is, though only a self-advertising fool, admiringly dubbed a "sportsman." Real acts of bravery, too, are termed "sporting," a word wholly inadequate to cover so wide a range of fine and mean conditions. Therefore, we must exclude from the ranks of sportswomen such heroines of history as emulated men's deeds of daring—a Joan of Arc, a Margaret of Denmark, a Pita of Corunna, a de Brux of Lille. Quite distinct was their calibre from that of the arrow-shooting Artemis, worshipped in a glorious era of toxophilite prowess among gods and men. Nor is it accurate to include among sporting women ladies who, like the late Miss Kingsley and Mrs. Bishop, do valuable pioneer work in exploring untrodden regions, though an interest closely allied to sport invests the arduous pleasures of Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond on the ice slopes of the Alps, or the bold excursions of M. M. Dowie in the blacker fastnesses of the Carpathians.

For our present purpose, sport must be held to include hunting, hawking, fishing, hockey, golf, croquet, lawn tennis, horse-riding and driving, swimming, skating, cycling, boating, fencing, and archery. The hypercritical may either insist on other recreations overlooked, or cavil at the inclusion of even such variety; but it is in its widest scope, and not in the narrower definition of "field sports," that outdoor exercise should be thrown open to women.

It will not escape notice that shooting is excluded from the foregoing list, and this is a sport in respect of which many otherwise

liberal-minded men cannot welcome a general petticoat invasion. The shooting woman has been steadily pushing her way to the front these five-and-twenty years.

Nevertheless, while otherwise inclined to welcome the emancipation of their wives and daughters from the toils of early Victorian imbecility, many men cling to their prejudice against women who shoot, as they do to their belief in the British Constitution. Cruel though they may be in their sport, callous in their commerce with the world, they experience pain whenever their own hardness is reflected in their womenfolk, an old-fashioned sentiment which will count to their credit or otherwise according to the point of view. It is undeniable—and, as the subject has been discussed in a former number of this REVIEW, we will here take it for granted—that a measure of cruelty is inseparable from shooting, hunting, fishing, any sport, in fact, which has the taking of life for its object. In shooting, however, the scream of pain wrung from a wounded rabbit, the struggles of a winged pheasant running before the dog, bring the cruelty home to the sportsman in a hideous manner that will take no denial. Fishing and fox-hunting, that more subtle and this more boisterous, soften the harsh outline of a cruelty that is there all the same. The fly is thrown, and the fish, if hooked at all, is either caught or lost. If caught, it may be quickly put out of its pain, and its removal from the water probably deprives it of consciousness even before life is extinct. If lost, the wound in its jaw soon heals, and many fish of both fresh and salt water apparently feel the pain so little that they seize another bait within the hour, as has repeatedly been demonstrated by the recovery of lost hooks. Its sufferings, intense or otherwise, are both silent and unseen. In fox-hunting, again, the majority of women go out for the glory of the gallop; the few, like that very readable hunting authoress, Miss Serrell, with a real scientific interest in the work of hound and terrier; but none with even a passing thought of doing a fox to death. Very different is the appeal made to eye and ear by the death throes of wounded game. Even to strong men there is something horrible in the last cries of a wounded rabbit; to women they should be unendurable. With clean shooting, I may be told, such clumsy torture is unnecessary. There are, perhaps, all told, a dozen ladies in this country who may fairly be accepted as really fine shots. It is unnecessary to name them, nor need they be compared with either the King of Portugal or Lord de Grey. It is enough to say that they shoot better than other women and as well as most men. In their case, therefore, it may be that a day's shooting does not mean a horrid pageant of wounded game. But that faultless marksmanship which never wounds without killing

outright is, nevertheless, the exception rather than the rule with both sexes, and where the aim is least sure the sounds and other signs of suffering are most in evidence.

The development of the game-shooting woman has in great measure been accelerated by the modern fashion of driving the birds to butts or stands, whereby the arduous walks of old-time sport are done away with, and also by the perfection of modern weapons, which make straight shooting possible with comparatively little practice. The beginner furnishes *Punch* with welcome material, asking that the silly dog may be called off to let her shoot the birds, or handling her gun so carelessly that her companions are relieved to know that the keeper has supplied her with only blank cartridge. But the beginner is a type of either sex, and it is to the enthusiast rather than to the first offender that sportsmen take exception.

A lady, writing on this subject in Miss Slaughter's admirable "Sportswoman's Library," puts the case so frankly that her admission is worth more than a whole chapter of sportsmen's *obiter dicta*. "There is no doubt," she says, "that a woman is a great bore at anything like an organised shooting-party. It would do the intending lady-shot good to see the faces of the men on hearing that they are to have the honour of her company during the day."

It is, of course, for the woman who actually shoots that the strongest criticism is reserved, but a word may also be said on the subject of those who go out with the guns as spectators. In former days, when men were as immune from female society in the coverts as in the dim recesses of their clubs, the ladies of the house-party met them again at dinner with renewed pleasure after having seen nothing of them since breakfast-time. The next stage was a social gathering at luncheon, but even then, for many years, the ladies drove back to the house while their husbands and brothers went off to shoot the afternoon coverts. To-day, however, they cling to them all the afternoon. It is Mrs. Savory who, in her amusing book on India, suggests that more women might, if they are the right sort, shoot with their husbands. So eloquent a reservation must not be pressed more closely than to emphasise the rarity of the "right sort." Woman's dress is not, unless designed with indelicacy, helpful in getting through roots or hedges. Woman's sociability promotes chatter enough to put a covey up in the next county. At luncheon it is her very attractiveness that does the mischief. That meal, once a hurried snack in the lee of the hedge, is now protracted to the length and profusion of a Guildhall banquet. Choice dishes and champagne, followed by coffee and liqueurs, are discussed in leisurely fashion, and then comes a further delay as the sportsmen group themselves in re-

sponse to the inevitable marshalling of rival Kodaks, with which the fair amateurs fondly hope to get intelligible pictures in the shadow of a farmhouse at three o'clock on a winter's afternoon. This fooling is in itself irritating enough to the keen sportsman anxious to make the most of the little daylight that remains. He is willing to enter into the social requirements of the evenings, to play bridge, to dance, to turn over the leaves of a song. But he did not bring himself and his gun, possibly from the other end of the kingdom, to take part in a series of picnics. Yet much worse is to follow. It is a rule, almost without exception, that man puts forth his best efforts when woman is there to applaud. Vulgarly expressed, he shows off to the hens like any strutting turkey cock. It was so in the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche; it is so in the bull-ring at Malaga, on the cricket field at Lord's, on the polo ground at Hurlingham. In such rivalries not much harm is done by the encouragement given by the presence of ladies, but at a shooting party it may have deplorable results. With experienced shots no mischief ensues, but vanity may lead duffers to shoot wildly and jealously, killing other men's birds, which is impolite, or putting out their eyes, which is tragedy. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that the lady who chooses to walk out with her father, brother, or husband when shooting does little harm in this way, as, though familiarity need not breed contempt, the magic of her eye is not likely to make a near relation show off as it might a stranger.

Shooting excepted—and the exception is adventured without the faintest hope of its meeting with the acquiescence of the ladies themselves—woman should be made free of every sport and game. In the hunting field her presence has always been accepted, if not always welcomed. It is hardly necessary to go back to the great ceremonial *chasses* of the English and French Courts during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but we may just glance at the return to emancipation, as reflected in the later Victorian novelists, after an interval of domestic seclusion almost Oriental in its severity. In a sporting novel called *A Match Pair*, published late in the eighteen-eighties, we find a heroine who owed her success in life to her knowledge of hunting, and who, as the culmination of self-denial, renounces the mysterious joys of a honeymoon in Paris in order that the bridegroom may replace an injured M.F.H. and take on the hounds for the remainder of the season. The subordination of all life's more tender instincts to the imperious demands of the hunting field recalls the manly plaint of the defunct Lord Castlejordan in a play of Mr. Pinero's, to which reference has already been made, when his lady gave birth to a mere daughter: "Damn it, Miriam, you've lost a whole season's hunting for nothing." Readers of that day probably regarded

*A Match Pair* as no more than a weak imitation of Whyte Melville, a judgment which is not without reason. Yet the heroine is interesting, if only because she shows in her emancipation a distinct advance on her senior by some twenty years, the redoubtable Kate Coventry. To that somewhat robust type of girl most Englishmen of bucolic tastes have lost their heart in the "vcaly" stage, but the standpoint of her own generation—to-day she would not even be accounted eccentric—is best expressed by her Aunt Deborah, who describes her wayward niece as "wild after horses and all such unfeminine pursuits." What most, perhaps, attracts the reader is Kate's profound belief in the power of her sex over horses. "Men," she says, "place us in an attitude from which it is next to impossible to control a horse should he be violent, and in a dress which ensures a horrible accident should he fall, added to which they constantly give us the worst quadruped in the stable; and yet, with all these drawbacks, such is our innate talent and capacity, we ride many an impetuous steed in safety and comfort that a man would find a dangerous and uncontrollable beast."

Having previously quoted the admission of a lady by way of criticism of those of her sex who shoot, it is only fair to remember that the foregoing is not really the boast of a girl, but the deliberate pronouncement of a man who was a fine judge of horsemanship. It cannot be pretended that the hunting woman is as severely handicapped to-day as Miss Coventry was in the 'sixties of the last century. The safety apron skirt, aided by simultaneous improvements in the side-saddle, has done something to palliate one of the dangers; and it is to be hoped that there is less inclination to mount ladies on horses of the "bathing machine" type, as a writer, since dead, once called them.

Those in quest of types of the sportswoman in fiction may hark back a little further to Di Vernon, an academic hoyden who liked science, history, classics, and modern languages, yet withal could bridle and saddle a horse, and in her own words "shoot flying as well as leap a five-barred gate." Between her, however, and Kate Coventry there was the difference of environment. Di Vernon's social sphere was "Cub Castle," and she did not carry the atmosphere of the stable up the staircases of Park Lane.

Let me also quote the "Sportswoman's Library" in respect of hunting. "Women out hunting," says one of the contributors, "should take their chance with the rest, and never trade on the chivalry of the opposite sex, for this is what makes them unpopular in the hunting field." The lady in *Punch*, who wants the gentleman to dismount in a muddy field and sacrifice his immaculate tops to tighten her girths should read this counsel. But the severe mandate of Lady Violet Greville, that no woman



who cannot ride well should go out with the hounds, is rather impracticable, seeing that a season in the hunting field will teach more than a lifetime in the Park or *manège*. The long and short of it from the hunting man's standpoint is probably that the women who know what they are about and play the game should be as free of the hunting field as the men. A very few, like the late Empress of Austria, are even a shade better than most of the men, fearless and beautiful riders, observant of all that goes on, never in the way. The rest, it must be admitted, fall in various degrees short of these counsels of perfection, yet no one seriously contemplates excluding them. About the most severe reflection was that made by a gallant ex-Master, who admitted that, so far from feeling reluctant to cap ladies, he would not hesitate, if it were in his power, to make them pay three times as much as the men, seeing that, by their carelessness in riding over seeds and turnips, they do three times the damage. Yet he never contemplated a hunting field of men only.

The tendency to debase sport to the level of a picnic, which was noticed in the case of shooting, and which is noticeable even in modern otter-hunting, has no place in fox-hunting. Nor is there any foundation for the charge so freely brought against hunting women by those of their sex whose tastes or lack of means prevent them from following their lead.

Sweeping accusations of hunting folk may be classed with hysterical denunciations of mixed bathing. The first are launched by people who do not ride; the second by those who do not wash. If married people, no matter what their station in life, are disposed to break a commandment so lucidly framed for their guidance, they will certainly do so whether they hunt at Melton or ride donkeys at Margate, whether they play bridge in the castle, or cribbage in the cottage, or whether they do not one of these things, but lead a colourless life of outward piety with hidden interludes of lapse from the moral pinnacle. To say that the hunting field offers any stronger inducement to ignore the moral obligations than the golf links or the library is to state a thesis that will not bear investigation.

Two pastimes which men follow on horseback are usually regarded as unsuited to women, however much at home in the saddle. I have indeed seen ladies out pig-sticking, but only as spectators. And as regards polo, a modified form of the game, with revised rules that made it mere bumblepuppy on ponyback, was once submitted by the late George Underhill to readers of the *Ladies' Field*, but without evoking much response.

Riding, without the incidental excitements here referred to, has always been accounted a polite attainment for ladies, and,

even in the attire prescribed to-day, we recognise that a woman who looks well on horseback never looks half so attractive off it. Disraeli indeed, himself a fair horseman, but more particularly enamoured of the pageantry of equitation, was on occasion moved by the mere thought of women on horseback to effusions less worthy of his distinguished pen than of some writer of novelettes. "All the ladies of the house," he writes, passionately, in *Lothair*, "were fond and fine horsewomen. The mount of one of these riding parties was magical. The dames and damsels vaulted on their barbs and genets and thoroughbred hacks with such airy majesty; they were absolutely overwhelming with their bewildering habits and bewitching hats."

The almost obsolete pastime of hawking combined all the excitement of a gallop over the downs with the keen interest of watching the evolutions of the falcon seeking to outmanœuvre a quarry in which the instinct of self-preservation was often a match and more for the tactics taught by training. It was a splendid and health-giving sport for women, but it can hardly be seriously counted among modern sports, for the opportunities of taking part in it are too few and far between.

Of fishing as a sport for women something was said above, and a last quotation from the "Sportswoman's Library" gives the words of the editor herself in respect of the angling skill displayed by so many of her sex. "The nicety," says Miss Slaughter, "the quickness, the light-handedness, and care as to details, and I think I may add thoroughness in any pursuit they really take to, in which women generally excel, are all points in her favour the moment she takes a rod in hand." Few men who have fished much in company with ladies will think that Miss Slaughter has claimed more for her sex than is their due. The cold and exposure of wading may too severely test their strength, but, this drawback apart, they are artists with the fly-rod. In sea-angling, both in this country and on the coast of Florida, women have taken a particularly prominent part, carrying away many prizes in competitions against men on equal terms. Needless to say, there will always be women who stand up in the boat and scream at the top of their voice whenever they feel the wash from a passing steamer, and such ladies should be given generous opportunities of amusing themselves on dry land. With a very little tuition, however, in the rules of the game, a woman may be a far more desirable angling comrade than a man, for she comes out to catch fish, and her face is not concealed behind a whisky flask whenever you want a hand with the landing net.

So far we have been concerned with sport proper, the equivalent of what the French would call "*chasse et pêche*." As regards

outdoor games, the position of woman is somewhat less open to misconstruction. One or two games indeed, such as badminton, hockey and croquet, she has made peculiarly her own, while in lawn tennis and golf she is also able to give a good account of herself. Her cricket, be it admitted, is caricature, and generally takes the form of a match against the other sex, the latter being handicapped by having to bowl left-handed and to use broomsticks in lieu of bats. As a comic display in aid of a rustic charity, this fixture may have its virtues, but as a game it is without value. Football has not yet been invaded by ladies, and as even men cannot play football seriously after five-and-twenty, it is to be hoped that so strenuous a game will be left severely alone by the fair. In golf they have of late years occupied a high position. One professional misogynist has indeed laid it down as one of his somewhat abundant postulates that no woman can play golf, but, whatever value such an indictment might have if it came from Mr. John Ball, I imagine that from this inexpensive philosopher Miss Adair and Miss Hezlet will take their reproof with equanimity. The easy golf links formerly laid out for women are nowadays for the most part obsolete, and their championship meetings are played under the hardest conditions.

In lawn tennis, badminton and croquet they are to all intents and purposes the equals of the men. Mr. Doherty and his brother, and a few of their standard, may take precedence, but this is a comparison of sexes, not of individuals, and, even if it were, the play of the best lady exponents of the game would beat that of all but the best men. Badminton is, if anything, a yet more strenuous game, though lacking the infinite variety of lawn tennis, owing to the return of the shuttlecock being confined to volleying; but in croquet women with a straight eye and firm hand have a game admirably suited to their talents, a game of brain as well as skill, a kind of open-air billiards. Here and there, when an extra long shot is required, a man's strength may give him the advantage, but in playing for a break the mind is more exercised than the muscles.

The foregoing games are admirably adapted to mixed play between the sexes, and either sex can play with or against the opposite one. Of mixed hockey, which is coming more into favour, particularly in those country districts where there is a difficulty in raising two opposing teams of the same sex, it is not easy to speak with the same satisfaction. In the first place, it is obvious that if the men play the game for all it is worth—and no game is a game at all that is played for less—the ladies are in danger of rough handling. If, on the other hand, the men are

too gentle, they are not playing the game. The ladies, to their credit, have no such scruples. It is the experience of most men who play much that they get most blows in mixed games, while ladies suffer most damage when playing against an opposing team composed wholly of their own sex. The distinction needs no comment, for it speaks for itself. When it does happen that a lady is badly hit by a man, with either ball or stick, a handsome apology is of course promptly rendered, but this, while able to alleviate the moral irritation of the blow, cannot cure the physical hurt. Taking one consideration with another, after the fashion of Mr. Gilbert's policeman, it may be asked whether a mixed game played under such conditions, and with such contingencies, can be regarded as an unmixed blessing.

The other pastimes included in a somewhat wide rubric must be briefly considered in concluding this article. With wrestling and boxing women have, or should have, no concern. There is, or was, an old Maori lady who wrestled with all comers in the hot baths of her native land, but the memory of her is not likely to promote a wider ambition for our daughters to excel in either the Cumberland or Cornish style. Boxing, again, is not woman's work. The Lady Noeline Belturbet did, it is true, pummel a street bully, but she soon vindicated her sex and fainted in another man's arms. But in fencing, a glorious health-giving exercise, though somewhat obsolete as a mode of self-defence in an unromantic land where we carry the black umbrella instead of the "white arm," women have a first-rate pastime. One need not be endowed with the enthusiasm and art of Mr. Egerton Castle to recognise in the spectacle of Miss Lowther in a bout a most artistic exposition of athletic grace. We do not want our ladies to fight duels. The memory of an unsavoury painting, in which two Frenchwomen are fighting *à outrance*, stripped to the waist, foils in play, seconds in attendance, is enough of itself to stifle any such ambition. Yet, apart from its virtue as a fascinating bodily exercise, there can be no doubt that some knowledge of the foils would give our women that quickness of eye, readiness of resource, and general coolness in emergency that in combination would enable them with no more than a sunshade to keep a bully at bay till help arrived. Unfortunately, the condition of our streets is not, even in the twentieth century, such as to render this knowledge quite superfluous.

Of the value of swimming as a sport, pastime, or art, call it what we may, there can be no two opinions, and the death which lately overtook a gallant lady, well known in hunting circles, who gave her life to save that of a drowning child, associates the art of swimming with sportswomen. Sprinting races and water-

polo may be a little over arduous for the sex, nor need our ladies swim with the proficiency of Miss Beckwith. Nevertheless, they ought to be able to keep afloat in both fresh and salt water, in the less buoyant river, and in the less tranquil sea, and the Bath Club has done for the few what mixed bathing is doing for the many. Even for Continental nations a knowledge of swimming should come before the 'ologies; for islanders it should be reckoned not less important than a knowledge of reading. There are indeed easily conceivable situations in these days of cheap ocean travel in which the man who could only read would get left.

Boating of all kinds is an admirable chest-developer, and, practised in moderation, well adapted to the female constitution. As regards yacht-racing, in which, according to the ladies' papers, several society ladies take part, though I was never yet so fortunate (or the reverse) as to encounter a racing yacht with a woman at the helm or half way up the rigging, it is perhaps reasonable to suggest that comparatively few women possess at once the nerve and the seamanship to indulge in yacht-racing in the Solent without rendering navigation in that narrow waterway as exciting as in the North Sea during the passing of a Russian squadron. But rowing, sculling and punting, if not overdone, are physically ideal exercise, and a jaunt up the Thames any fine Sunday in summer will show how prominent a part the sisters take in the lock-to-lock progress, while the brothers as often as not recline splendidly in the bottom of the boat as ballast. So well, indeed, do the women navigate those upper reaches as to suggest, but for the risk of causing an apoplexy in the councils of Leander, that a ladies' race at Henley might soon become the most popular item in the week's programme.

Skating and cycling remain, the former a delightful and sociable exercise, a kind of dancing in fact in a purer atmosphere than that of the ballroom, and with an added spice of danger that lends peculiar attraction, the latter, minus scorching and knickerbockers, a convenient way of getting about and an inexpensive substitute for the more expensive park hack. To skate like Mrs. Syers is a result which few women can hope to attain, for Mrs. Syers has not only spent winter after winter in climates more propitious to skaters than our own, but she has there given herself up for hours each day to the assiduous mastery of small details in many styles, and to close study of the masters of the art, Fuchs and Salchow, the latter of whom she ran very close at "Niagara" three years ago. But thousands of ladies enjoy dancing without aspiring to rival Miss Letty Lind, and in the same way skating may be regarded as a serious exercise, and not merely as an opportunity of philandering with the curate

who, though he may look severely on the relaxation of the valse, reckes not how brazenly he may turn the outside edge in presence of his bishop. Cycling women, though not pervading our streets in such generous quantity as ten years ago, are even more abundant than cycling men, though many of them regard their machine less as a recreation in itself than as a convenient way of going to the hockey-field or tennis-courts.

Here, then, some attempt has been made to review the sports and pastimes in which the women of to-day rightly find relief from the irksome sameness of indoor occupations. A single exception has been made, and shooting has as such this merit, that comparatively few women enjoy the opportunity of it. As an alternative, what may rightly be called "the sport of Diana," save that no blood is spilt, is being brought increasingly into fashion by the Toxophilite Society and kindred associations, and at the summer archery meetings, chiefly in the west country, ladies are well to the fore. To insist that the influence of women on any of these sports and games is necessarily or even presumably any worse than that of men is to postulate something that is untrue. Any individual suitably endowed and evilly disposed can, irrespective of gender, introduce wrong principles into sport, can cheat at cards, play with loaded dice, or otherwise infringe the rules of the game. These offences are a matter of temperament, not of sex. Women can play the game as honourably and as sportingly as men. They can drive a four-in-hand without the bravado of Kate Coventry's cigar, and they can lose a tennis match or a race without either swearing or bursting into tears. If they do not always accept defeat with the same philosophic indifference as, at any rate by tradition, their lords, we must do them the right of remembering that they are, comparatively speaking, newcomers, and have not perhaps quite learnt their lesson. But this is no reason for making it still harder for them.

This article fulfils its set purpose with the discussion of the influence of women on sport. The converse phenomenon, the influence of physical exercise on the present generation of women, is a subject for the medical man, who would perhaps tell us that, save for some little regrettable results of physical overstrain, the golfing, cycling, athletic mothers of the coming race are more robust in body, yet not less vigorous in mind, than their grandmothers, who, with downcast eyes and abiding simper, shook crispy ringlets over eternal fancy work, studied the globes and, like the almond-eyed, henna-stained women of the Orient, hid from the stranger and spoke only when they were spoken to.

F. G. AFLALO.

## JOURNALISM NEW AND OLD.

I HAVE often thought that the three years which intervened between 1851 and 1854 mark the line of cleavage which separates the England of Queen Victoria's early reign from the England of the twentieth century. The year of the great Exhibition witnessed the glorification of industrial progress, of Free Trade, of the principles embodied in the rallying cry of the old Liberal Party—peace, retrenchment, and reform. I should say myself that the Crimean war marked the commencement of the Conservative reaction, which forms the dominant feature of the last half of the century just passed away. During the fifty years which have come and gone since the siege of Sebastopol, we have witnessed in science, in trade, in literature, in art, in war, in politics, and even in theology the dethronement of old ideals and beliefs, the introduction of new fetishes, having, perhaps, no sounder basis than their predecessors, but resting on discoveries unknown to the generation which crowded the Crystal Palace erected in Hyde Park to honour the advent of the coming commercial millennium, which never has come, and, to the best of my belief, never will come.

However, my object in writing this article is not to air my own views as to the Conservative reaction and its influence on the progress of humanity, but to point out the extraordinary development of British journalism within the last half century, and to show how discoveries in science, improvements in machinery, alterations of social life, and changes in the character and tastes of the newspaper reader have transformed the old journalism into the new. Throughout the course of a long life I, whether as leader writer, foreign correspondent, contributor, editor, and proprietor, have always been more or less closely associated with journalism, and know probably better than most of my contemporaries its merits and demerits, its success and its failures, its strength and its weakness. The subject is far too wide a one to be adequately treated within the limits of a magazine article, but I hope to indicate a few of the changes and their causes which have, for bad or good, transformed the character of British journalism.

I suspect very few of our younger generation of newspaper writers and readers can realise the almost undisputed supremacy wielded by the *Times* in the world of journalism during the early 'fifties. The *Morning Chronicle*, the organ originally of the

Whigs, and later on of the Peelite Party, had fought a gallant race with the *Times*, and at one moment had got slightly ahead of the leading journal in respect of its circulation, though it never rivalled the latter as an advertising medium. When the support of the Peelite Party was withdrawn from the *Chronicle*, or, more accurately speaking, when the Peelite Party broke to pieces, the most formidable competitor of the "leading journal" collapsed. If my memory serves me right, the only London dailies of any importance, barring the *Times*, were the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Advertiser*. All these papers were sold from threepence to fourpence, and of them all it may be said, as was said of *Eclipse* when he won the Derby: "The *Times* was first and the rest nowhere." It was about this period that on a friend of mine asking the then Editor, Delane, how it was that some news of importance had not appeared in the *Times*, though it had been published in other papers, he was told in reply that the omission was not of the slightest consequence, as nobody believed any news till it was given in the *Times*. The answer was not so absurd as it would seem to-day. I have an impression that a paper called the *Day* appeared about this period, and attracted a certain amount of public attention by the ability of its leading articles. Its journalistic career was, however, of very brief duration, and, to the best of my belief, there was no permanent addition to the ranks of metropolitan daily journalism from the passing of the great Reform Bill up to the outbreak of the Crimean war. The advertisement duties were abolished in 1853. About the same time the paper duties were also thrown overboard. Both these imposts were described by the Liberals of the Cobdenian era as "taxes upon knowledge." Never was there a more absurd abuse of language. The taxes in question were levied not upon knowledge but upon the purveyors of knowledge. In those days we believed in mechanics' institutes, in penny cyclopedias, in the British workman who passed his evenings at home studying the tomes of Mill and Adam Smith and Grote. In accordance with the ideas of philosophic statesmanship, we swept away the advertisement duties, root and branch. If we had simply reduced these duties so as to throw open the advertising columns of our papers to small people with narrow means, and had made the charge commensurate with the length of the advertisement, we should not only have retained an important source of revenue, raised automatically without any perceptible loss to the payers of the tax, but we should have done much to benefit the interests of sound journalism. In the old days public opinion in England saw no reason why the



trade of purveying information should not be taxed like any other honest and lucrative trade. As long as the paper and advertisement duties remained in force, it was difficult, if not impossible, for men of straw, without capital, to start fresh newspapers. The removal of the taxes upon knowledge, however beneficial in other respects, has facilitated the mushroom growth of a large number of newspapers, chiefly devoted to finance, which look for profit to other considerations than those of legitimate journalism.

Whatever may be thought as to my views about the "taxes on knowledge," nobody can deny that the removal of these duties gave a great impetus to the newspaper trade in the early 'fifties. Amongst the many curious incidents of my life, not the least curious lies in the fact that I was one of the first writers on the journal which has done more than any other to convert the old journalism into the new. If my memory serves me correctly, I answered an advertisement asking for leader writers on a forthcoming daily newspaper, and received a reply requesting me to call at the office of the *Daily Telegraph* (I think at its outset it bore the name of the *Daily Telegraph and Courier*), then situated just about where the new Courts of Justice now stand. My experiences as a journalist were then extremely limited, my recommendations were meagre, but the applicants were few in number, and I was engaged then and there to write a leader for the same day, the subject of which I cannot recall, beyond that it was connected with the war in the Crimea. In order to avoid the possibility of giving offence to the relatives of persons, most of whom have long joined the majority, I shall not quote names whenever I can help doing so. For my present purpose it is enough to say that the then proprietor was a retired Colonial officer, who had led a very rolling life, and had certainly gathered up very little moss in the course of a chequered career. He informed me that his two fellow proprietors, brother officers in the Guards, well-known in the fashionable world of their day, were coming to the office in the evening, and added that he should like to introduce me to them. I came accordingly, and found the whole body of the proprietary assembled there to see the paper brought out. At that period of my life I had not seen many guardsmen. But I retain a conviction that in those days officers of the Foot Guards were, to use an Americanism, "bigger bugs" than I found them on later and fuller acquaintance. After waiting some time a proof sheet came down for their inspection. As soon as they had glanced at the heading one of the guardsmen made the brilliant suggestion that we had better all go out and have a drink, a suggestion adopted with enthusiasm. The story in the office was that the two Guardsmen had each subscribed a few hundred pounds

towards the capital of the *Daily Telegraph*, and had backed a bill to a like amount. If so, a sum between £1,000 and £2,000 formed the capital on which, probably, the greatest financial success of any paper in the world was started on its career. I need hardly say, however, that the cash was soon exhausted, and that bills began to fall in like leaves in Vallombrosa. The Colonel, to do him justice, was at his best when surrounded with financial difficulties. His partners, however, had grown alarmed at the growing amount of liabilities for which they had made themselves more or less responsible. Thereupon the Colonel offered, if they would transfer their shares to him, to take all the liabilities upon himself, and stand the racket.

. My original connection with the *Daily Telegraph* at this period only lasted for a few weeks. I was informed on my first introduction to the Editor that in a very short time the paper would be in a position to pay fair prices for contributions, but that, under existing circumstances, ten shillings a column was all the paper could afford to pay, the above stipend, in consideration of its meagre amount, to be paid regularly at the end of each week. Finally the amount due me reached the colossal amount of eight pounds, and my repeated requests for payment having met with no response whatever, I brought a suit in the Westminster County Court, hard by St. Martin's Lane. The suit was undefended, and judgment was given in my favour, with an order for immediate execution, on the ground that the paper was not expected to live from day to day. It is a curious instance of the fallibility of all human expectations that I, who sued the *Daily Telegraph* for a sum under ten pounds, and won my case, should have been destined in later years to earn more money as a contributor to its columns than I ever received from all the other papers, reviews and periodicals in which I have been a frequent writer. Nearly ten years passed between the day when I was a plaintiff against its original proprietor and the day when I became a regular leader writer on the *Daily Telegraph*, which had then passed into completely different hands, and had come under an absolutely new management. What little I know of the inner history of the paper during the intervening years of stress and struggle comes to me chiefly by hearsay; and even if I felt more certain than I do of the absolute accuracy of my information, the time has not yet come to tell this history. This much I may fairly say: that the *Daily Telegraph* would have been dead and forgotten years and years ago if the paper had not completely changed hands, and had passed under the control of a family who possessed the abilities to conduct a newspaper, and who commanded the financial support required in those days to establish an important journalistic undertaking.

My brief preliminary connection with the *Telegraph* had, at any rate, this advantage : that it made me personally acquainted with a phase of journalism even then moribund. I mean that of the days of the Whittys, the St. Johns, the Mayhews, the Broughs, and a host of less well-known names, who represented so-called Bohemian journalism. They were not men of high education, judged by a University standard, but they had the journalistic faculty of being able to write rapidly and lucidly, and to furnish a readable article on any given subject at the shortest notice. They did not belong to West End clubs ; they had no social ambition, or, if they had such ambition, it remained ungratified. Their chief purveyors of political information were the reporters in the House of Commons, and their chief resorts after they had sent in their copy were certain taverns or convivial clubs, which were, in those days, kept open to abnormal hours for the convenience of the Press. I wonder to how many of my readers will the names of the Reunion Club, of the Coal Hole, of the Albion, of Polly Goodwin's, of the Café de l'Europe, or even of Evans' recall any personal memories other than a vague recollection of having heard them mentioned by a well-nigh extinct generation of journalists. For me, individually, the Bohemian Press of London had no special attraction. "Shop" of all kind always bored me ; and of all "shop" the least interesting to me is the discussion of the merits or demerits of newspaper articles that are practically dead after they have appeared in print. I am not, therefore, an altogether fair judge of the Bohemian era of journalism, but I am bound to say it seems to me nowadays to have been of a rather more original character than that of the era by which it was succeeded.

After having spent many years abroad, chiefly in Italy, and having become more or less well-known as a writer, I was, on my return from the then dis-United States in 1862, offered a permanent engagement as a leader writer on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. The editor was then Thornton Hunt, a son of the better-known Leigh Hunt, but himself a man of high literary attainments, of very wide reading, and of refined taste. The real direction of the paper lay in the hands of the leading proprietor, Mr. J. M. Levy. This pre-eminence was due not so much to the fact that he represented the financial interest of the proprietary as to his extraordinary journalistic instinct. I doubt whether he had ever written much himself as a journalist ; I am perfectly certain he never wrote himself when he could possibly avoid doing so. But, having written under many editors on many papers, I can truly say that I never met one whose judgment was so sound, whose appreciation was so keen as to what

his readers would like to read. His heart was in his work. He would go through a proof time after time, till he had got it thoroughly to his liking, and when the article turned out as he wished he never hesitated to tell the writer how pleased he was with the result. No man, too, was more ready to listen to any opinion contrary to his own if he thought the holder of this opinion knew what he was talking about. His ambition was not only to make the *Telegraph* an extraordinary financial success, but to make it the most influential newspaper in the country. With this object in view, he had, at the period of my resuming my connection with the *Daily Telegraph*, gradually got rid of the light brigade of journalism, and had enlisted the services of men who, in his opinion, could treat serious subjects seriously, without being dull. The staff, when I joined, were certainly entitled, as a body, to the appellation of scholars and gentlemen. My colleagues were my dear old school friend, the late Sir Edwin Arnold, the winner of the Newdigate, and a professor after leaving Oxford at Poonah College; the Hon. Frank Lawley, who had been M.P. for Beverly and Parliamentary private secretary to Mr. Gladstone; Herbert Slack, who had taken high honours at Trinity College, Dublin; Jeff Prouse, a writer of singular grace and charm, who, if he had lived, might, I think, have equalled the reputation of Praed; and last, but not least, George Augustus Sala, the one man amongst us all who was not only gifted with ability but with genius. We used to assemble at the editorial offices about midday, and spend about an hour there discussing the subjects of the next day's articles. Everybody was encouraged to express his views, and Mr. Levy was in the habit, if there was any difference of opinion, of asking any contributor who had not made any comment to let them know what he thought himself on the matter in dispute. We were then, as a body, comparatively young and ardent, and there were many burning questions upon which we took different sides. But, somehow, our disputes never became envenomed, and the various views expressed furnished the writers, who were selected for the duty of dealing with any subject, with a knowledge of what there was to be said on either side of the topic under consideration.

It was the rule of the office to have at least three, generally four, leaders a day. One of these leaders was reserved to be written in the evening, so as to deal with the latest foreign or Parliamentary news. The other three were given out before luncheon time, and were expected to be delivered at the office about seven o'clock. The alterations in the conditions of the newspaper trade have rendered this halcyon state of things an impossibility. But I do not hesitate to say the literary work of the paper benefited largely by

the absence of hurry. Any journalist who knows what it is to write an article against time, when every ten minutes the printer's devils are coming down to ask for fresh copy, torn from the MS. you have just written, will appreciate the advantages of having plenty of time to think over your article, to look up books of reference, and to be able to read the MS. over carefully and make your own corrections before you sent the article to the printers.

Every experienced journalist will admit that it takes longer to write a light and bright article than a solid—and shall I say stolid?—one of the same length. I attribute the great success of the *Telegraph* leaders at the period of which I write quite as much to the conditions under which they were written as to the talent of the writers. We were given a free hand, and we knew that if we produced something the public would like to read we should not be blamed even if we diverged to some extent from the instructions given us at the morning meetings. We had no great respect for constituted authorities, we cared very little for preconceived opinion, and we were not troubled with too strict reverence for absolute accuracy. We were, if I may venture to say so, the pioneers of the Press of to-day. I do not claim for ourselves any monopoly in the process by which journalism was made less ponderous, more attractive to the new class of readers who were daily coming to the front. A similar transformation was, as I am well aware, going on in other papers, and conducted with no less ability. All I contend is that when Matthew Arnold described us as “young lions on the prowl for prey,” the description, whether complimentary or otherwise, was not altogether undeserved. I have often thought that in his heart of hearts the leonine epithet was ascribed to us by its author not so much in admiration of our intrinsic merits as in *odium tertii*. With his singularly acute and subtle intellect, Arnold could not have failed to realise the exaggerated respect and almost reverence with which the utterances of the *Times* were regarded by the world in which he lived and moved. I fancy that by going out of his way to proclaim the advent of a younger generation of lions he wished to intimate that their predecessors were losing their teeth and were no longer able to use their claws with the old effect. Be this as it may, I cannot doubt that we did a good deal to make journalism popular with the public. Up to the period of which I write, that is, up to the 'sixties of the Victorian era, it was an unwritten law of journalism that every leading article should consist of three paragraphs, and that whatever the subject matter might be, it was not to be less than a column and a quarter, or to exceed a column and a half. Another

of these bye-laws was that on no pretence was the name of another paper to be mentioned in any comment on its news or views. A third was that the repetition of the same word in the same sentence was an offence against literary composition. To Sala more than to any other single writer on the Press belongs the credit of having freed journalism from these conventional bonds. To others amongst us should be assigned the credit of having introduced the system of descriptive articles on legal trials which attracted public attention, of commenting on the demeanour and aspect of the witnesses, and of pointing out day by day the bearing of the evidence adduced upon the rights or wrongs of the case at issue. When the decision of the Court was not in accordance with our own opinion we appealed to the public, and not unfrequently with success. The practice may have been open to objections, but it had this advantage: that it established very friendly relations between the leading eminent counsel of the time and the journalists who wrote articles day after day on sensational cases.

It has often seemed to me astonishing how very slow the London Press were in availing themselves of the facilities provided by the discovery of telegraphic communication. In the years 1864 and 1866 respectively I acted as special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, in the first instance in the Austro-Prussian campaign against Denmark; in the second instance in the war between Austria and Prussia. On both these occasions, though my instructions were to spare no expense, I was told to use the telegraph as little as possible, as the public preferred graphic description by letter to curt messages by wire. This reluctance to employ rapidity of transmission, if obtained at the cost of the intelligence transmitted, prevailed to my own knowledge up to the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. It was only the outbreak of the Franco-German war in 1870 which led to the practical substitution of telegrams for letters as the ordinary channels for the communication of important news. It was by my instrumentality that my old friend Archibald Forbes, now dead, obtained an engagement as war correspondent to the *Daily News*. He was by no means a very brilliant writer, but he had what was more important, great facility in writing off fairly readable matters rapidly, and—a still more noteworthy recommendation—that of being willing to stand any amount of fatigue or spend any amount of money in order to get his telegrams off before anybody else. Thanks to Archibald Forbes, the *Daily News* gave the best, or, at any rate, the most rapid, war news during the whole of the war which ended with the entry of the German Army into Paris and the outbreak

of the Commune. From that date it became obvious that the model war correspondent of the future must be the man who could get his news wired off the first, not the man who could put together the best reproduction of what he had seen and heard and learnt. It may occasionally happen that the faculties of the ready writer are possessed by the ready transmitter. But such combinations are rare, and good "express agents," to use an American term, are far more easily to be met with than men who, under any unfavourable conditions, can indite descriptions possessing literary merit. Thus, if my opinion is correct, the employment of the telegraph has proved fatal, and will prove still more fatal, to the literary merits of the foreign correspondence of our newspapers. Personally, I regret this change the less because the principle on which war correspondents were allowed to accompany armies on active service and to telegraph home comments and criticisms on what they had observed had always seemed to me utterly false and untenable. The object of any nation going to war and sacrificing its soldiers in battle is not to provide good reading for the public at home, but to carry out certain ends and aims which, with or without reason, it deems essential to its vital welfare. After the experience of the Russo-Japanese war, no man in his senses will contend that our armies should be accompanied into action by a swarm of newspaper correspondents, competing with one another who can get hold of the most sensational intelligence and who shall get it known most rapidly to friend and foe alike. Indeed, it is a personal satisfaction to me to reflect that the first and greatest of newspaper correspondents, my dear old friend Sir William Russell, "the Billy of Balaclava" days, is likely in his green old age to be the last, as he was the first, of those whom, in the days of our youth, it was the fashion to call the "knights of the pen."

I have often thought to myself when I have been dining alone at the Garrick Club, and have tried to re-people the coffee-room with the faces of dead friends who were more or less intimately interested in journalism, what their feelings would be if, on a passing visit to this earth, they had asked, as they infallibly would have done, for copies of the newspapers which they had known so well both as readers and writers. If they had had due patience I think they would soon have come to the conclusion that in ability and information the papers bearing the old time-honoured names were certainly not inferior to those in whose production they had participated in the bygone days of their terrestrial existence. Patience, however, was never—and is never likely to be—the distinguishing characteristic of men of letters, and my strong conviction is that before they had begun to study the con-

tents bills they would have thrown down the papers in disgust at the manner in which the outer sheets were disfigured by star advertisements, pictures, eccentricities of typography, and all the ingenious tricks of the trade by which advertisers endeavour to attract the attention of newspaper readers to their own special wares and products. Up to the period when the halfpenny Press became a power in the world of journalism, our leading papers, with scarcely an exception, stuck staunchly to the rule that all advertisements, long or short, should be printed in the same type, and placed as nearly as possible upon a footing of equality. To my thinking, the steady sequence of column after column, each the counterpart of one another, and covering page after page, conveyed a sense of power and opulence which no number of pages filled with pictures, illustrations, diagrams, or triumphs of advertising ingenuity and art can ever convey. I remember years ago, when the American system of star advertisements had just been introduced into this country, the proprietor of a very popular advertising medium showed me an order he had received and declined for a series of columns at £100 an insertion. I knew the average price in those days yielded by a column made up of short, "unstarred" advertisements to be about £20, and expressed my surprise at his refusal. The answer struck me, "These sort of star advertisements only come once in a blue moon, but the twopenny-halfpenny advertisements come in their hundreds day after day, year in, year out, and if once the small advertiser finds that his advertisement fails to attract attention when overshadowed by the contiguity of a monster placard, he will take his advertisements elsewhere." The answer was absolutely sound, but I doubted the possibility of editorial virtue permanently resisting this new sort of temptation, and the result has more than justified my scepticism. One must make allowance for human frailty.

Before, however, I attempt to express any opinion as to the rise or decline in the influence of the Press due to a variety of changes which I have already indicated, I think it may be useful to call attention to certain causes which have largely modified the conditions under which journalism is conducted in the United Kingdom. Up to about thirty years ago the metropolitan Press was gaining ground at the cost of the provincial Press. In any place where newspapers are largely read it is an almost invariable rule that the papers read must be in the hands of their ordinary readers by breakfast time. As at the date of which I speak, that of the Franco-German war, railway communication was being largely extended and improved along the lines coming within what might be called the metropolitan circuit, it fol-



lowed logically that the London papers were gradually ousting their provincial competitors from the position the latter had hitherto enjoyed in their own localities. Even to-day I am confident that north and south, east or west of the metropolis you will not find a single town in which a first-class daily local newspaper is to be found, provided that the London papers are obtainable there by breakfast time. About 1868 my friend Anthony Trollope brought out a monthly review called the *St. Paul's Magazine*, of which he asked me to act as editor during his absence at the antipodes on Post Office business. I remember writing in this, of course, long defunct review an article on the Press in which I proved to my own satisfaction that in the course of a very few years there would not be a daily newspaper published within a hundred and fifty miles of the metropolis in any direction which was not in fact, if not in name, compiled, written, printed and published in London. The great interest attaching to the invasion of France by Germany and the extent to which the services of the telegraph was consequently employed by the wealthy London Press, largely increased the demand for London papers at this season, and I should doubt there ever having been anything approaching to the same number of London papers circulated throughout the provinces as there were at this period. Thus my anticipations were justified by the immediate event, and would have been permanently justified, but for one contingency. I had overlooked the contingency that the employment of telegraphy by newspapers might cut both ways. If it enabled the London papers for a time to starve out the local journals, it proved even a more potent agency for enabling the provincial Press to obtain exactly the same news as their London contemporaries, and to sell their papers earlier and more cheaply than if they had to be sent down from London. The result of this altered state of things is that the metropolitan Press may fairly be said to have lost their former circulation outside the home circle. The further your distance from London the more difficult it is nowadays to obtain any London paper. I can truly say that if for my sins I had to live in the country, and if, owing to my occupations, I could not spend more than an hour a day reading the morning's papers, I should never dream of indulging in the doubtful luxury of purchasing a London daily in the late morning or early afternoon with the view of making good any deficiency in the local paper to which I had already had access. There are at least a score of provincial papers published in all parts of the United Kingdom which give you as good foreign news, as good Parliamentary reports, as excellent political information and as well-written

articles as the heart of man, even of that most voracious form of manhood—the promiscuous newspaper reader—could possibly desire. By a certain law equivalent to the survival of the fittest, I fancy the ablest individual journalists somehow drift up to London. But I also think, in virtue of a similar law, the all-round staff of some of the great provincial newspapers are superior to what you would find in any metropolitan paper, however high its reputation. This much I can state without fear of contradiction: that such papers as the *Scotsman*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Yorkshire Post*, the *Western Morning News*, not to mention many others, are achievements of journalism of which any country in the world may be justly proud. One may disagree with their political views, but one cannot fairly dispute the vigour and the honesty with which these views are defended.

Meanwhile I have been straying somewhat from my main purpose in these cursory comments on the development of British journalism, which is to show how far it has been affected by the altered conditions under which the trade has had to be carried on. It is a curious, though, I think, an undesigned coincidence that the various improvements in machinery, the endless sheet, the system of machining, not from the original type, but from stereotyped moulds, and the substitution of mechanical for manual agency in putting the letters into words and the words into sentences have accidentally synchronised with an extraordinary increase in the demand for cheap literature, and with the rapid augmentation of the newspaper-reading public. Compulsory education, as established by the late Mr. W. E. Forster's Bill, in the year of Sedan, may or may not have been a good thing for the public at large. As to that there is a good deal to be said on both sides. This much, however, cannot be gainsaid, that Forster did establish a working system under which the vast majority of Board School children have learnt to read intelligently and to write legibly. The late Bob Lowe's bitter sneer at the time of the household suffrage, about "our first duty nowadays being to educate our future masters," has been more fully and more rapidly justified than even he anticipated. It may be open to question whether the education we have given by the instrumentality of School Boards is really education worthy of the name, but it is not open to question that since the introduction of household suffrage the working classes are, electorally speaking, our masters. There are very few constituencies in Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and not many in England where the classes who earn their living by working at the plough, the factory, or the mill do not constitute a clear majority of the whole electorate. It is mere trifling to say that the operative classes, in common with those

who stand higher in the social scale, are so separated by trade and sectional jealousies, by religious divisions and controversies as to temperance and sport that they are never likely to rise in their strength and sweep all before them. As a matter of fact, we are all perfectly well aware that if the new electorate, rightly or wrongly, desire Protection for British industry, or favour a collectivist policy, they can, and will, carry the day at the polling booths. I fully agree with those who hold that the marked individuality of the British race and the absence of any strong sentiment of solidarity between our classes, whether rich or poor, tend to diminish the dangers of a freedom under which one class, and that the lowest, the poorest, and the most ignorant, has the virtual control of the voting power in the vast majority of our constituencies. The penny papers still represent the small trading classes, the shop keepers, the clerks, as distinguished from the working men proper. But I cannot doubt that the elector who earns his day's board and lodging for himself and his family by the labour of his own hands, is represented by the halfpenny Press, by such papers as the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Express* and the *Morning Leader*. To me, as to every thinking man, it cannot but be gratifying to find that the class of newspapers which the new electorate select as their organs does not differ materially from that of its predecessors. It is only just to say that these papers which count, or, at any rate, profess to count, their readers by millions, are uniformly loyal towards the constituted authorities of the realm. They may have collectivist proclivities, but so far they have manifested no desire for carrying socialism into practice; they are very keenly interested in foreign politics, and are perhaps more ready to "think Imperially" than the rural and small town electorates. It is all very well to decry the love of sport, but the papers which represent the "horny-handed sons of toil" derive a very large portion of their profits from the cricket and football editions, which appeal to the masses who are ready to pay for sporting intelligence. So long as the new electorate desire a sound, wholesome article for the gratification of their journalistic appetites there can be nothing rotten in the state of our Press. Moreover, it is pleasing to me to notice that scientific discourses, reports of new inventions, and descriptions of novel manufacturing processes find ready access into the columns of the halfpenny Press. It takes all sorts and conditions of men to make a world, and I note with pleasure that amidst the new electorate there must be here and there a survivor of the working man of my boyhood, who used to devote his evenings to the study of science and metaphysics.

Not long ago I was propounding my own views as to the superi-

ority of the old leader system to the modern paragraph system to one of the new editors, "all of the modern time." He interrupted me by saying "I have no doubt you are right in theory, but you are wrong in practice. The newspaper-reading public of to-day want to be amused, not instructed. They do not wish to use their minds more than they can help. They like to have their mental food given them in minces and snippets, not in chops or joints. They prefer smart headed paragraphs to able leading articles. Whether they are right or wrong in their tastes I intend to cater for them to the best of my ability; and, after all, my dear old friend, you must admit you are getting an old fogey." To this argument there never has been and never will be a satisfactory answer. The worst of it all is that the statement is true.

There is, however, one aspect of the modern Press against which I must register my indiscriminating disapproval. I allude to the growing custom of trying to increase the circulation of latter-day journalism by artificial bonuses. From remote days it has been one of the tricks of trade to offer the purchaser of a pound of candles a pair of crockery candlesticks, thrown in free gratis for nothing. When a wholesale tobacconist informs me that with every order, worth half-a-crown in value, I shall be entitled to buy two packets of the best playing cards at one-third of their nominal price, and with the name and address of the vendor firm imprinted on the covers, I cannot but reflect what an extravagant price I must be charged for his Dollar Mixture, when I find that it pays the tobacconist to let me have for eightpence a packet of cards whose wholesale price must be at least a shilling. Still, I can see no moral objection to this sort of transaction. Considering, however, the high attributes I hear consistently ascribed to journalism, remembering how often I have been told that the main object of cheap journalism is to elevate the moral tone of the masses and to promote the spread of sound political views, I find it difficult to reconcile the employment of these trade dodges with any true appreciation of journalism as a profession. I am the more fortified in my scepticism when I find this trans-Atlantic system of promoting trade by offering bonuses to purchasers adopted by our great leading journal, the paper whom the men of my generation, whatever our views may have been as to its politics, were one and all accustomed to respect and honour as the highest representative of journalistic dignity and journalistic integrity. I would far sooner have passed over this subject, but knowing as I do, from my own observation, how far the *moral* of the British Press has been long kept up by a rigid observance on the part of the *Times* of a high code of journalistic

honour, private as well as public, I cannot avoid in any survey of the vicissitudes of journalism during my lifetime calling attention to a novel and strange development of the journalist trade sanctioned by the paper which has been so long regarded as the champion of journalistic respectability.

From these reminiscences of mine and the lessons I should draw from them, I have come to the following conclusions. First, that we shall never see again a new daily paper started at any price above one penny. Secondly, that the proportion of halfpenny to penny dailies will continue to increase. Thirdly, that all our daily papers, whatever their price may be, will tend to conform more to the system inaugurated by the cheap Press, that of catering for the masses instead of the classes; for the public which prefers "leaderettes"—an odious word—to leaders, and which likes its news given in short paragraphs made easy of comprehension by being arranged so that he who runs may read, through well-devised headings. I hold this change in the Press of England to be due to natural causes. Even if to me, personally, the change is distasteful, I see no reason to feel certain that under our altered political and social conditions the change may not be one for the better.

EDWARD DICEY.

## THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

GIVEN a poor country with a clever people, thorough education is the natural way of remedying poverty. Yet Ireland, whose poverty and whose cleverness are habitually described in superlatives—and not by Irishmen only—is in the matter of education unnaturally handicapped. Its temporal rulers insist on providing it with institutions which its spiritual guides forbid it to use. Before one can attempt to find a way out of this deadlock—which has lasted now for fifty years—certain governing facts must be noticed.

In this neighbouring nation, a majority, it seems, prefer that secular instruction should be divorced from the teaching of religion. Neither Churchmen nor Catholics desire this in Ireland. Ireland does not want, and will not have, a university or a college of the modern English type which washes its hands of religious teaching. The hostility of the Catholic Church towards Trinity has increased as Trinity became less and less explicitly Protestant and clerical. Yet it must be understood that Catholics are not actually forbidden to go to Trinity or the Queen's Colleges, so that a Catholic eagerly desirous of university training, and not very punctilious as to conformity, has always been able to get the training. This has made a safety-valve to relieve the pressure of the grievance, and feeling has never grown explosive on the matter. Or, to put the case more truly, there has always been a leakage of the power which ought to have driven through a great and necessary reform.

During all these years, the Catholic bishops have been demanding a Catholic university; but the apathy of Catholic laymen has always been commented on. Such comment, which states a fact without explaining it, is the least helpful thing in the world. Every man of sense knows that you must educate people into the desire for education; and a man who has not been at a university seldom thinks of sending his son there—unless in a community like Scotland which is thoroughly permeated with a sense of the value of high training. During the eighteenth century Catholics were forbidden to receive education in Ireland, unless they abjured their religion. In 1793, as a great concession, they were given access to a university, which was founded explicitly as an instrument of Protestant propaganda, and in which they were debarred from its honours and emoluments. About the same time, an institution was founded at Maynooth which rapidly became a seminary for the priesthood. Trinity was Protestant, Maynooth was Catholic;

Trinity was relatively costly, Maynooth was cheap. For the rank and file of Catholics, the ladder of learning led only through Maynooth to ecclesiastical dignities. The Church gained more and more a monopoly of education and of the clever young men, and when at last in 1845 cheap and popular university education was offered to the laity under the scheme of the Queen's Colleges, the clergy were able effectually to ban the project, and to hinder the Catholic laity from accepting the facilities offered, because of three circumstances. First, that for a century and a half the whole scheme of average Catholic life in Ireland had been arranged without a prospect of university training. Secondly, that for ambitious men, in the richer classes, there existed the safety-valve or leakage through Trinity, which the Church was wise enough not to close. Thirdly, that the Irish peasant-farmer with ambitions for a clever son, could scrimp and save to send him to Maynooth, just as his equivalent in Scotland pinches himself to send his son to Edinburgh or Glasgow.

But the indifference to the lack of university training, engendered by long privation, which made it easy for the Catholic Church to restrain Irishmen from accepting education unless on conditions pronounced absolutely safe by their clergy, also rendered ineffective the demand put forward by this clergy for separate Catholic education. There was no driving force behind the demand. Now, however, this apathy shows signs of passing away, and the demand, formulated no longer by the clergy, changes its shape. It is not a Catholic university, but a national university that is asked for—a university which should be fitted for making Irishmen as Oxford or Cambridge is for making Englishmen.

In the meanwhile Government, conscious of a new force in the agitation, comes forward with schemes—addressed, of course, not to the educational needs of Ireland, but to the political exigencies of a position under which the claim of the Catholic bishops for a separate Catholic University has to be reconciled with the objection of English Nonconformists to spending public money on the endowment of any dogmatic religion.

According to one scheme, which Mr. Wyndham (or Sir Antony Macdonnell) supported, a Catholic College is to be established in the University of Dublin. Where established, no one has suggested : but anyhow it cannot well be next door, and those who remember how seriously Worcester was set apart by its position at Oxford, perhaps half a mile from the centre, will realise what it would mean to have your new college, for instance, in the Phoenix Park. But distance would be the least of the difficulties. When Oxford, which was explicitly Anglican for centuries, became what it is now, Keble was founded to be explicitly Anglican. Except

for some slight sumptuary restrictions, this regulation, that all members of Keble must be members of the Church of England, was the only distinction. Yet many will say that Keble has never been absolutely amalgamated. In the case of Dublin you would have one college, for three centuries identified with the university, by constitution undenominational, by atmosphere and traditions Protestant. To this you would couple a brand-new institution, explicitly Catholic in intention, manned by Catholics; and you would affirm that from the juxtaposition there emerged a homogeneous university! Practically, however, this scheme has passed out of the range of vision. The authorities of Trinity opposed it on the ground that they were a reality as they stood and this would make them part of a sham; and further, that the constitution of such a college, differing from their own in principle, would certainly introduce into the working of the university that method of making alternate appointments of Protestant and Catholic which maims half the educational institutions in Ireland.

If we are to ask why the Catholic bishops gave their assent to a scheme which would certainly not commend itself to any expert in education, the answer is that the position of the bishops, standing between their people and the enjoyment of necessary advantages, grows hardly bearable. The objections to the scheme they would feel less, because—the fact must be stated in no spirit of reproach but with deep regret—they have no experience of universities. Their experience has been solely of a seminary, and in the seminary they have learnt their most characteristic prejudice, which under this scheme found itself gratified. They hold that—

a College constructed upon what is known as the mixed system—whether Protestantism in any of its forms might happen to be enthroned in such a College in a position of dominating influence, or not—is on Catholic principles unsuitable as a place of education for Catholic students from the danger, inherent in the system which every such College embodies, of leading to indifference in the matter of Catholic truth.<sup>1</sup>

They hold, in a word, that Catholic youth must be segregated during the period of study; and in consequence, they incline favourably to the proposal of the recent Royal Commission. This proposal was, that the Royal University, which exists at present solely as an examining body, should be transformed into a teaching university, with the Queen's Colleges in Cork, Galway and Belfast, and the Catholic University College of Dublin as its constituent colleges. The Report was signed by eleven out of the twelve Commissioners. But of these eleven, six attached qualifying

(1) Archbishop Walsh, *The Irish University Question*, p. 31.



notes, some of which actually dissuaded from the adoption of the proposal, and others expressed grave doubts as to whether it would work. It was in effect recommended as a *pis aller*; and the strictures of Dr. Dickey, the one Commissioner who refused to sign, seem to me unanswerable. The colleges would not be colleges in the Oxford or Cambridge sense, but, as he justly put it, "college universities." That is to say, small universities, not autonomous; for their course of studies must be subject to the criticism of an extern body, and their examinations conducted in part by extern examiners. All tendency to individual character would thus be repressed; and the value of the collective degree would be determined not by the highest, but the lowest rate of efficiency among the colleges.

Those who sincerely desire the adoption of this scheme—which is admittedly framed in the interests of Catholics—desire it as a means to something different. They think the university college or college university so established in Dublin will ultimately develop into a separate university; and they regard this as the easiest means of securing endowment. In its reality, then, this proposal is supported as a proposal for a Catholic University—but a Catholic University which should be open to students of all denominations.<sup>1</sup> They must be sanguine men who think that it could ever deliver itself from the influence of that strange makeshift, the Royal University, whose pernicious effect on education throughout Ireland can never be more strongly stated than it was by Mr. Balfour in his recent House of Commons speech. And it is a pleasure to see that the Irish Party, who now speak for the bishops as well as for the country in this matter, have thrown themselves into the advocacy of a far worthier proposal.

The scheme which Mr. Dillon set out in a very remarkable address last December represents, I think, the ideal most popular among Catholic and Nationalist laymen. He proposed the establishment in Dublin of a new university, by Act of Parliament. Parliament was to provide funds, and to nominate, in accordance with Irish ideas, a Senate, which should proceed to create the teaching body. A third part of the Senate would automatically retire every two years and be replaced by representatives of the faculties, teaching body, and scholars. The university thus constituted should be absolutely autonomous—free alike from control of the Government (whether direct or by veto) and from the interference of any hierarchy. Provision would be made in the constitution to safeguard the faith of Catholics—how, Mr. Dillon did

(1) A further reason for believing this is that the Commission's proposal makes no provision for the inclusion of theological students, and admits no theological faculty. Yet by general consent there is no class more in need of university training than the Irish priesthood.

not say. But the question would be from his point of view one of form, since the university would be *ex hypothesi* Catholic, because it would be representative of Ireland. Its governing body would be nominated in accordance with the wishes of Irish Catholics, but would not necessarily consist wholly of Catholics. The Catholic bishops would be given representation, if they demanded it, on the governing body. Mr. Dillon thought it possible they would not demand this. But if admitted to the governing body, they would have a voice merely as members of that body. The university so planned would deliberately aim to be a centre of the national life—to gather up, renew, enrich, and perpetuate that tradition which came down from the earlier Ireland through the hedge schools and wandering scholars. It would look to make its own teachers by a system of studentships, sending young men to study on the Continent in all departments of knowledge; and in a brief period he believed that it could create a position and a prestige of its own.

Mr. Dillon was amply entitled to form a sanguine estimate in this matter; for the Catholic School of Medicine in Dublin, without direct endowment and deplorably destitute of proper equipment, has made itself into a teaching body equal to any of the publicly endowed institutions in Ireland. They have made their own professors from their own men, and it appears that they could hardly be bettered. This precedent was relied on not only by Mr. Dillon, but by the distinguished Jesuit, Father Finlay, who recently proposed, like Mr. Dillon, to establish a new national university, but suggested that instead of waiting for Parliamentary sanction, Ireland should begin at once to equip and maintain by voluntary contributions at least the nucleus of a university system—demanding then, not means to create and endow a new university, but means to complete and establish what already would have an existence.

Father Finlay's proposal has received a good deal of support from the Gaelic League, which, as Mr. Dillon said with justice, "has done more in the last fifteen years to spread among the Irish people a true and genuine conception of the spirit in which a revival of Irish intellectual life should be attempted, than Trinity College has done in the three hundred years of its existence." But, on the other hand, outside the Gaelic League, which does not stand for money, not a voice has been raised in support of Father Finlay. It is widely felt that a university so supported must be starved, and that in the face of the great endowments open to Protestants, to attempt its creation would be to acquiesce in a gross injustice. Probably also, it is felt that the money, if raised, could only be raised through the medium of the Catholic Church, and that in

this way the clerical control would be overwhelming. This would naturally present no objection to Father Finlay, and he has explicitly stated that his ideal is the University of Louvain. Mr. Dillon's ideal is quite as explicitly based on the university systems which exist in the Catholic provinces of Germany, where institutions very little influenced by the Church have the Church's full sanction; and we are entitled to assume that the Catholic Church in Ireland would accept a settlement on those lines, were it offered. But the recent debate makes it clear that, scruples of conscience apart, Parliament is no way likely to grant money to establish a new university, when, from the point of view of Parliament, existing university institutions are not fully utilised. None the less it is clear that if we got Home Rule one of the first acts of an Irish Government will be to constitute a new university—and I think it would be constituted on Mr. Dillon's lines. How Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges would be affected by that operation it is not easy to prophesy, but the minds of many Irish Protestants would be prejudiced against Home Rule by fears for their university, which they cherish and venerate—though not always to the extent of sending their sons there.

Modern railways and steamers have made it easy for any Irishman, no matter where he lives, to get his education at Oxford or Cambridge; and the wealthier classes in Ireland have increasingly profited by this opportunity. Now, with Ireland passing largely into Catholic hands, it is evident that there will be less room for Protestants in the professions than in happier days when Protestants had the giving of all places; and men looking to a future in England or the Colonies will be less and less inclined to go to what, from the English point of view, is a provincial university. Trinity College is aware of all this, aware of an actual as well as a prospective shrinkage in the area from which it draws students; and its heart is being softened, like the heart of Pharaoh. Tentatively, like a blind man groping, it feels for the steps which may lead it from being the university of the garrison to the very different status of a national university. I do not know whether the change comes too late. I do not know whether the national party in Ireland will choose by leading and by pushing to direct the progress. But of this I feel certain: that if Trinity were to-day as national as it is anti-national in spirit, we should hear very much less of the danger to Catholic faith involved. Speaking for myself, what I desire is to see Trinity nationalised; made a university for Irishmen, whether Catholics or Protestants. Whether the thing is likely to be done, is a question. My object is, to argue that it can be done, and that the attempt promises the easiest and the most satisfactory solution of this great difficulty.

Easy, in a sense, the solution would be, for it involves no appeal to Parliament. There is a bargain to be struck between two groups of Irishmen, and their interests are in a large measure complementary. The Catholics want a university : Trinity College is there, well equipped with buildings, site, library, and nearly all the material that can be required. Trinity College wants more students ; there is the youth of Catholic Ireland, keen enough in intelligence. Trinity has already professed a willingness to give Catholics all the distinctive privileges that Church of Ireland students enjoy—a theological school of their own, a place of worship of their own. Unhappily, it cannot offer to alter what is the thing really objected to—the atmosphere and the traditions of the place. On the other hand, some of us desire an influx of Catholic students, precisely in the hope that Trinity's atmosphere and tradition would be swept away—in so far as they are anti-Irish. This, however, postulates a view of Ireland which is not universally admitted nowadays, even among Irish Nationalists—the old-fashioned Nationalist view. We believe that Ireland, as she exists now, is a nation consisting of two elements, the natives and the settlers, who were fused into one, partly by the national attractions of a common country, and partly by the pressure of England from without, crushing both, and crushing them together. The Irishmen, from Lord Castlereagh down to, let us say, the present Lord Chief Justice, Lord O'Brien, who have systematically taken the side of England as against Ireland, have been, in their own phrase, the English garrison : enlisted as local mercenaries like the police. There is, however, another theory, formulated explicitly the other day by the Provost of Trinity College, who said that there were in Ireland "at least two nations." If that is so, Lord Castlereagh and the rest were simply the patriots of their own nation, who, by the Act of Union, succeeded in merging that nation into a larger unity, or rather, removed the artificial divisions which had separated the English in England from the English in Ireland. A good many leading persons in the Gaelic League appear to endorse this view, and desire to dissociate themselves from the conception of Ireland entertained by Grattan, Davis and Parnell among Protestants, and I think not less by O'Connell and Gavan Duffy, Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon. On the principles of Dr. Traill and some Gaelic Leaguers an Irish National University would be one to which the Irish Protestant might come indeed, and welcome, but must come as the Irish Catholic comes to-day to Trinity—to a place with whose traditions he cannot identify himself. I do not say that such a university would be of no use to Ireland. I should prefer one, however, in which all Irishmen were taught that they had a

common country and a common interest in that country; just as every stone of Oxford and Cambridge teaches Englishmen that whether they are descended from Yorkist or Lancastrian, Cavalier or Puritan, Churchman or Nonconformist, squire or manufacturer, they belong to England and England belongs to them.

By what steps, then, would it be possible to transform Trinity College from what it is into what, let us say, Thomas Davis would have wished to see it? For, although Davis was a Protestant, no man has been so generally accepted as expressing the views of Irish Nationalists.

In the first place, it is evident that the technical objections which unfit it for Catholic students must be removed. Catholics demand a university which shall teach Catholic theology to Catholic students. There are half a dozen examples in Germany of universities which teach both Protestant and Catholic theology, and with that precedent before them, the Board of Trinity College passed a resolution authorising the establishment of such a school within the walls of Trinity, having privileges identical with those of the Church of Ireland school so far as the students were concerned. This offer was rejected by Cardinal Logue, without reasons given, but apparently on principle. In practice, however, it is evident that the proposals would need supplementing. Setting aside the question of a Catholic chapel (which the Board proposed to sanction but not to build), the Board pays the greater part of the salaries connected with the Protestant divinity school, and should do the same for a Catholic school, if equality is to be established. But it was pointed out that in another direction the offer needed to be expanded. An essential part of Catholic religious education is a training in philosophy—all religion being held to rest primarily on natural truths, antecedent to revelation. It would be necessary, therefore, to establish a duplicate chair of philosophy as well as a second divinity school, and for this also there are German precedents. But suppose these further concessions made. Suppose the Board willing to establish and endow a Catholic divinity school—the endowment being naturally proportioned to its number of students—and to establish also a duplicate chair of philosophy, what technical objection would remain from a Catholic point of view?

Father Finlay, in speaking to a meeting at Dublin, declared that no Catholic could accept a university for his sons in which religion was not recognised as the basis of all education—not only in philosophy but also in the scientific interpretation of life and nature. He could not accept a university where Haeckel might be inducted into the chair of physiology. Now, upon this matter, Irish Catholics seem to be in some error. The average Irish Pro-

testant is just as anxious about the fundamental principles of Christian belief as any Catholic, and consequently Trinity, reflecting that mind, has retained a statute forbidding *blasphemia*. The effect of that statute is not to forbid the exposition, even as final, of \*views which may be construed in a sense hostile to revealed religion—that is to say, a professor may, if he likes, accept Kant's conclusions and teach his class to do so; or he may, and probably will, accept and teach the Darwinian theory of creation. But the statute forbids him to teach, for instance, that there is no such thing as the soul, or that immortality is impossible. A certain protection for the beliefs of students is therefore exacted. Beyond that, if Father Finlay proposes to forbid teaching in science which may be construed as adverse to Catholic belief, he adopts a position generally abandoned.

The question of proselytism does not seriously arise. For all these years, Catholics have been passing through Trinity in small numbers, moving in an atmosphere confessedly Protestant; for a considerable part of that time, the Provost, Dr. Salmon, was a leading champion in the anti-Roman controversy; yet Catholic convictions were never interfered with, and it is said that among professional men the most devout Catholics are those who have been educated in this atmosphere of free discussion. Whether that be true or no, it is undoubtedly fallacious to suppose that the mind loses its susceptibility once a degree has been taken. The young Catholic who has been reared among influences only friendly to his faith, if he goes out into the world and hears views destructive to Christian belief advanced by men abler and better educated than himself—as may well happen—is no less likely to feel, or to yield to, the seduction of a novel brilliancy than the undergraduate; more likely rather, as he will have more inclination to regard himself as competent to judge in the matter. In confirmation of this view a very strong statement was made to me by a distinguished priest. Catholics who go to America from Ulster almost invariably keep their religion and transmit it. With peasants from the West and South, he said, the faith tends to be lost, and often perishes with the first generation.

Nevertheless, it is true that no Protestant would choose to send his son into an atmosphere so predominantly Catholic as that of Trinity is Protestant. So far as concerns the undergraduate element, that can be easily altered by an influx of Catholics; and in truth only the influence which counts for much in a university is that of undergraduates upon one another. But the whole permanent establishment, the whole body of fellows and professors, is with a single exception non-Catholic; and the establishment at Trinity is singularly permanent. Admitting that a small Catholic

contingent would be introduced in the Catholic professors of theology and philosophy, these men would, under the present order, belong to the helotry—the class of professors. At Dublin the governing power resides of right with the Fellows, of whom one is elected annually on a life tenure. The actual Governing Board\* is chosen by a process of survival, and consists of the seven oldest men. Into this gerontocracy no newly admitted Catholic could hope to win his way under, say, forty years from his matriculation. A reform of this pre-Homeric system is needed in the interests of the university, quite apart from the religious question, and has been a good deal discussed. Some elective body representing the Fellows and professors and possibly the graduates should be substituted, holding office for a limited period. The succession of professional advancement in the ranks of the Fellows need not be disturbed.

It seems probable that a reform on these lines might be easily accomplished—for the alternative of a Royal Commission is serious; and, were it accomplished, there is no reason to doubt that the good sense of such an elective body would lead them to choose some Catholic or Catholics as occasion offered. Yet—and here is one of the gravest difficulties of detail—it would at best be an extremely long time before Catholics acquired any real influence, as such. A body of Protestant fellows would have in their hands the election both of fellows and professors, and, Catholics will say, every time they elected a Catholic they would be weakening their own hold on the University; consequently, when a struggle for the control came within sight, they would discriminate against Catholics. The answer of Trinity College is perfectly sincere and perfectly true. In the first place, foul play of any kind, more especially in the conduct of an examination, is absolutely out of the question. In the second place, once Catholics came in, they would realise that no opposition of interest between Catholic and Protestant as such had any existence; that the object of the University would be always quite simply to get the best man. Nevertheless, the Catholics would retort, "Your present Provost is an Orangeman, he reflects not unfairly your prevailing tone, and it is very hard to persuade an Orangeman that a Catholic is the best man for any job whatever."

In negotiation this question of good faith would present a grave difficulty, and there is one way in which a solid guarantee could be given. If the Catholic hierarchy advised their people to go to Trinity, an immediate result would be to cut the ground from under the feet of the college now controlled by the Jesuits, and a plan might be made for merging as many of its students and pro-

fessors as possible. The same thing was done successfully not long ago when two other Dublin medical schools were merged in what is now the Catholic School; and there is no apparent reason why the operation should not be repeated. Any considerable access of students to Trinity would involve increase in the teaching staff, and in several cases Professorships might be duplicated *ad interim*, with right of succession. The professors thus brought in should be electors of the proposed governing body, and eligible for it.

On these lines, I believe that negotiation would be possible and effective; for even as things are, the danger to Catholic faith is no more than exists in any modern university. The difficulty is much greater on the other side, if only because it is less definite. Catholics fear to some extent that the faith of their sons will lose its keen edge; but with much more reason it is feared that the anti-national tradition of the place may be too strong for the spirit of young Nationalists who go there; that instead of changing the atmosphere they will themselves be changed.

It must be remembered that in Ireland politics are largely a question of class: the Unionists are the *optimates*, the well-to-do; the Nationalists the *proletariate* and its leaders. What we want in Ireland for a national university is something more like Edinburgh and Glasgow than like Oxford and Cambridge, and it is often said that Trinity is not sufficiently democratic. Yet whoever has been at a university of a residential character will realise so keenly its advantages as to be loth to part from the one Irish university which possesses or is likely to possess them. Besides, at Trinity the out-college men—the men who live at home—are so numerous a class as to be at no social disability. And on the whole the tone of the University is excellent in the way of judging a man irrespective of his clothes. Its tradition is frugal: the undergraduate drinks bottled stout on occasions when his contemporary at Oxford would drink wine, and the result is no less gratifying. Yet the university needs to be cheapened. In the great matter of all, the drain on time, it exacts four years normally where Oxford and Cambridge normally exact three, and its fees—£16 a year for four years—could bear lowering.

But from a social point of view I question whether the "poor scholar" could be anywhere at less of a disadvantage. If he can play football he need not trouble his head as to his social standing. In the other matter—of finding himself among men sympathetic to his religious views—it is largely a question of Catholics coming in. Doubtless, if Trinity were sanctioned next year, next year would bring in a deal of Irish Catholics who would have little of the Nationalist about them; they would be the first



to profit. But the tradition of the place is generous in this sense, that honours of the debating society and so forth are freely given to ability; the last auditor of the Historical Society was a Catholic and Nationalist, nor is this an exceptional case. There has always existed a leaven of Protestant Nationalism in the place, and a little more would put Nationalism in the position that Socialism held (in the 'eighties, anyhow) at Oxford, as a view, perhaps eccentric, but rather distinguished. Those who know the University tell me that its effect is to soften prejudices, whether religious or political; and that if graduates of Trinity distinguish themselves by a lack of toleration, that merely proves other social influences to be stronger than those of college life. In truth—for Trinity is a place curiously cut off from the enthusiasms natural to youth, in Ireland, yet not of it—I should never be surprised to see the Gaelic League get a hold there and simply sweep the undergraduate body. Yet the more stable elements of the community are not likely to change their personal opinions, which are generally those of the old ascendancy party; and this much is clear. Their corporate action, as governing a university meant for Ireland, will have to change if they want Ireland to come to them.

At the present time it is possible for a man to be an ornament of the University of Dublin and still proclaim the most total ignorance of the rudiments of Irish history. The newly elected Professor of Modern History is doing something to alter that, but more than a little is needed. It is the business of an Irish university to see that Irish history is studied, and this part of its duties Trinity College has shamefully neglected. Further, in regard to the whole study of Celtic languages, and the monuments and records of Celtic antiquity, the University of Dublin ought to lead Europe. As things stand, there is no provision for archaeological study—a subject for which a special chair should be founded—and though there exists a professorship of Irish and certain prizes connected with it, these owe their origin mainly to the zeal of Irish Protestant gentlemen who wished to train missionaries for Connaught. Irish is a subject barely recognised in the University curriculum: it cannot be taken up for honours, nor for Fellowship. In all these matters a radical change of front is needed for the credit of the place, whether Catholics are to come there or no.

Within the scope of a scheme for bringing Catholics into Trinity, would fall various subsidiary reforms. The Maynooth curriculum of seven years might be adapted, so that a candidate for priesthood could attend the lectures to qualify for his B.A. in Dublin—comprising with them a philosophy course—and then retire to

Maynooth for his special training, returning perhaps in certain cases to Dublin for post-graduate study. A hostel would be needed for such students, but they would of course attend lectures jointly with the rest, and by this experience of life modify that ignorance of the world which is so excellently depicted by Father Sheehan in his study of *Luke Delmege*. Further, if Catholics and Protestants held Trinity jointly, as a national university, the Queen's Colleges might easily be transformed on the same principle into serviceable institutions, and from them scholarships should lead to Trinity, as, for instance, the Snell exhibitions lead from Edinburgh to Balliol.

But I shall not enter into further detail. In the foregoing pages there has been outlined a group of changes which appear necessary and sufficient, if fairly carried out, to fit Trinity College for the position of a national university. Nothing is advocated for which a good deal of support would not be forthcoming from Protestants, inside Trinity as well as outside it. But the determining factor must be the attitude of Irish Catholic laymen. That attitude requires to be made more definite than it is at present. They demand equality of privileges. The proposal here indicated is not to cut Trinity in two and give Catholics the half, but to make all that is in it, all that it stands for as a University, in substance and in spirit, available for Irish Catholics equally with Irish Protestants. It is idle to ignore the fact that many if not most Irish Catholics shrink from the proposal. They would rather have a university of their own, competing even at a disadvantage. One cannot but respect this spirit. Yet in the first place the sentiment is hardly more rational than would be a feeling which should prompt Ireland, if it got Home Rule, to dismantle the forts. In the second place, the prospect of obtaining a new and good university is very remote, and though the loss falls heaviest on Catholics it falls on Ireland as a nation. It appears to me that Irishmen are being driven by circumstances to accept what is best for themselves and for the nation. For themselves—since all competent judges know that the University of Dublin with all its defects is nevertheless an excellent University, though unhappily it has been the *mot d'ordre* among Catholic journalists for some time to decry it. For the nation—since were this solution adopted, and Catholics and Protestants no longer segregated, but associated at the time of life when friendships are most easily made, I believe we should realise in the rising generation that long deferred hope of a United Ireland.

Yet a settlement on these lines depends on two contingencies, neither of them by any means certain. Would the governing body of Trinity concede as much as I have outlined? Would Catholics

accept so little? For many supporters of Trinity think, like Mr. Balfour, that the university, Protestant by design and by continuous tradition, cannot alter its character without loss, and, given this view, it would be unreasonable to go farther than the Board has gone. On the other hand, the people of Ireland have acquired so much control of their own affairs that they are slow to accept anywhere a position of disadvantage for the majority, even though it were clear that the disadvantage would be only temporary and accidental. And many Nationalists hope before long to settle this matter in accordance with their own ideas, for which they can claim the support of Mr. Balfour, who thinks with Mr. Dillon that the interests of national education will best be served by the establishment of a rival university. And it cannot be too strongly urged that after the recent debate no man has a right to say that such a university would be, as the phrase goes, "priest-ridden." The national party has the full countenance of the bishops and has formulated its support of an autonomous institution. Reason, however, has, in this controversy, little to say to the mind of English electors, and England persists in treating Ireland as if it were a part of England. The result is an admirable object-lesson on the absurdity of the existing system, a conclusive argument for Home Rule. Yet I would gladly give up that valuable argument for the advantages of an immediate and satisfactory settlement, which I believe could be got, within the four corners of Trinity's constitution. But this is the view of a looker-on; it postulates desire on both sides to arrive at a compromise; and even on a sanguine estimate it cannot be said that there is on either the trace of a very on-coming disposition.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

## DRAMATIC THOUGHTS : RETROSPECTIVE— ANTICIPATIVE.<sup>1</sup>

My business with the drama is not to hold a brief in its defence. It speaks for itself—trumpet-tongued—and if life in this world were to be spent in parting the tares from the wheat in all things, I doubt if even the Bible would quite escape the process. I am told there are spots on the sun. "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not: and our vices would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues." Words which remind me that England is not only the mother of the stage, at least in Europe, but the parent of the greatest dramatic writer the world has known; whose glory does not come from that sort of knowledge which teaching can impart, but from that sort of knowledge which no learning can ever teach; whose commanding power can, alike, transport with rapture or enthrall with awe; it is easy to credit the legend that while writing the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet the poet passed a long night alone in Westminster Abbey; his name inspires the players with lasting gratitude: for his works have made their craft eternal and they must share the pride I feel to have been what William Shakespeare was—an actor.

Splendid as is the array which might be drawn from other lands, I contend it would be hard to name finer tragic players than Thomas Betterton, David Garrick, Edmund Kean, and Sarah Siddons; if to that great quartet I have not added the name of John Philip Kemble, it is only because the palm must be given to his still greater sister. They possessed the power of acting which can so entrance the spectator as to almost turn shadow into substance. Addison said of Betterton: such an actor ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans. Pope said of Garrick: he never had his equal and would never have a rival. Byron said of Kean: he was life, nature, truth, without exaggeration or diminution. Talfourd said of Siddons: she was the greatest tragic actress of whom there is any trace in memory. The ashes of Betterton and Garrick with those of Henderson—only his second as an actor, while as a reader he surpassed him—of the silver-toned Barry, best of all the Romeos, with their gifted sisters in art, Mistress Bracegirdle, Mistress Oldfield, and Mistress Pritchard, rest—if I can correctly remember the words of an eloquent American—in that grandest of mausoleums where the

(1) A lecture delivered at the Royal Institution.

proudest of nations garners the memories of its most honoured children. Yes, there, in the Abbey and its cloisters, alike with Kings and Queens, with warriors and statesmen, with poets and philosophers, with men of science and men of letters, those renowned players are now "such stuff as dreams are made of, and their little life is rounded with a sleep."

Out, out, brief candle !

It is no doubt just that the fame of the great tragedian should eclipse that of the great comedian. The pen held by that lover of the theatre, Leigh Hunt, has truly written on this subject. "Imagination is the test of genius ; that which is done by imagination is more difficult than that which is performed by discernment or experience. It is for this reason, that the actor is to be estimated, like the painter and the poet, not for his representation of the common occurrences of the world, not for his discernment of the familiarities of life, but for his idea of images never submitted to the observation of the senses. Imagination is always more esteemed than humour ; humour surprises and wins, but it never elevates ; imagination surprises, wins and elevates too ; it transports us through every region of thought and of feeling, and teaches us that we have something within us more than mortal."

On the other hand, the distinguished writer freely admits that mediocrity is more easily attained in tragedy than in comedy, and for my own part, I feel sure the name of many an unworthy bombastic actor of tragedy is unjustly remembered long after the fame of even peerless comedians only exists, and how lamely, in the imperfect annals of tradition or in the records of the rare student of the stage. How few, for instance, are acquainted with the splendid skill of such players as Thomas King, William Lewis, John Bannister, Robert William Elliston—and many another of equal talent—certainly, of their epoch, among the most accomplished actors in the history of the English theatre. King, who was the first Sir Peter Teazle, was also the closest friend Garrick ever made of a comrade, and was on the London stage for the amazing period of more than half a century. Charles Lamb said his acting left a taste on the palate—sharp and sweet like a quince. Lewis possessed the most unceasing activity and rapidity both in speech and motion : his animal spirits were unrivalled and he carried sunshine about with him ; he bounded like a greyhound and chattered like a jay ; yet he began his career as a tragedian, so must, indeed, have known his business. It was said of him that he played on the very top of his profession like a plume. It was to the delightful and versatile Bannister—when as a stage-aspirant he sought the great actor's advice—to whom Garrick said he might humbug the public in tragedy, but begged him not to try to do so

in comedy, for that was a serious thing. Of Elliston, Leigh Hunt went so far as to express the opinion, on account of his extraordinary versatility—considering also the perfection of many of his performances—that he was the finest actor of that day. In spite of such praise their names seem to be written only on the sand. Indeed I share Colley Cibber's regret that "the momentary beauties flowing from harmonious elocution cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record; that the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that presents them, or at best can but faintly glimmer through the memory of a few surviving spectators." Equally eminent and more modern writers have used their pens in the admission that the death of an author is of little moment, for his books survive him, but that when a fine actor passes it matters much, as he leaves a void which must be filled up. All true: but, although his work is neither carved in marble, nor lives on canvas, although our poor inheritance is but "The Glory and the Nothing of a name," there is a bright and buoyant compensation in the thought that no other calling enjoys the ecstasy which belongs, I think alone, to the actor in his moments of supreme triumph.

"Look at life, it is a comedy: think of it, it is a tragedy." By the way, you may know well that Voltaire in his anxiety not to imperil the success he had achieved in tragedy, when he wrote his first comedy did so anonymously. The main plot of a tragedy is generally the consideration of whether one or more of its principal characters shall, or shall not, commit murder; the main plot of a comedy, until recent years, being whether one or more of the couples concerned in it should or should not commit matrimony: and the curtain fell upon the expected sound of wedding bells. To jump for a moment to the present time, that is no longer the method; nowadays plays begin where they used to end; when the curtain rises, more frequently than not, the last strain of Mendelssohn's march has long since died away and we look upon what has occurred "for better or worse."

Tragedy, when true, must ever command our admiration, but as one loves the sunshine better than the shade, I pay my homage to the allurements, the enchantment of Anne Bracegirdle—the darling of the theatre in her day—to Nance Oldfield: perhaps the most beautiful woman who ever trod the English stage;

Each look, each attitude, new grace displays,  
Her voice and motion life and music raise.

To Catherine Clive: whose transcendent talents compelled Dr. Johnson to describe her as the best actress he ever saw: adding that what Kitty Clive did best she did even better than David Garrick, but could not do half so many things well. To Margaret

Woffington : a most enchanting and very witty woman : whose brilliant career was achieved despite the drawback of a harsh, unmusical voice. She earned this tribute :—

Nor was her worth to public scenes confin'd;  
 She knew the noblest feelings of the mind;  
 Her ears were ever open to distress,  
 Her ready hand was ever stretch'd to bless.

To Dorothy Jordan : truly an extraordinary, an exquisite creature : superior to all her contemporaries in her particular line of acting. It was said that Mother Nature had formed her when in a happy and prodigal mood ; and when really in the humour to make a delightful woman she can do it supremely. What would we not give to summon those Queens of Comedy from the Silent Land and see them act ! But, alas, no wealth could buy for us a single echo of their once merry voices : nor kindle one spark of the divine fire which burnt in all of them.

Deep as is my respect, profound as is my admiration, for the leaders in " the palmy days," " the good old times," I know well that such sayings are the tiresome chorus attached to other callings than the stage—the lawyer, the soldier, the painter, even the bishop, is as much haunted by them as the actor, who from time immemorial has listened to the cuckoo-cry—" the drama is dead." I have had to stop my ears to its sad refrain ever since my earliest recollections of the theatre ; when I was taken as a child to see the attractive Madame Vestris, to listen to the laughing Mrs. Nisbett, and to be conscious of the waning powers of the elder Farren. I might, at that time, have also seen the farewell performances, given too early, of that chieftain of his day, William Charles Macready, whose career both on and off the stage was of high repute : in spite of the fact that the theatre was not his sweetheart, for, strange to say, he was never passionately in love with his work. Had I seen him I might have been in a like position to an aged friend of mine who, quite recently, to my amazement gave me his personal views on the acting of Edmund Kean ; being afflicted with a memory for dates I could not resist reminding the dear old man that he had barely reached the mature age of nine at the time of the lamented death of that dazzling genius. Some amount of such careless criticism still exists, and always will exist, but I do claim to remember, and with distinctness, the acting of Helen Faucit : the embodiment of Rosalind, Beatrice, Imogen and others of the most poetic creations in our tongue ; of Charles Kean : whose fame as the pioneer of gorgeous Shakespearian revivals has long survived the venom of Douglas Jerrold's undignified attacks ; of Samuel Phelps : with many masterly performances in simple but scholarly productions ; of the

ill-fated Gustavus Brooke : whose natural gifts were akin to those of Salvini ; of Charles Fechter : my hero of romance ; of Frederick Robson : who had he not been almost a dwarf might have excelled in tragedy, he may be best described as a blend of Edmund Kean and John Liston, for he was, indeed, "tragical-comical-historical-pastoral" ; of Benjamin Webster : whose remarkable, varied powers as an actor were crippled by his cares as a manager of two theatres ; of Charles Mathews : most captivating, unique and natural of comedians ; of the old Haymarket company in the days of its strength ; but although I cherish the recollection of these and other idols of my youth I must not forget Bacon's warning, "They that revere too much old time, are but a scorn to the new." I will not, therefore, pay so poor a compliment to the living as to praise only the dead, and shall dare—with no bated breath—to mention the names of five women who have reigned in their kingdom as Thalia's champions with a splendour equal to the great ones of the past—Marie Bancroft, Margaret Kendal, Ada Rehan, Ellen Terry, Matilda Wood (Mrs. John Wood) ; the very salt of the beautiful art they have adorned and justified : whose mere presence in their bright spring time, their affluent summer, filled the scene : each as distinct from one another as Raphael from Rubens, as Watts from Whistler, yet each stamping the hall-mark of her own strong personality on every part she played, all being gifted with those flecks and gleams of genius which are pearls beyond price and purchase. They are actresses of whom it might indeed be said the deaf could hear them in their eloquent faces : while the blind could see them in their vibrant voices. How deep is the debt which never can be paid them for the cares they have lightened, for the sorrows they have lessened, for the very mine of sweet memories their names recall ; they have dragged creatures from out the covers of the books where they were born, making their hearts beat and their pulses throb, often embellishing raw material with exquisite embroidery, and have enshrined their joyousness in many a grateful memory throughout the English-speaking world.

It may be that for the too early withdrawal from triumphant scenes of the great gifts of one famous actress I was in part to blame—if blame there was. I must plead excuse in a vivid remembrance of pitiful words, written by a powerful pen, on the subject of lingering too long upon the stage : words which drew with terrible force the painful picture of a much-loved servant of the public clinging to the faded chaplet won as its idol in earlier days ; of clutching at the withered trophy after the time had arrived for its graceful surrender to youth and promise ; and before the admiration once so showered upon her should be replaced by indulgence : indulgence to be followed by the bitterness of com-



passion ; compassion, in its turn, by the anguish of what is worse than all—indifference. Indulgence—compassion—indifference. The mere utterance of such words causes one pain. Twilight in art—as in nature—must be sad ; surely a sweeter picture is the splendid sinking of an autumnal sun. The clever woman was right who compared glory to wine—as it could provoke both intoxication and thirst. Even of the illustrious Sarah Siddons, Hazlitt once wrote, “ Players should be immortal, but they are not. Like other people they cease to be young, and are no longer themselves. It is the common lot. Any loss of reputation to Mrs. Siddons is a loss to the world. Has she not had enough of glory ? The homage she has received is greater than that which is paid to Queens. The enthusiasm she excited had something idolatrous about it : does she think we have forgot her ? Or would she remind us of herself by showing us what *she was not* ? ”

These thoughts bring to my mind the strong consciousness, in all its force, that the stage will soon have to mourn the loss, through his intended retirement, of one who for many years has justly been regarded by his comrades as their chief, in words familiar to him “ like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw.” Throughout his splendid record of work he has been devoted and true to the art he has loved and lived by : upholding always its better aims, its nobler purpose : earning always the respect, the regard, the love of that known yet unknown world—the public. By chance I recently came across some words which once more show how history repeats itself : they were written of Queen Elizabeth. “ To her encouragement the theatre was still more directly indebted for the stamp of approbation that was at once discriminating and royal, and therefore productive of the most beneficial influence upon the fortunes of the stage.” How closely the language applies to the great Queen whom we have lost ; to the great actor we are about to lose ; for it will ever be remembered that Henry Irving was the first member of the dramatic profession to receive from his sovereign a long coveted prize—the honour and dignity of State recognition : so placing his calling on a level with the rest of the world, no more to be looked at askance, but recognised as leading to a share of the distinctions enjoyed by his fellow-men. No better citizen ever bent the knee in loyalty : so reminding us that in the troublous times of long ago the actors were among the first to rally round their King, when treason was near the throne, throwing aside the sock and buskin to take up arms as servants of His Majesty.

In far more eloquent words than I can command—words from the pen of Arthur Pinero—“ the history of the theatre will enduringly chronicle his achievements, and tradition will fondly render an account of his personal qualities ; and so, from genera-

tion to generation, the English actor will be reminded that his position in the public regard is founded in no small degree upon the pre-eminence of Sir Henry Irving's career, and upon the nobility, dignity and sweetness of his private character." It may also be truly said of Irving, as of one of the most distinguished of his predecessors, "He who has done a single thing that others never forget, and feel ennobled whenever they think of, need not regret his having been, and may throw aside this fleshly coil like any other worn-out part, grateful and contented."

His was the spell o'er hearts,  
That only Acting lends,  
The youngest of the sister arts,  
Where all their beauty blends.  
For Poetry can ill express  
Full many a tone of thought sublime;  
And Painting, mute and motionless,  
Steals but one partial glance from time.  
But, by the mighty Actor brought,  
Illusion's wedded triumphs come,  
\* Verse ceases to be airy thought,  
And Sculpture to be dumb!

With affection and esteem I lay my tribute at Henry Irving's feet: his remarkable campaign will take its place in the history of his country, for he is one of the rulers and leaders of men who has earned the privilege given but to few and has become the property of the world.

I now approach the difficult part of my task in venturing to be less Retrospective and more Anticipative. For a long time now the stage has been strongly recruited from the ranks of culture and refinement. It was once my privilege to render practical encouragement to many promising novices, while among the aspirants of later years I have seen distinct hope of success in a difficult vocation; in the cheery words which accompany the loving cup at a Lord Mayor's feast, "I bid them all a hearty welcome." I do so in the belief that there will be as brilliant a future for the drama as there has been a glorious past, and I would like to take this chance to say how important a step towards such an end has been the founding by Mr. Tree, on his own initiative, of a Dramatic Academy: the cordial acknowledgments of all lovers of the stage are warmly due to him for his help and generosity. Never mind if there should be difficulties for a time to be surmounted; never mind if it is hard to at once find a large band of teachers; never mind the inevitable drawbacks to all new efforts; the start is good—more than encouraging—fraught with infinite value in the future: as the students have amply proved by the rich promise of their first performance. The French dramatic school, it should be remembered, is the outcome of the devoted labour of a century.

Mr. Tree has told us how the idea was rebuked as absurd because acting cannot be taught : I echo his words, " This is a truism often uttered ; but if you go through the various professions, which of them can be taught ? Can painting be taught ? Can music be taught ? Can success at the Bar be achieved by teaching ? What is the truth in these matters ? You cannot teach a man to be an artist—that is a question of talent and natural aptitude. But you can prepare the ground plan—you can bring order out of chaos—you can regulate the conditions out of which your great artist may emerge, and thus remove the stumbling-blocks which cumber the path to Parnassus." As an eloquent postscript I add the words of a French writer, which were quoted on this subject at the Paris Conservatoire by that distinguished actor, Monsieur Le Bargy, " I teach not, I awaken."

Perhaps some advice to dramatic aspirants may be accepted from one who for many years shared the burden and the strain of theatrical management—beginning at a strangely early age. Its rewards, when they happily befall those who go upon the stage, are hardly earned and fully merited, for I know of no other career so arduous, so exacting : passing, as much of it always must be passed, both in failure and success, in the full glare of electricity and publicity : a remark which applies to the rank and file as well as to its leaders. Hard as I know it is to avoid that glare, to shrink from its seductive glitter, something in that direction may at least be wisely done : remembering always, instead of forgetting constantly, the charm which ever haunts the theatre—mystery. It is a sad mistake to break that charm, to parade its secrets, and the gainer, in my judgment, would be he who sometimes shields himself behind the veil. When the young actor enters the stage-door, he soon learns that the palace or the hovel are alike but paint and canvas, he should be careful, however, to keep the disillusion to himself, instead of being in a hurry to let his friends know that he has found his new world out. Let novices recollect that they have embarked upon a life which, so to speak, begins backwards—being one of the professions in which youth is an asset—sometimes, I fear, the only stock-in-trade ; the outlook then is sad indeed. Let them start with the resolve to leave their calling richer than they found it, by striving to add a stone to the monument of its greatness, and to write, if not a page, at least a phrase in its history ; for I contend that although the gifts and qualities essential to make a really great actor are as rare as those needed to excel in the other arts, moderate adaptability, backed up by patience, will earn a fair and useful position on the stage. Let Shakespeare's precepts to the players abide in their memory, and let this verse by Wordsworth live there also :

Keep, ever keep, as if by touch  
Of self-restraining art,  
The modest charm of not too much—  
Part seen, imagined part.

Let me remind them that the refined and cultured Barton Booth—to whose memory there is also a monument in Poets' Corner, although his bones rest elsewhere—argued that the longest life was too short for the endless study of the actor. Let them remember that Rubinstein said if he neglected one day's practice he knew it the next day, the critics knew it the day after, and the public knew it the day after that. Let them not be too elated when praised, nor too cast down when found fault with : accepting criticism, when it comes from a capable pen, as a valuable stimulant. Let them beware of the tendency of the day to overdo the necessary use of cosmetics—even the light of genius cannot shine through a mask. One final warning : let them believe that they would lose little but gain much in standing more aloof from some forms of notoriety ; fewer interviews, fewer paragraphs, and fewer photographs, would in the end better serve them than their perpetual and irritating so-called advertisement ; Shakespeare knew well the meaning of his words " All the world's a stage," and would not admire their corruption by any of its followers into " The stage is all the world."

My closing thoughts will concern a subject on which I find myself in part at variance with many abler minds, the question of a State-endowed theatre, and I will at once say that I do not believe in such a project for England. So far as I am able, for the clock, which takes the place of stageland's prompter's bell, warns me of the brief time at my disposal, I will give reasons for my non-belief and will add a few words on my entire belief in the establishment of a National or Repertory Theatre.

In the spring of last year a series of interesting papers on what effort could be made to help the British stage appeared in the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, signed by authorities in the Church, Literature, Art in all its branches—including poor little Cinderella—and by men and women of light and leading. This splendid collection of autographs did not, in many cases, mean support to a given scheme but discontent with existing conditions and general agreement that something should be done to promote a better state of things ; while it was admitted that in speaking of a subsidised theatre the point was in no way settled whether it should be helped, as in certain foreign cities, out of the reigning sovereign's privy purse, from the coffers of the exchequer, or conducted by the municipality.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose words on any subject claim

respect, is in hearty sympathy with the plea for the foundation of a subsidised high-class permanent theatre; although inclined to the belief that there is more hope of the object being attained by private munificence than by State aid. He thinks "the evil complained of is both deep and wide. The drama is suffering just as literature is suffering, or as public life is suffering, and even society. The evil is an impatience of continuous attention, of serious thought, of any hitch in our ease, our luxuries, or our indulgences. We are all afflicted with a sort of tarantula of restlessness, which makes us skip from one pleasant spot to the next, without quietly enjoying any one in peace. We hurry from one crush to the next, glance at one short story after another, drop in to see the new acrobat or skirt-dancer, smoke a cigarette, and arrange a party for to-morrow. The people who will sit steadily through three hours of an intellectual drama is really very limited. The difficulties are enormous. The immense distances, the five or six millions who almost force long runs of plays on managers, the fact that in London there are every night some two hundred thousand casual visitors who simply want a little excitement."

Mr. Pinero used the voice of authority to say: "A fine play is the rarest product of any country. But where other countries are ahead of us—at least, I hold so—is that when a fine play is produced, they do something for it. They preserve it: they take a reasonable amount of pride in it; they do not allow it, when it has once been seen and admired, to be neglected, forgotten; they take good care that from time to time it shall be displayed as evidence of what they can do in that particular department of art and literature. And there you have one of the great uses—I do not by any means say the only use—of a theatre which, whether established by the State, or by a municipal corporation, or by private munificence, shall be independent of the purely commercial conditions which too frequently govern the drama in Great Britain."

A valuable opinion was also expressed by one—the remembrance of whose acting lingers with us yet like the sweet fragrance from some dainty perfume—I mean Mary Anderson. To use the far better words of her illustrious fellow countryman: "When she passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music." That lady was "delighted to hear of the movement on foot for the establishment of a State-aided Theatre and Dramatic School. Both have been sadly needed since the old stock company days ceased to be. While these existed, good honest training was the rule, and those who were fortunate enough to be brought up in such companies were generally well-rounded, smooth, pleasing in their work, even though they may not have been brilliantly endowed. Perhaps they followed tradition too slavishly, but the tradition was of the best, and gave them solid ground on which to stand. Considering,

therefore, the sufferings of the would-be actor, who must paint his picture directly before a critical public, and who, unlike his brother-of-the-brush, cannot sketch in or rub out what he has done in private—considering also what the public endures in witnessing his blind and often-times frantic efforts at effect, it would indeed be a charity to both to found a State-aided theatre and dramatic school. What an incentive these would be to conscientious work ! Nothing but good could come of such a venture ; good to the public, whose amusement should be of the best, good to the young actor, who, having his work perfected and polished before presenting it to his audience, would come upon the stage with confidence and authority."

I wish to add some words by Mr. John Hare, whose labours as actor and as manager have for many years shed lustre on his profession, words spoken at last year's Royal Academy banquet, in an eloquent plea for the endowment of a National theatre : " A theatre which should uphold the noblest traditions of the British stage, where the best and worthiest plays of British authors should be performed, and to which a sound school of gratuitous dramatic teaching should be attached. Such an institution would at once raise the dignity of the drama to the level it occupies in other great nations of the world, and would help to check those malignant growths which are poisoning and undermining our very existence, and making our stage a byword and reproach."

I agree with every word that I have quoted, excepting only those which advocate State aid. If I remember rightly it is a French proverb which says : " Scratch a Russian, you will find the Tartar." So I verily believe, if you scratch many a Briton there will still be found the Puritan—both being somewhat barbarous in their different ways. I think the old nursery rhyme might run : " Fe-fi-fo-fum—I smell the blood of a Puritan ! " But I quarrel with no man's views, and conversion is not my mission ; to hurl rational ideas against a brick wall is a waste of time, why tilt your lance against a scarecrow ; the only persons I have ever met who object to plays and refuse to admit that any good can come of them are persons who have lacked the courage to see and hear one. I have even, in years gone by, known respectable and respected bigots whose views on all artistic subjects were so dwarfed and imbecile as to allow them to see but little difference between the daub on a sign-board and the art of the most inspired Academician.

Time, the great healer, in his justice, in his mercy, has done much to dam the floods of fierce invective and to stem the torrents of contempt with which the actor has been so often and so long assailed, but prejudice and narrow-mindedness when ingrained die hard—so that, in this country, were ever State-endowed or municipal theatres authoritatively advocated the question would, I

fear, become a party one and so degenerate into election squabbles over the outlay, down to its petty details of rates and taxes : to which a large proportion of warped but powerful Nonconformists would object to contribute ; the breeches-pocket of the Puritan tax-payer would be a hard lock to pick. Remember, too, the mass of good folk in this land of ours who, if they think at all, think everything bad : who drift aimlessly down the smooth stream of dull monotony, placidly ignorant even of earthquakes and barely conscious of momentous changes in public affairs. We live in Utopia in hoping to see the drama as cherished in our country as, happily for those lands, it is in France and Germany ; where love of the stage is an inborn instinct, and regard for the theatre so generally shown by the dignified externals of their playhouses ; in itself enough to stir an actor's pride, enforcing him to respect the art he follows when he finds it so respected.

What to my mind is needed for the welfare and renown of the drama is concentration. There are numbers of good actors but they are too scattered, too restless, too prone to move about ; the public must be bewildered where to look for, how to find them ; some at least among them should be banded together and find a home under one roof. I grant that life is so fierce, so hurried, that a large section of the surging, struggling mass of humanity which makes up this vast city craves only for a light and frivolous form of entertainment : let it be so : let there be as many theatres as may be needed for the purpose, but let their managers remember that public taste is capricious—sudden changes in it occur when least expected ; let us be grateful for the admirable work now being done for the stage by a few, who need no naming, and let more be done, that we may have one playhouse which shall not, in any circumstances, be entirely given over to unbroken and often interminable runs.

How far is our country from such a triumph ; How might this end be achieved ? It is much to say but I believe there are three possible means. First and best. By the munificence of a possessor of great riches ; I trust a British subject, who could and would earn fame by the endowment of an English theatre for National purposes in perpetuity with one stroke of the pen. Could such a man be found ? I, for one, think the search might not be hopeless, if wisely, discreetly, pursued ; in so important a quest there should be no false step. I may add that if any man of wealth is desirous of doing such a conspicuous service to the Nation and to the Empire, he need not be deterred by the difficulty of planning and organising the institution in question. It is within my knowledge that a detailed scheme for such a theatre is in existence, and that it has been examined and approved by many experts, both literary and theatrical.

There is yet a second way. By an already prosperous and established manager, if he would forego certain commercial gains, engaging leading members of his company for annual incomes in place of weekly salaries, and granting them some share in the financial results of his enterprise ; while they on their part might lessen their chief's labours and relieve him of many anxieties : for instance, by taking in turn, as is so ably done at the Théâtre Français—which remains, in spite of some decay, the first theatre of the world—the duties of *semainier*, laudably vicing with each other when on the rota of weekly control, in capacity and thoroughness. The burden of management might otherwise be lightened, but this is neither the place nor the moment for detail. I doubt if it is sufficiently remembered that the director of an important theatre takes rank with other employers of labour as a practical benefactor, for he supports large numbers of homes and families in ease and comfort.

A third and final project. By a body of capable and enthusiastic actors forming themselves into a commonwealth ; to act as a council but choosing their leader from among themselves, for if the head of a theatre, however it may be endowed or founded, is to even hope to be successful I contend he must be as much an autocrat as the captain of a ship. The history of the English stage tells us beyond all doubt and question that its ablest and loftiest work has ever been achieved by actor-managers ; the fact is proclaimed by the names of Garrick, Kemble, Macready, Mathews, Phelps, Kean, Webster, Wigan, Hare, Kendal, Irving—if in that list I would include my own name you will forgive me in the remembrance that it is also owned by one who shared my labours—and just as truly now is the best work being done by those actors who are at the helm to-day.

As we players, with the other crafts, pass down the ages the remorseless figure of Time following at our heels with his relentless scythe, mowing us one by one from his path, successors happily and joyously, in all the splendour of youth, arrive to take on our work, as those of to-day replaced others whose turn was done with. Nearly three hundred years have rolled away since Philip Massinger, the dramatist, wrote : “ Mark how the old actors decay, the young sprout up.” So will it ever be ; the vineyard may keep its most luscious grapes for favoured years, the orchard may not always yield the pick of the basket, but the beautiful art of acting will live on ; if the sacred fire burns dimly for awhile it will never expire, being “ not for an age, but for all time.” The drama is undying and stands as the most entrancing, winning, moving, gladdening, alluring thing ever conceived for the delight and recreation of mankind.

SQUIRE BANCROFT.



## AIR-SHIPS AND M. SANTOS DUMONT.

M. SANTOS DUMONT has written a notable article in the *March FORTNIGHTLY* on that subject with which his name is so well known. He has taken us for a pleasant trip to the realms of dream-land, and has portrayed a fascinating picture of the future of aërial navigation.

But there are two points in his dissertation which, in my opinion, are liable to mislead those not conversant with the past history or present-day opinions on this great subject. These points are, firstly, as regards the man and the past, and, secondly, as regards the air-ships and the future.

On reading the opening page (in which, by the way, the first personal pronoun occurs no less than twenty-three times), one might be led to believe that M. Santos Dumont was the first and only inventor of air-ships, and that the apparatus which he has constructed was the only such that has been tried. I will, therefore, venture to relate in a few words what has already been done in this line.

Very soon after the invention of the balloon, in 1783, several designs were published of elongated balloons to be driven by propellers, but the first actual air-ship, as such vessels have now come to be called, was constructed in 1852 by M. Giffard, in Paris. The general design of this machine was very similar to that now used. The balloon was spindle-shaped, and in the car below it was a steam-engine of three horse-power, rotating a large screw propeller. This apparatus was successful as far as it went, but that was not far, for its speed was not sufficient to stem the wind. Several other machines of somewhat similar design were built in later years, but without any more satisfactory result. The first really successful air-ship was that built by the French Government in 1884. This was propelled by a screw at the fore end, driven by an electric motor, and, in its first ascent created a record, in that, after a voyage of twenty-five minutes' duration, it returned to its point of departure. After this quite a number of trials were made with the machine, most of which were highly successful. On one occasion the balloon travelled from Meudon to Paris and back at the rate of fourteen and a half miles per hour. This speed, it may be noticed, is greater than that which M. Santos Dumont seems so proud of having accomplished. The length of the journey, too, would be about as long as any made by this aëronaut. Later

on many more attempts were made by various inventors to propel balloons, both in France and Germany, although without much success. It is necessary, however, in this connection to point out a somewhat misleading statement in M. Santos Dumont's article. "When, eight years ago," he says, "I first proposed to attach an explosive petroleum motor beneath a balloon filled with inflammable gas, the world cried out against the project." This might seem to imply that such an idea was something novel and unpractical, while, in reality, "the world," whoever that might be, may well have cried out that it was dangerous, seeing that in 1896 Dr. Wolfert had ascended with just such a contrivance, and had thereby met with a terrible death. About a year later a motor-propelled balloon ascended in England, and several more on the Continent.

It was in 1898 that M. Santos Dumont made his first trials with air-ships, and he has continued his experiments on and off till 1903. Numberless failures only testify to the intrepidity of the bold experimenter, and the biggest event, boomed to the whole world, was when, on October 18th, 1901, he travelled from St. Cloud round the Eiffel Tower and back (nearly seven miles) in half-an-hour. I believe this constitutes his record both for distance and speed. But, as we have seen, very similar journeys, with a very similar machine, had been accomplished years before.

Since then much progress has been made. In 1902 the Messrs. Lebaudy constructed a large new air-ship, designed by M. Julliot, which proved a great success. This vessel made altogether about thirty-three ascents, and on every occasion, except one, returned safely to its shed. Many of these journeys were of comparatively great length, one being of no less than sixty-one miles, and the maximum speed recorded was over twenty-five miles an hour. This machine was unfortunately wrecked while landing after one of its many successful journeys, but the owners, well satisfied with the success attained, have since constructed another air-ship, which has already made thirty voyages without mishap.

Considering all these facts, it is evident that M. Santos Dumont has not accomplished anything so very special in the air-ship line, except to advertise and bring the subject forward. I do not for one moment wish to belittle his pluck in his daring exploits, his energy in again and again overcoming failures and difficulties, his enterprise in building so many different forms of air-ship. Aërial navigators certainly owe him a debt of gratitude for bringing their pet hobby so much before the public. But, after all, he is not the original inventor of the air-ship, he is not the first to have performed successful return journeys, he is not the first to apply petrol engines to the propulsion of balloons, and his machines have not,

up to now, accomplished nearly such long journeys, or travelled at anything like so great a speed, as those of other inventors.

And now as to air-ships and the future. M. Santos Dumont, in his article, seems very sanguine about the future of motor ballooning. He discloses a delightful dream of floating through the skies day after day, passing over the frontiers of Russia, Hungary, Austria, and riding on as far as Constantinople. *But* the whole practicability of the scheme is buried in the last small sentence, "we shall find means to return to Paris." What are those means? He states that his new aerial yacht is only to be capable of attaining a speed of 15 kilom. (9·3 miles) an hour. At this rate it would take over six days hard steaming to accomplish the 1,500 miles of return journey to Paris! And what if during this time a moderately strong wind of thirty or forty miles an hour should spring up? During the thirty days in the air which he speaks of, the vessel would be almost sure to have to encounter such a wind, and then the huge vessel, despite its propellers, would be wafted away to far-distant regions, whence it is not likely to return except packed in small pieces.

It is, of course, possible that in the future air-ships may be so improved that we may have a vessel capable of travelling, say, forty or fifty miles an hour through the air, and then much of this fascinating form of travel might be done. But this is about the lowest speed that could be considered really practical, since we must be able to go against any ordinary strong breeze.

Now those who have made a study of the navigation of the air have long since been divided into two schools—the balloonists, and those who have been called "Aviators." The first regard the balloon—the gas-vessel—as an essential and convenient expedient for overcoming the force of gravity. This, they point out, already exists, is well understood, and can undoubtedly be driven through the air by suitable propellers at a fair speed. The Aviators, on the other hand, declare that the balloon is an unnecessary encumbrance, which can never become a really practical means of navigating the air, and they rely on attaining their object by means of purely mechanical force, as does a bird. M. Santos Dumont has made out a case for the former, and so I should like, though myself an old balloonist, to point out some of the advantages which would be gained by a flying machine not dependent on a light gas to lift it, and to direct attention to a few of the drawbacks inherent in the large gas-bag.

A balloon must necessarily be big. This is a fact not sufficiently realised by some would-be inventors. Consider the theory of a balloon. Why does it rise in the air? Solely because its bulk displaces a given volume of air, and that its total weight is less

than that of the displaced air. A thousand cubic feet of air weigh only 76lb., so that it is evident that to lift 700lb. (about the least weight of a practical machine and occupants) we must displace *at least* 10,000 cubic feet. But the larger the vessel, the greater is the power required to drive it through the air. One cannot propel a battleship with the engines of a steam pinnace. To add larger engines, however, entails again increasing the size of the balloon in order to obtain the necessary lift. A huge size is therefore a necessity, and this accounts for the colossal vessels of Zeppelin and of Lebaudy. The latter, which has proved so successful, contains 95,000 cubic feet of gas, and is thirty-two feet in diameter. There is, moreover, another difficulty to contend with when employing a large bulk of gas. A slight change of temperature alters the volume, and consequent lifting power, of the gas. This is a difficulty which our Brazilian friend discusses at length, and is one which he hopes to overcome by a means which has frequently been suggested before. The artificial heating of the gas is an old idea. I published such a design myself many years ago (v. *Journal of the Royal United Service Inst.*, June, 1883). But the system has many practical objections, chiefly owing to the difficulty of *rapidly* altering the temperature of the large bulk of gas, especially in cooling it, so that I now do not think it will answer in practice.

Then, again, in order to be sufficiently light, this huge vessel must be constructed of comparatively very flimsy material, and this is apt to be leaky and unable to withstand the strain of much wear and tear. There are other difficulties as well, but it will not be necessary to go into further details here.

The question is, have we any other means of travelling through the air without the aid of a light gas? We have but to look around us to see at any moment a corroboration of the assertion that we have, or rather, can have. Birds and insects flit hither and thither with the greatest ease. Can we not imitate them? If we look to the theory of the matter, if we consider what has actually been accomplished in the way of experiment, if we see the various little toys which are to be bought in any toy-shop, we must own that everything looks promising. Many think that wings like those of a bird are not to be easily imitated in a practical machine, but the *aéroplane*, or propelled kite, looks simple enough. Even M. Santos Dumont is kind enough to say, "I have no objection to *aéroplanes* furnished with *motors*."

Small models, some even weighing many pounds, have frequently been made capable of raising themselves and progressing through the air in a steady course, until their motive power has given out. Langley's steam model, weighing nearly thirty pounds,

flew for three-quarters of a mile. Large man-carrying machines have been constructed, too, such as those of Maxim, Ader, Kress, Langley, and Wright, but none of these (except possibly the last-named) can be called successful. Nevertheless, we have learnt a great many lessons, and the whole subject is now far better understood than it was some few years ago.

We need not here enter into the details of the construction of such machines. Many different methods, giving promise of good results, have been suggested and experimented with, and it seems quite probable that the aerial machine of the future may combine several of these. Whatever form it may take, it seems probable that to lift a given weight, the flying machine will be infinitely smaller than the balloon air-ship, and consequently be able to progress at a much greater rate for the same expenditure of power.

When we consider what has been accomplished by the modern motor-car, it will not be so surprising if with an aerial machine we can attain to a velocity of a hundred miles an hour or more. At such speed, quite beyond the wildest dreams of the balloonist, an aerial machine would be comparatively independent of the wind, except, of course, in the case of very rough weather. A butterfly is soon blown out of its course by even a light wind, while a large bird can battle against a gale. A machine many times larger and heavier than the bird should be able to do better still.

Almost every engineer and scientific investigator who has lately made a study of the subject agrees that the attainment of human flight apparently presents no insuperable difficulties. All that is wanted, so far as I can see, is a few thousand pounds and a clever and energetic inventor, and there is no reason why a machine could not be constructed within a year or two capable of rising and carrying a man in safety for, at all events, a short trip through the air. Here is a chance for a millionaire who is anxious to get rid of a portion of his wealth to some purpose. But let me warn him against the sharks that are ever ready to concoct some wonderful contrivance, alluring as a bait, but without the least likelihood of ever accomplishing flight. Such schemes have, unfortunately, on several recent occasions, been the means of bringing incredulity and discredit on the subject. Let the would-be investor get competent advice before parting with his money, and then, if he has found the right man, he will have a good chance of handing his name down to posterity as having been instrumental in introducing to the world what would undoubtedly be one of the very greatest of human inventions.

B. BADEN-POWELL.

*(President of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain.)*

## GERMANY AND THE QUESTION OF MOROCCO.

THE Emperor William's visit to Tangier has somewhat abruptly called the attention of the world to the Morocco Question. That visit was a surprise. For some time back German discontent with the situation in Morocco has been peeping out, whether in the talk, or in the rather frigid silence, of some of her agents; but the attitude of the Government had given no indication of the decision which the Emperor has so suddenly conceived and carried out. Everyone has been taken at a disadvantage. It was only just as the Emperor was starting for Tangier that the newspapers began a campaign of recrimination against France, and the Chancellor of the Empire made a speech in the Reichstag about the anxiety occasioned to the Government by the dangers which threatened German interests in Morocco. This language of Count von Bülow's was something quite new. Last year, a few days after the publication, on April 8th, of the Anglo-French Agreement, he declared spontaneously to the same Reichstag that he saw nothing in this Agreement to cause any alarm to German interests. We hold by that declaration. There has been no modification of the Anglo-French Agreement since last year; nothing has been added, and nothing subtracted. Consequently one asks, not without perplexity, how arrangements which seemed entirely inoffensive in the month of April, 1904, could have become dangerous by April, 1905. And as that is clearly irrational, one can only conclude, contrary to M. de Bülow's assertion, that a change must have occurred in German politics. But why?

The Chancellor of the Empire very naturally did not answer that question. He could not explain a change of policy at the very moment when he was denying that it had taken place. But the newspapers, which have been much more expansive and communicative, as befits the tone of polemics, and which, moreover, have less responsibility—the *North German Gazette* and the *Cologne Gazette*—have given the note which the rest of the Press re-echoed. And it would not be very rash to believe that the inspiration prompting them was not absolutely private; the official character of their articles stares one in the face.

Of course these newspapers have been careful to talk of German interests compromised in Morocco; but they do not stop there. They bring acrimonious charges against France of having wished to confine the decision of a question which interests all the Powers to some three or four, and of having kept Germany in particular

not only outside the group, but in ignorance of the decision which had been adopted. If this charge is valid against France, it is valid also against England; nevertheless it is only against France that it is urged. France did not notify Germany of the Agreement of April 8th, 1904. Well and good; but neither did England. Certainly it was France who reaped the benefit of the arrangement concerning Morocco; it might, therefore, be argued that the duty of notifying it was specially incumbent upon her. We will not quibble about that. If Paris had known that Germany would subsequently attach such great importance to a notification conveyed in diplomatic form, probably she would not have hesitated to convey it. But a year ago Germany had not yet discovered that there had been any breach of manners at her expense. She seemed indifferent on the question of form, and satisfied with the substance. This substance she had learned from the publication of the document, and also, it must be admitted, from the explanations which the Government of the Republic had made to her not only after, but even before, the signing of the Agreement. These explanations had moreover been asked for by the German Ambassador in Paris, and had been afforded by M. Delcassé in the frankest and fullest manner possible. Prince Radolin had shown himself satisfied, and as he certainly transmitted them to his Government, it was supposed that it also was satisfied.

Since April 8th, 1904, the French Ambassador in Berlin has had more than one opportunity of mentioning the Anglo-French Agreement; he has never been told that Germany was ignorant of it. Nor was this answer given to the English Government when it communicated to Berlin that part of the Agreement which relates to Egypt, nor when the German Government gave its adhesion to the proposed Khedivial decree relating to the Egyptian Debt. There was an opportunity for asking to what whole these clauses belonged, if Germany was interested in the answer to that question. Nay, more, the Franco-Spanish Declaration of October 3rd, 1904, was notified to the Imperial Government. Incidentally it stated in formal terms that "the Government of his Majesty the King of Spain gives its adhesion to the Anglo-French Declaration." Did not this give the German Government a fresh opportunity of eliciting an explanation of the Agreement thus directly alluded to? But it abstained. Was that because it thought it useless to pursue its investigations further with regard to an Agreement which the whole world knew in all its details, and which its own silence had appeared to approve? Or was it because it wanted to cherish a grievance against France, which it could use at a good moment? The first explanation seemed more plausible then, the second now.

It is clear as daylight that neither the alleged danger to German

interests in Morocco nor the neglect to notify the Anglo-French Agreement gives us the clue to the mystery, and we continue to ask ourselves why the Emperor William went to Tangier. Perhaps the simplest way would be to ask him himself; but, in contrast to his usual habits, he was very sparing of his words during the few short hours which he spent on Moroccan territory. As a rule, too, his harangues are reproduced with an established text *ne varietur*: we know exactly what he said and in what terms he said it. But this time, no. There is a very fair general agreement about the drift of his speech, but none of the versions in circulation has final authenticity; yet here, if ever, it was desirable to leave no doubt in men's minds as to what was the Imperial idea and how it was expressed.

The most striking and important phrase in the speech is the phrase in which the Emperor affirmed that Morocco was, and ought to remain, an independent country; but is this affirmation in any way contradictory to the Anglo-French and Franco-Spanish Agreements? England, Spain, and France have declared to all whom it may concern that there would be no change in the political condition of Morocco, and that they all fairly adhere to the principle of the integrity of the Shercefian Empire under the sovereignty of its Sultan. The Emperor William said no more, and could say no more; but perhaps he has his own particular way of understanding the use which the Sultan has the right to make of his sovereignty and his independence. Why did he not explain his views? We quite admit that he would repudiate the idea that Morocco should establish differential rates for the advantage of some nations and the detriment of others. If that is what is meant at Berlin by "the principle of the open door," we fully agree with him. The Anglo-French Agreement establishes that principle not only for France and England, but for all the Powers. Germany has every legitimate assurance on that point. But if, besides the door wide, or rather equally, open to international commerce, she thinks that all the nations ought, even in the interior of the country, to reap the same advantages from its administration and its economic value, she is contesting the special situation which France meant to reserve for herself as an equivalent for the very heavy charges and responsibilities which she is undertaking; and that is quite another question. It is a question which is not clearly stated either in the speeches of the Emperor or Count von Bülow, nor in the Press articles, but it appears to be in the background of all their minds, and there is no doubt that German policy, if it bears that interpretation, is in conscious, wilful, and deliberate opposition to that of France. We may add, to that of England and Spain, not to mention Italy.



The Anglo-French Agreement, in fact, states in its second Article, "The Government of his Britannic Majesty recognises that it belongs to France, as pre-eminently the contiguous (*limitrophe*) Power along an extended frontier, to guard the tranquillity of this country, and to lend it assistance in all administrative, economic, financial, and military reforms which it may need. It declares that it will not hinder the intervention of France for those ends, &c., &c." The Franco-Spanish Declaration has a clause to the same effect: "The Government of the French Republic and the Government of his Majesty the King of Spain, having agreed to fix the extent of the rights, and to guarantee the interests arising therefrom, for France in her Algerian possessions, and for Spain in her possessions on the coast of Morocco, &c." Spain therefore, as well as England, recognises that France has special rights and interests. Italy had done so earlier. Germany, we admit, had not had the same opportunity of explicitly recognising the situation of France, but she had appeared to give it implicit recognition. Now she does so no longer; again we ask, Why?

At the present day all, or nearly all, the Great Powers of Europe have two policies operating in different spheres, one in Europe and the other out of Europe. We do not give the last the simple name of colonial policy, because that term hardly corresponds exactly to complex and varied situations. France has long had an extra-European policy, and she has acquired an experience which has often cost her dear. Germany has only had a few years' experience. Before she embarked on such a course she looked with a favourable eye upon France's efforts in that direction; she encouraged them and gave them a little discreet help by means of her diplomacy. Prince Bismarck, who was much more a continental than a colonial statesman, was in hearty sympathy with the expansion of France outside Europe. He almost pushed her into Tunis and he rejoiced to see her advancing in Indo-China. Germany saw a double advantage for herself. In the first place France was wearing out her imagination and her strength in distant enterprises; secondly, she sometimes, not to say very frequently, found herself brought into collision with the interests of other European Powers, which made it more difficult for her to contract alliances or even to enter into friendly relations. As Germany had not yet inaugurated any "world policy," she could not take umbrage at the development of French policy. On the contrary, she felt an unmixed satisfaction in seeing France at odds with Italy in Tunis and with England in Egypt.

If these were Germany's reflections, France had her own ideas, and they led to results not foreseen at Berlin. It was well known

that the question of Morocco must inevitably come to the front some day, and that France might legitimately claim to take a preponderant share in its solution; but it was thought that this very fact would bring her into conflict with England, Spain, and perhaps Italy, and to Germany this was no unpleasing prospect. Things have turned out differently. The skill of French diplomacy has changed a possibility of discord into a motive power of conciliation, and Morocco has served as a means of bringing about an unforeseen agreement with Italy first, England next, and finally Spain.

Public opinion in England has not been misled; it has been clearly understood that German manifestations ostensibly aimed only at France were also directed against England. The great commercial development of Germany; her growing maritime power; her claim to universal hegemony put forward by the Emperor William in the midst of an otherwise pacific speech delivered at Bremen before starting for Tangier; his former declaration that the future of his country lay upon the water—all these apparently separate, but really convergent, elements of the same idea, pursued, as it is, with method, tenacity, and energy, should give food for reflection to Europe, and especially to those European Powers which have the greatest share of the world's trade. The result has been the growth of an angry feeling between Germany and England, or, to be more precise, between the German and English peoples, which their Governments cannot always keep in check. Have we not here, at any rate, a partial explanation of the sudden change in Berlin with regard to France? Germany had grown accustomed to think of France and England as somewhat coldly apart, and likely long to remain so; the old dispute about Egypt was reason enough, and the approaching trouble in Morocco would add yet another. This made Germany feel safe. But suddenly she sees England and France clasping hands in Egypt over this very question of Morocco. In a moment the impossible of the evening before has suddenly flashed over the horizon:—England, France, Spain, Italy, all the great Mediterranean Powers in complete accord about Morocco. Indeed, the mutual understanding goes further than that; the divisions which had so long existed between them have vanished into mist.

It was rather a shock to Berlin, and here we come upon the cause of the bad temper which has suddenly exploded after smouldering several months. If, in spite of all the assurances she has received, Germany really had any lingering anxiety about her interests in Morocco, why did she not institute inquiries? M. Delcassé, in his speech to the Chamber of Deputies, declared himself not only ready but anxious to answer any questions. He had

already told the Senate, in reply to an interpellation by M. Albert Decroix, that there was nothing in our intervention in Morocco to cause apprehension to any Power, provided it had any claim to profit. Could he go further? Was it France's business to take the initiative in affording explanations which Berlin had not asked for? Certainly it might have been desirable, if that would have had the effect of dispersing the clouds, for there was no need to bring in any question of wounded pride. It would be in the interest of all the Powers, and specially of France, to bring Germany, if possible, to a less pugnacious frame of mind. But how can we believe that she is really afraid for her commercial interests in Morocco? A little time ago she emphasised the fact that she had no other interests there; she has discovered some since. She has political interests which have moved her to intervene, and these interests are not limited to Morocco. Moreover, she has proclaimed her intention of defending them and asserting them, either by direct intervention with the Sultan Abd-el-Aziz as an independent sovereign, or by making Morocco a European question and summoning an international conference to consider it. M. de Tattenbach's mission to Fez is only the first part of the German programme, dealing direct with the Sultan. The proposal of an international conference will come next.

Count von Tattenbach is a very well-known man, and an authority about Morocco. He represented his country there formerly, and since then he has already successfully accomplished one mission. He is now Minister at Lisbon; the Emperor picked him up there and carried him on to Tangier. Thence he sends him to Fez with instructions which we may not know, but have little difficulty in divining. Their object is to make trouble for M. St. René Taillandier by demanding on Germany's behalf part of what he is asking for France.

As to an international conference, the German Press writes columns about it, and the German Government has, we think, also spoken of it; nevertheless we see no immediate prospect of its assembling. The newspapers recall the Madrid Conference of 1880. Doubtless they think that a precedent, but it is a precedent without the smallest analogy with the actual situation. The question in 1880 was merely one of defining the position of the *Censaux* and limiting their number. These *Censaux* are natives attached to the European legations, who render certain services and are in return protected. Their numbers had been abnormally increased, and the matter required regulating. Clearly that was a very small question; but as all the legations had *Censaux*, all the Powers had to be represented at the Conference. France played an important part, and was throughout

backed and supported by Germany, which at that time was systematically in favour of action outside Europe. The joint action of Europe in settling this question of the Censaux was clearly both useful and necessary; but what would be the good of a conference now except to call in question the different points about which England, France, Spain, and Italy have come to an agreement? Is it likely that any of them would agree to such a proceeding? They hold that their interests are practically guaranteed by their engagements with each other; why discuss the question again, probably under less favourable conditions? England would ask for no more than "the open door"; she has it now. The United States Government, which has escaped the pressure brought to bear upon it, would ask for no more, and is already satisfied. Would Spain care about making public all that she has already asked and got, and would she be quite sure of being as well off afterwards? Italy has turned her attention elsewhere, where she is more certain of not meeting with eventual competition, and could do nothing but re-affirm her act of renunciation. One hardly sees, therefore, what inducement all the Powers, or even any one of them, could have to come to a conference, which could give them nothing. The International Conference comes into the world still-born.

To foresee the result of the existing situation is difficult, if not impossible. France, no doubt with the best will in the world, will strive her utmost to heal German susceptibilities without damaging her own interests. If she knew what she could do to that end, she would do it. If she would be told, she would ask. She is both disposed and resolved to discuss the matter, so as to leave no one in any doubt of her conciliatory spirit. But Germany's proceedings are not encouraging; they are both equivocal and indefinite. France has an impression that European opinion is favourable to her because, although she has safeguarded her own very important interests on the Algerian frontier, she has not attacked those of any other Power. So she counts on the loyal sympathy of the nations and Governments with which she has come to an agreement. She has shown a calmness and, perhaps we may be allowed to add, a dignity not unworthy of praise in the midst of the shocks and surprises which she has experienced. She will go on as she has begun.

FRANCIS CHARMES.

## A CAUSERIE ON CURRENT CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

WITH the publication of the last volume of *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*, M. Albert Sorel has terminated a labour of thirty years. and those of his readers who have kept in touch with his work for any considerable fraction of that period will share the mingled gratification and melancholy which the great French historian necessarily felt in laying down his pen. In setting himself so great a task, M. Sorel displayed a calm and gallant spirit, and literature is under a double debt to him for its triumphant accomplishment in these days of hasty and curtailed labours. He was not always confident of the success he has achieved. "*Lors même que je n'aurais pas les moyens de conduire ce livre à son terme . . .*" he wrote in his fourth volume, with something of the pathos of Hallam in his history of European literature. Happily, M. Sorel has lived to be congratulated on the completion of his great work. His speech at the *fête* organised in his honour at Paris was an admirable exposition of the principles that guide the most brilliant school of modern French historians. The author must make no pretence to an impassivity which he could not feel; naturally, he is lost if he either suppresses or misrepresents facts, but on the other hand he cannot be indifferent to whatever touches the honour or interest of his country, and he is not forbidden to view his facts from a certain outlook, which may or may not be one commanding every sympathy. These are the principles to which M. Henry Houssaye has adhered in writing his fine work, "1815," the third and last volume of which bears as sub-title *La Seconde Abdication—La Terreur Blanche*. M. Houssaye, as would be expected of one bearing his name, is a Napoleonist. His trilogy, embracing the return from Elba, the Hundred Days, and the downfall after Waterloo, is impregnated with an exalted admiration for the Emperor, which even now—though it does not affect his vision or his impartiality—can hardly suffer that so great a genius should have come to ruin. Never since the time of Gibbon has a historian employed the weapon of irony so often and so effectively. German readers will thus find little satisfaction in the book, but nothing is said in it which Englishmen will refuse to forgive. It is quite touching to note the author's wounded pride at the strengthening of the funds which saluted Napoleon's abdication. The rise after the 18th Brumaire was, naturally, quite another thing. "1815" will thrill admirers of Napoleon, and will delight all who are neither his partisans nor his enemies. A third class of possible readers—those who accept Lombroso's view that the Emperor's head was of a criminal type—had better avoid it.

Whatever be the final judgment passed on the most extraordinary career in history, it is certain that Napoleonic literature is increasing with great rapidity. Recently there have been published a number of special studies on various aspects and periods of the life—among them one entitled *Bonaparte et Moreau*, by a French *chef d'escadron*, M. Ernest Picard, which can be cordially recommended to English officers. Despite Hohenlinden and the famous retreat through the Black Forest, Moreau's military reputation suffers severely. M. Picard, though something less than an ardent friend of "Bonaparte," has no illusions as to the respective talents of the two generals, and probably reflects the expert military opinion of both France and England in finding Moreau to have been principally remarkable for his obstinate antagonism to an incomparably greater rival. *Paris sous Napoléon* is a very interesting sociological monograph, bearing the sub-title *Consulat Provisoire et Consulat à Temps*, by M. L. de Lanzac de Laborie. Geneva contributes to the unending discussion *Les Bonapartes en Suisse*, by M. Eugène de Budé, a little volume which Napoleonic students will find useful as a work of reference.

Two books—both of some importance—on the history of Naples have appeared almost simultaneously. The first, by M. André Bonnefons, author of a volume on Frederick-Augustus, the first King of Saxony, has for its subject, *Marie-Caroline, Reine des Deux Siciles* (1768-1814). The second, entitled *La France, l'Angleterre, et Naples de 1803 à 1806*, by M. Ch. Auriol, is at once longer and more special in character than the other. M. Bonnefons has a fascinating subject in the headstrong, ambitious, and indiscreet sister of Marie Antoinette, and, on the whole, has acquitted himself well of his task. It must be confessed, however, that there is a strange air of the *thèse présentée* about his book, which has many phrases of amusing simplicity. To say of a queen, the daughter of an empress, that "*sa brillante naissance avait excité son ambition*" is decidedly to fall short of French perfection in style, while such questions as "*mais les gens de parti pris se soucient-ils d'être équitables?*" are of a sort to provoke hilarity in the reader. But though the style of M. Bonnefons has hardly reached its bloom, the book is very readable. M. Auriol's work is a very valuable collection of letters, chosen from the correspondence of Napoleon, Talleyrand, Nelson, that remarkable adventurer, Acton, Lord Whitworth, Lord Hawkesbury, and many other eminent personages of the period—an excellent piece of documentation, which ought to find its way into every good library.

*Madame Récamier et Ses Amis*, by M. Edouard Herriot, is not only a careful and voluminous, but a sensitive piece of workmanship, auguring exceedingly well for the writer's future. The character of Mme. Récamier has always presented the same indefinable charm to students of literature and history as to her admiring but perplexed contemporaries. The mysterious calm of her tempera-

ment, with its vein of saintly coquetry, is very delicately analysed by M. Herriot. The most intimate aspects of a captivating personality have been portrayed with much discretion; and might, perhaps, have received even more. The biography of the seventeenth-century Maecenas, *Nicolas Fouquet*, by M. U. V. Chatelain, is another work of very high merit. In 1852, Sainte-Beuve made Fouquet the subject of a couple of his *Lundis*, and as no literary judgment of Sainte-Beuve can be lightly questioned, it is important to note that, in his opinion, the debonair friend of La Fontaine and Mlle. de Scudéry would have brought into existence an eighteenth-century type of literature before its time had he not prematurely fallen from his place of *surintendant des finances*. The dual study of tendencies and of individuality which thus presents itself is treated by M. Chatelain with much intelligence and vivacity.

Of recent fiction, *Le Prisme* is perhaps the foremost example. MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte depict in Pierre Urtrel an inconstant, vain, superficial young man of the period, and pass him through a number of domestic intrigues of not very serious import in order to show the vices of the modern *mariage à la mode*. The great army of readers who have a taste for novels with a mission will, therefore, like the book; others may read it with a trace of listlessness. *Dolorosa*, by Señor Francisco Acebal, a somewhat dreamy and mystical piece of impressionism, in which the greater part of the story must be supplied by the reader's imagination, is a tragic piece, of somewhat attenuated plot, dealing with Spanish middle-class life. It is not easy to feel great interest in the short career of Jorge Inchaurrendieta, who loves first here, then there, and at last unexpectedly dies, to the reader's embarrassment; but the style is rich and sombre, and there are passages of marked beauty. Lovers of psychological studies should not miss M. A. Maurel's *Le Vieillard et les Deux Suzannes*, a novel designed to controvert M. Paul Bourget's theories of society. Most English readers will agree no more with the author's premises than with his conclusions, but they will be constrained to smile at the sub-acid courtesies of his attack, and will not complain that the story is unreadable. There is distinct cleverness in the portrait of François Grignon, an elderly man of science, who falls in love with a music-hall *cocotte*, neglects his daughter, breaks his promise, and yet remains a gentleman. For feminine readers nothing can be more warmly commended than *Sur la Branche*, by Pierre de Coulevain, a perfectly wholesome novel of domestic interest, now meeting with much success. It is the story of a woman's life as told by herself. Her husband dead, she straightway learns of his infidelity, and takes to travel—flitting from place to place, *sur la branche*—to cure her wounded self-respect. Eventually, she is not only able to forgive her injuries, but becomes an optimist of the most cheerful type. The author—or, rather, authoress—is exceedingly kind to England, and almost too fond of English expressions and usages. All these qualities should ensure

the prosperity of her book here. Jacques Voutade—another lady writing under a masculine pseudonym—has won a certain measure of fame with *L'Œuvre sur la Cime*, the narrative of a very modern young woman's trials and ambitions. A decidedly clever blend of love, death, sensuality, and worldliness, it is in marked contrast with *Sur la Branche*. Other novels to which attention should be paid by those who are always glad to know of an ably written book are *Au Dessus de l'Abîme*, by Th. Bentzon; *Tu Quoque?*, an Italian study of ancient Rome, after the manner of *Quo Vadis?*, by Sr. Della Lala Spada; *La Novela de Lina Arnau*, a clever Spanish story, by Sr. M. Lopez Roberts, a friend and disciple of Acebal; *L'Opprobre*, the story of a young girl's betrayal, by L. M. Compain; and *L'Ombre de la Maison*, by Ivan Strannik. The republication (in a single volume) of some very powerful pieces by M. J.-K. Huysmans—*Croquis Parisiens* and *Un Dilemme*—makes evident the great change which has come over the spirit of London and Paris in late years. The book is one which no admirer of creative literature should fail to obtain, but which no young writer should propose to imitate.

In France and Italy questions of style and language are being discussed with unusual interest. The drastic reforms in French orthography which were suggested by a band of daring philologists imbued with fanaticism for phonetic spelling have been gracefully brushed aside by the Academy in a report which should be carefully preserved by those who are concerned to maintain the purity of either French or English. This masterly document has been supplemented by a long poem from the pen of M. Edmond Rostand in the *Figaro*. The verses are a perfect model of poetic argument, and, from the purely literary point of view, are unanswerable. They uphold the contention that the charm and value of words are derived from the sense of sight as well as from that of hearing. "We hear them with our eyes, we see them with our ears," writes M. Rostand, with equal boldness and justice. Not orthography, but directness and purity of style are the subjects treated by Sr. De Amicis in *L'Idioma Gentile*. "The distinguished journalist and traveller writes with all his old force and clarity in this appeal to young Italy; and the need of his protest against the influx of barbarous neologisms, from which the Italian language is suffering, is confirmed by the *Dizionario Moderno* of Sr. Panzini, which, by a happy coincidence, has appeared almost simultaneously with *L'Idioma Gentile*. Every English lover of Italian literature has a warm corner in his heart for Sr. De Amicis, whose books need, therefore, no better introduction here than the mention of his name.

A couple of plays of the month merit consideration as works of literature. The *Scarron* of M. Catulle Mendès, produced by M. Coquelin at the Gaité, is a warm and glittering piece of romanticism, replete with striking, witty, and graceful couplets. The historical problem to be faced in the marriage of Scarron and



Françoise D'Aubigné is so strangely complex that Paris has unanimously pronounced the play a *gageure*. It is that in a double sense, for with it M. Mendès throws the gage of poetic rivalry at M. Rostand's feet. Sr. D'Annunzio never sinks below a certain artistic level, but in *La Fiaccola sotto il Moggio* (*The Torch under the Bushel*) he seems to have worked too rapidly to do himself full justice. The scene is laid in Calabria, and the story is one of almost unrelieved tragedy. As a piece of verse, the play is not wanting in the sensitive, morbid beauty which is the peculiar quality of D'Annunzio's masterly but too gloomy craftsmanship. The piece forms one of a tetralogy dealing with the change from an era of superstition to an age of science in the Abruzzi. Another of the series, *Il Dio Scacciato*, is now in hand.

A work from a veteran pen of Georges Ohnet will shortly be published, under the rubric of *La Conquérante*. M. René Bazin, whose superlatively refined power of language is not yet generally appreciated in England, also has a new novel under way. Several reprints and new editions of much importance are appearing. M. Paul Meurice is at work on the "definitive" edition of *Victor Hugo*, in forty volumes, of which the first and second are now ready. The excellent house of Victoriano Suarez, of Madrid, has undertaken a great critical edition of *Don Quixote*—the finest ever issued—which will serve as an enduring monument of the Cervantean ter-centenary. Readers may care to be reminded that the late Antonin Proust, the former Minister of Fine Arts, was the author of a half-forgotten volume of travel impressions, *Un Philosophe en Voyage*, signed Antoine Barthélemy, and that the *Voyages au Maroc*, of the Marquis de Segonzac, the ex-Spahi officer now in the hands of a Moorish tribe, were published a little more than a year ago. Part II. of Volume I. of Brunetière's *Histoire de la Littérature Française* is ready, and *Il Menologio dello Imperatore Basilio II.* (Codice Vaticano, 1613), a magnificent facsimile reproduction in large 4to, is offered to subscribers. Germany has not been active quite recently in the production of purely literary works, but a couple of volumes of essays well deserve to be mentioned—*Goethe in Seinem Leben*, by B. R. Abeken, and a very amusing little collection of pretty trifles, *Seifenblasen*, by R. Huch, of Stuttgart, the nature of which is sufficiently indicated by the title.

L. W.

# NOSTALGIA.

BY

GRAZIA DELEDDA,<sup>1</sup>

*Author of "Cenere," &c*

*Translated by HELEN HESTER COLVILLE.*

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

### TO MY HUSBAND—

Do you remember a young and attractive lady who called on us one day in the course of our first year's residence in Rome? Her visit was surprising; for I did not know the coronet-surmounted name on her card, and at that time few outside our small circle of intimates had discovered our nest in Via Modena, or had courage to climb a century of steps in pursuit of two useless persons unpractised in giving letters of introduction or inditing dedicatory epistles. The lady, whom I will call Regina, explained, however, that she came from your native province and was the bearer of messages from your friends. We talked a long time of that vicinity, dear to me as a second home; then she asked if I did not yearn after my native Sardinia whose children are reputed always great sufferers from home-sickness.

"Not so much," I replied. "I love Rome with all my heart; besides, I am so busy with my work that I have no time for the indulgence of idle phantasies."

"You work so hard? Happy you!" sighed the young lady; and added, "But no! no! Home-sickness is not mere phantasy; nor is it a disease, as so many call it! It is a passion; and, like other passions, can drive one mad if ungratified. During my first months in Rome I suffered from acute and morbid nostalgia; but now I have been home for a while and have come back almost cured."

"I don't know——" I said, "such nostalgia as I have felt has been quite harmless."

"Then there must be several kinds, some harmless, some dangerous," conceded the young lady with a smile; and she continued rather shyly: "but our whole existence is one long chain of nostalgia—don't you think so? The nostalgia of yesterday, the nostalgia of to-morrow; the longing for what is lost, the yearning for what can never be attained——"

After this first visit we saw Regina several times. I liked her,

(1) [An article on Grazia Deledda appeared in the *FORNIGHTLY REVIEW* for October, 1904. Her last novel, "Cenere," was received with great favour in Italy, and has been published in French in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. "Nostalgia" is her latest piece of work, which is at present appearing in the *Nuova Antologia*.—Ed. F.R.]

she was so clever and original; but to you she proved unsympathetic. "I can't see clearly into her life," you complained to me more than once.

This much we learned about her. Her husband was far from rich and she had brought him but a slender dowry, yet they rented a handsome "*Apartment*" and lived almost luxuriously. We, on the other hand, who worked hard and between us made an income the double of theirs, were content with the modest life of poor artists; gladdened indeed—like the careless existence of the birds building in the laurel below our windows—by the songs of love and the mere joy of living and struggling on in good hope of victory.

Remembering, as I minutely do, the whole simple romance of our early married life—on this day when we have attained to almost all our hopes (a little by my goodwill, chiefly by your intelligence and activity, never by stooping to any transaction disapproved by our conscience)—to you, dear comrade of my work and of my life, I dedicate this tale. In it the reader will not find one of those stale themes for which my romances have been unjustly blamed. It is a simple narrative, a transcript from life, from this our modern life so multiform, so interesting, sometimes so joyous, oftener so sad, so beautiful always as an autumn tree laden with fruit—some of it rotten,—and with leaves—many of them already dead.

A simple narrative, I say; so simple that criticism deeming it a test of my literary powers, hitherto devoted only to the passions and sorrows of a primitive society, may deem that I have failed. But such judgment will not disturb me. This novel has not been written as a test; and criticism resembles the Exchequer which almost always taxes us on capital greater than what we really possess.

Alas! that we cannot dispute its terrible authority! nor make it understand that our patrimony, though small, is at least our own! If we forced ourselves to give all it has the audacity to demand, we should not only ruin ourselves, but to the last remain unsuccessful in appeasing our creditor.

GRAZIA.

RONCADELLO (CASALMAGGIORE). *October, 1904.*

## PART I.

### I.

ROME was near.

The November moon illuminated the Campagna—an immense mother-o'-pearl moon, clear and sad. The violence of the express train was met by the violence of a raging wind.

Regina dozed and was dreaming herself still at home; the rumble of the train seemed the clatter of the mill upon the Po. Suddenly Antonio's hand pressed hers and she awoke with a start.

"We are near arriving," said the young husband.

Regina sat up, leaned towards the closed window and looked out. The glass reflected the interior of the compartment—the lamp, her own figure wrapped in a long, light-coloured cloak, her face w

with weariness. She half-closed her large, short-sighted eyes, and in the misty moonlight, against the grey background caused by the reflection of her cloak, she made out the landscape—bluish undulations fleeting by, a mysterious pathway, a tree with silver leaves lashed by the wind, and in the distance a long line of aqueducts, the arches of which disappeared into the moonlight and seemed like a row of immense inhospitable doors. This of the aqueducts was no doubt optical illusion; but Regina, who had little confidence in her eyes yet was obstinate in refusing spectacles, felt none the less excited by the sublime visions she believed herself seeing in the dimness of the wind-swept window-pane. Rome! she was filled with childish joy at the mere thought that Rome was near. Rome! the long-dreamed-of wonder city, the world's metropolis, the home of all splendours, all delight—Rome, which was now to become her own! She forgot everything else; fatigue, mourning for the dear things lost, trepidation as to her future, fear of the strangers awaiting her, the embarrassments of the first days of marriage, all sadness, disappointment, delusion—all disappeared in the realisation of her long dream so ardently indulged.

Antonio got up and joined her at the window which reflected his fine person—tall, fair, easy in attitude, dominant in manner. Regina saw—still in the glass—his long grey eyes looking at her caressingly, his well-shaped mouth smiling and suggesting a kiss, and she felt happy, happy, happy!

"Think!" said Antonio, bending over her as if to confide a secret; "think, my queen! We are at Rome!"

She did not reply. "Are you thinking of it?" he insisted.

"Of course I am!"

"Does your heart beat?"

Regina smiled, a trifle contemptuously, not choosing to let him see all her excitement and delight.

Antonio looked at his watch.

"A quarter of an hour more. If there wasn't such a wind, I'd make you look out."

"I will. Put down the glass."

"I tell you there's too much wind."

"I'll look out all the same," she said, with the obstinacy of a spoiled child.

Antonio tried to open the window, but the wind was really too strong, and Regina changed her mind.

"Shut it up! Shut it up!" she cried.

He obeyed.

"But think! think!" he repeated, "you are at Rome! *They* will be just starting for the station," he observed gravely, and advised her to put on her hat and get herself ready. "Settle your hair," he said; "and where have you put the powder?"

"Am I very hideous?" asked Regina, passing her hand over her face.

She sat down, opened her dressing-bag, smoothed her hair,

powdered her face; then again put on the grey cloak which Antonio held for her, and buttoned it up. Her little face emerged from its sable collar as from a cup. It was pale and tired, all lips and eyes, reminding one of the pretty little face of a kitten.

"That's all right!" said Antonio, surveying her adoringly.

Again she rose and leaned against the door. A long wall was fleeting past the train; then came houses, hedges, gardens, canes bending under the wind, now and then lamps flaring yellow in the great whiteness of the autumn moon.

"San Paolo! The Tiber!" said Antonio, still at Regina's side.

San Paolo! The Tiber! Regina just perceived the sheen of the river and her heart beat strongly. Yet, as often happened to her after the first moment's wild delight, a shadow of melancholy diffidence stole over her soul.

"Yes!" she thought, "Rome! the capital, the wonder city where there is no fog, which is full of sunshine and of flowers! But what is there in store for me there? Young, happy, loved, I have come to throw myself into the arms of Rome as I have thrown myself into the arms of Antonio. What will Rome be able to give me? We are not rich, and the great city is like—like *people*, who give little to and care little for those who are not rich. But we aren't poor either!" she concluded, comforting herself.

The engine whistled, and Regina started involuntarily. Beyond a wind-blown hedge, straight before her in the moonlight and the glare of the lamps which now had multiplied in number, a small house started into sight for a moment, and vanished as if by magic.

"It might be my home!" she told herself sadly, remembering the dear maternal nest, planted pleasantly on the high bank of the Po.

The train shrieked again, beginning to slacken speed.

"Here we are!" said Antonio; and Regina's recollections dissolved as the apparition of the house had dissolved a moment before.

After this, notwithstanding her resolution not to be upset, not to be surprised, but to make calm study of her own impressions, she became hopelessly bewildered and saw everything as if through a veil.

Antonio was pulling the light luggage down from the rack; he overturned the bonnet-box containing the bride's beautiful white hat; she stooped to pick it up, flushed with dismay, then returned to the window and rearranged her cloak and fur collar. Lines of monstrous houses, orange against the velvety blue of the sky, fled rapidly by; the wind abated, the lamps became innumerable—golden white, violet—their crude rays vanquishing the melancholy moonlight. The glare grew and grew, became magnificent, pervaded an enclosure into which the train rushed with deafening roar.

Rome!

Hundreds of intent egotistic faces, illuminated by the violet brilliance of the electric light, passed before Regina's agitated gaze. Here and there she distinguished a few figures, a lady with red hair,

a man in a checked suit, a pale child with a picture hat, a bald gentleman, a raised stick, a fluttering handkerchief—but she saw nothing distinctly; she had a strange fancy that this unnamed alien crowd was a deputation sent to welcome her—not over-kindly—by the great city to which she was giving herself.

The carriage doors were thrown violently open, a babel of human voices resounded above the whistles and the throbbing of the engines; on the platform people were running about and jostling each other.

“Roma—a—a!”

“Porter—r—r!”

Antonio was collecting the hand luggage, but Regina stood gazing at the scene. Many smiling, curious, anxious persons were still standing in groups before the carriage doors; others had already escaped and were disappearing out of the station exit.

“There’s no one for us, Antonio,” said Regina, a little surprised; but she had no sooner spoken than she perceived a knot of persons returning along the platform, and understood that these were *they*. She jumped out and looked harder. Yes, it was they—three men, one in a light-coloured overcoat; two women, one short and stout, the other very tall, very thin, her face hidden in the shadow of her great black hat. The thin lady held a bouquet of flowers, and her strange figure, tightly compressed in a long coat of which the mother-o’-pearl buttons could be seen a mile off, struck Regina at once. This must be Arduina, her sister-in-law, editress of a Woman’s Rights paper, who had written her two or three extraordinary letters.

“Mother!” cried Antonio, flinging himself from the carriage.

Regina found herself on the fat lady’s panting bosom; then she felt the pressure of the buttons she had seen from afar; in one hand she was holding the bouquet, the other was clasped by a plump, soft, masculine hand.

The slightly amused voice of Antonio was introducing—

“My brother Mario, clerk in the Board of Control; my brother Gaspare, clerk at the War Office; my brother Massimo, junior clerk at the War Office——”

“That’s enough,” said the last, bowing graciously. All smiled, but Antonio went on—

“And this is Arduina, the crazy one——”

“Joking as usual!” cried the latter.

“Well, here is Regina, my wife! Here she is! How are you, Gaspare?”

“Pretty fit. And you? Hungry?”

“Are you very tired, my dear?” asked the trembling voice of the old lady, her face close to Regina’s.

Notwithstanding the scent of the flowers, Regina could have wished her mother-in-law’s lips further off, and she shuddered involuntarily. In that strange place, at that late hour, under that metallic, unpleasantly glaring, electric splendour, all these people pressed upon the bride, speaking in an unfamiliar accent and staring

at her with ill-concealed curiosity. She conceived a dislike to them all. Even Antonio, who at that moment was more taken up with them than with his wife, seemed unlike himself, a stranger, a man of a different race from hers. She felt completely alone, lost, confused; had presently the sensation of being carried away, borne along in a wave of the crowd. Outside, she saw a mountain of enormous vehicles drawn up in line on the shining wood pavement; it seemed to her made of blue tiles, and on the damp air she fancied the scent of a forest. The electric light blinded her short-sighted eyes; she thought she saw the forest in the distance, a line of trees black against the steely sky; and the violet globes of the lamps, suggested in the heart of those black trees some sort of miraculous burning fruit. There was magic in the late hour, in the vastness of the enclosure bounded by the imaginary wood; the people silently lost themselves and disappeared as into a wet and shining morass.

"Let's walk—it's quite close," said Antonio, taking her arm. "Well! it's pretty big, isn't it, this station yard?"

"It is big!" she responded, genuinely astonished; "but it's been raining here, hasn't it? How lovely it all is!"

Regina felt happy again, at Antonio's side, squeezed up against him by the large and panting person of her mother-in-law. Yes, certainly! Rome was the dream-city, full of gardens, fountains, sublime buildings; a city great and splendid by day and by night! She felt joyous as if she had drunk wine; she chattered with feverish animation. Never afterwards did she succeed in remembering what she had said in that first hour of arrival; she did remember that her pleasure was marred by the panting and sighing of her mother-in-law, by Arduina's silly laughter, by the talk of the brothers who stepped just behind her, arguing about trifles.

Antonio had requested his family not to announce his arrival to the more distant relations; however, no sooner had they got to Via Torino and the great palace in which the Venutellis lived on the fourth and fifth floors, than the panting old lady confessed—

"Clara and her girl are here. They came in to spend the evening, and we couldn't get rid of them. They guessed, you see."

"The deuce!" said Antonio; "never mind, I'll soon pack them off for you!"

The gas was lighted, and Regina was impressed by the grand entrance hall and the marble staircase, which seemed continuation of the splendours she had found in *Piazza* and street.

"Courage, my queen!" said Antonio; "this is a veritable Jacob's ladder! Go on in front, you fellows!"

The three men and Arduina pressed forward with the nimbleness of habit; Regina herself tried to run, but she soon got tired and out of breath.

"These stairs are the death of me!" sighed the mother-in-law; "ah! my dear child, I did not always live on a fourth floor!"

Regina was not listening. Cries, laughter, exclamations, a merry uproar, rang from the top of the stair;—then came a whirlwind, a

rustle, a whiff of scent, a vision of flounces, chains, lace, yellow hair, which overwhelmed and nearly overturned the bride, the bridegroom, and the old lady.

"Mind you don't break your neck, Claretta, my dear!" cried Antonio.

The lovely being clasped Regina tight in her fragrant arms, covering her with impassioned kisses.

"Dearest! Welcome! Welcome, dearest! A thousand good wishes and congratulations! Mamma is up there waiting for you!"

"Pray reserve some kisses for me!" said Antonio, dryly.

Claretta, without ado, kissed him rapidly on the cheek; then again seized Regina's hand, and drew her up and up, shouting and laughing, tall, rustling, fragrant, elegant. Regina followed, a little envious, even jealous, but childishly bewitched by so much easy loveliness. Claretta, filling the whole stair with her cries and peals of laughter, almost carried the bride, brought her into the drawing room, threw her on the soft bosom of fat Aunt Clara, and then herself dragged her through the whole *Apartment* on a tour of inspection. The rooms were lighted by gas, and all the furniture was polished and smelly with paraffin: space everywhere was narrow and choked up with furniture, coarse draperies, jute carpets, crochet work, great cushions embroidered in wool, Japanese fans and umbrellas. In some of the rooms it was impossible to move. Regina's throat was caught by a feeling of suffocation. The remembrance of her beautiful country home, of its large rooms, so sunny and so simple, assailed her with an anguish of tenderness. To comfort herself she had to say to Claretta,

"We shall only stay here till we've found a nice *Apartment* for ourselves. That'll be easy, won't it?"

"Not so very easy. The foreigners come down on Rome like a swarm of locusts."

This was the discouraging reply of the cousin, who stopped before every mirror to admire herself, bending this way and that, and talking loud that the young men in the dining room might hear her.

"Here! this is your own room, your *nid d'amour*, you birds of passage!" she said, taking Regina into a corner room, where they found Antonio, his mother, Arduina, the maid-servant, and the portmanteaux.

The room was large, but had an oppressively low ceiling, painted grey with vulgar blue arabesques; three windows, one close to the foot of the bed, were smothered in heavy draperies, and the massive bed itself was burdened with huge pillows and counterpanes. The bridal trunks and portmanteaux completed the barricade, and Regina's sense of asphyxia perceptibly increased. Silent and sad she surveyed the ugly room; she seemed lost in some painful dream, in some strange prison where everything fettered and mortally oppressed her. Oh, dear! all these people! These women, who surrounded, crushed, smothered her! Tired and sleepy her physical irritability made itself almost morbidly felt at the touch of all these



unknown, inquisitive, cruel people. She was yearning for solitude and repose ; at any rate she wanted to wash, dress, rearrange her hair. They did not leave her a moment alone. Claretta had no notion of forsaking the looking glass; Arduina, on the look out for copy, catechised her about her impressions; the mother-in-law never stopped staring with lachrymose eyes.

Regina took off her hat and cloak; her little face, all eyes and lips, seemed pale and frightened under the waves of her hair, black, abundant and curly. Antonio was paying no heed to his bride; he arranged the luggage, and asked his mother news of this one and that. The old lady puffed and sighed, and answered his questions but never took her eyes off the new daughter-in-law.

"Where shall I wash my hands?" asked Regina. Her warm brown eyes, generally velvety and sweet, were now drooping with fatigue, and in expression almost wild.

"Here!" cried Arduina, precipitating herself on the washstand. "you'll find everything here, dear! soap, powder, comb—What sort of soap do you like?"

Regina did not answer. Mechanically she washed herself, accepting the towel which her sister-in-law presented, and smoothed her hair, stooping to look in the low looking glass.

"Sit down," said Arduina, setting a chair, "you can't see like that."

No, I can't see sitting; I'm short-sighted," said Regina, with increasing irritation.

This piece of news plunged the ladies into consternation. Claretta actually turned her back on the glass; Signora Anna, who was examining the lining of Regina's cloak, looked up almost in tears; Arduina studied her sister-in-law's beautiful orbs with astonishment.

"Short-sighted? With such lovely eyes! and so young!" exclaimed the old lady.

"Have you eye-glasses?" asked Claretta.

"Yes, but they're no good. I hate them."

"They're very *chic* though," said Arduina. "My dear, do loosen your hair at your temples—it's too dragged. What splendid hair you have! I'll do it for you to-morrow. Wait a moment—" and she raised her hand; but the bride's little head which seemed so small and insignificant shook itself fiercely.

"No, no. It will do well enough," she said.

Her tone admitted of no reply; and the authoress understood that Regina was a commanding creature of a superior race. For this reason she looked at her with pitying tenderness, and compassionate admiration. Struck by this look, Regina for the first time noticed her sister-in-law, whom Antonio had described as a fool. Arduina was tall with a narrow chest and a countenance of yellowish wood. She had small, colourless, frightened eyes, thin lips with discoloured teeth, and three curls of pale hair. She was singularly plain, and now Regina perceived further that she was melancholy and enslaved. But this produced no pity in the bride, rather a sense

of malicious consolation. In this odious world into which she had stepped through the door of the *Apartment*, there were victims like Arduina, in comparison with whom she was an empress ! All this passed through her mind during the few minutes in which she was settling her hair in the presence of the three staring women.

Antonio at last noticed his bride's annoyance, and sent the ladies away, pushing his cousin out familiarly.

"Be so kind as to take yourselves off. I don't require your assistance at *my toilette*. Go away. Make haste. We want rest."

"You can sleep all to-morrow. It's going to rain," said his mother.

"Let us hope not."

"I expect it will."

"Bother the weather prophets !" said Regina.

At last the women were gone ; and in an instant Antonio was by Regina's side, kissing her, leaning his face against her troubled one and saying in his caressing voice :

"Cheer up ! Don't be so depressed ! You shall just eat a mouthful and then get at once to bed. To-morrow we'll escape—we'll go out by ourselves. We won't let them bore us. Cheer up !"

He put his arm round her and drew her to the dining room, humming a merry tune :

Mousey doesn't care for cream.

Mousey wants to marry the Queen ;

If the King won't let her go,

Mousey 'll break his bones, you know.

But Regina had no smiles left.

Scarcely was she seated on one of the comfortless Vienna chairs which surrounded the overburdened table, than she felt her back broken and her eyelids weighed down by the whole fatigue of the journey. Again she seemed in a bad dream, looking through a veil at a picture of vulgar figures. Yes, vulgar the face of her mother-in-law, fat, red, puffy, outlined by the hard line of hair, over-shiny and over-black for nature ; vulgar that of Mario, which was much like his mother's, with the same small blue eyes, the same mouth hanging half-open as he breathed slowly and noisily ; vulgar again the face of Gaspere, rosy all over, hairless below the shining line of his bald forehead ; and that of Massimo, who was dandified but decadent, something like Antonio, but with long, reddish, oily hair and bold grey eyes. Claretta herself was vulgar ; the very type of *bourgeois* beauty. Without understanding why, Regina remembered the crowds half-seen at the passing stations and on the Roman platform ; the faces now surrounding her stood out from the confusion of those unnoticed ones, but themselves belonged to the crowd, and were no better than the crowd. A whole world separated from them.

Notwithstanding the hour and Antonio's promise of dispatch, the dinner lasted an immense time. It was served by a strapping, fair-

haired girl in a pink blouse, who never took her astonished eyes from the bride's face, and every moment tripped and stumbled, as if determined to break something.

This figure which came and went seemed the principal one of the picture. Everyone watched the girl and talked to her. Signora Anna started every time she opened the door.

Even Antonio addressed her.

"Well, Marina, and how are all the sweethearts?" he asked; and added, indicating Regina, "are you satisfied? Which is the prettiest, she or Signora Arduina?"

Marina blushed, giggled, ran away, and did not return.

Presently Gaspare rose gravely, threw his napkin over his shoulder, and went in search of her. An altercation was heard in the kitchen. Then Gaspare returned, wrathful and very red.

"Mother, the mutton is burnt!" he announced tragically; "you must go and see after it."

The old lady groaned, got up, went out, came back—and did not stay quiet for another moment!

"Mother!" implored Antonio, "do sit down!"

"Mother!" urged Gaspare, still wrathful, "go and look after her!"

"Oh, those servants!" said the mother-in-law, turning to Regina, "one shouldn't mention them, I know, but they're the ruin of families. I'll tell you afterwards——"

"It's one of the gravest of social problems," said Massimo, sarcastically, looking straight before him.

"But one can't live without servants," cried Gaspare.

"Yet the servants are the death of you?"

"Oh, I'll be the death of them if they don't do their business," said Gaspare, and they all laughed.

Notwithstanding the old lady's irruptions into the kitchen the courses were a long time coming. Talk grew animated. Massimo chattered with the cousin; Signora Anna expatiated to Signora Clara on the delinquencies of the maid.

"How are you getting on with your Gigione?" Antonio asked Gaspare; and his brother replied, abusing his chief as he had abused Marina.

"Did you get my last letter?" Arduina demanded of Regina, under cover of the general noise.

"Which?"

"The one in which I asked information about the state of private benevolence in Mantua."

"Oh, pray leave her in peace," interrupted Antonio, testily.

Regina thought of her old home, of the beautiful picture seen through the window of the great dining-parlour, the woods, the silver river sparkling in the summer sunshine—all lost! The actual picture of the woods, and the painted picture above the chimney-piece, a river scene by Baratta, showing the green banks of the Parma, and white boats against a violet sky—all vanished—vanished.

Seated on this back-breaking chair, among all these people cluttered of vulgar things, dismay again invaded her soul, the day fell by the condemned at the thought of association with his new-prisoners. Antonio paid her little attention; he was sucked the current of his brothers' talk and had become a stranger to her. Again he made some jest at Arduina's expense; the maid looked at the ladies and laughed. Indeed, they all laughed. Why did they laugh? Was happiness making Antonio cruel? His face hardened when he heard his thought expressed by somebody else, as they all knew, his wife's scribbling mania. So he persisted in questioning his sister-in-law about her newspaper, *The Future of Woman*.

"It has reached a circulation of three copies," said Massimo, and it is clearly anxious to provoke quarrels, for it has printed a note from a Calabrian paper without leave."

"My goodness! how witty you are!" cried Arduina, laughing, her whole face expressed a vague terror.

For Mario, his eyes on his plate, grunted and munched like an ox-bullock. There followed a perfect explosion of childish cruelty towards the poor creature, who, even to Regina, suggested a caricature.

"I've never succeeded in discovering the office of her paper," said Regina; "one ought to be able to go there if only to find the editor."

"There are plenty of editors in the street," answered Arduina, "and you could find one anywhere."

"I don't see the sense of that!" cried Gaspare.

"We never expect you to see the sense of anything."

"Come, show sense yourself!" interposed her husband, threatening her with his fork.

"Are you in the Woman Movement, Regina?" someone asked.

"No," answered the bride, as if starting from a dream. "I am willing to defend her sister-in-law, less out of pity for her than out of dislike to the brothers, she added, "Perhaps Arduina will convert me."

"Antonio! get out your stick!" cried Gaspare, and again they laughed.

The topic changed. They discussed a certain Madame Makuline, a Russian princess long resident in Rome, to whom Antonio had been introduced by Arduina, and who occasionally employed him in the administration of her affairs.

"He should give a wedding present to Regina," said the dressmaker; "I expect her to dinner to-morrow; will you two come?"

His intelligence somewhat restored Arduina's prestige, and she breathed more freely. The conversation ran on countesses and duchesses; Claretta cried, turning to Massimo—

"Ah, now I remember! You were seen yesterday——"

"And I seen to-day?"

"—running after Donna Maria del Carro's carriage raining, and you had no umbrella."

"That's why I ran," he said, flattered and pleased.

"No, my dear boy; you ran after the carriage."

"Why?" asked the innocent Regina.

"How sweet you are!" said the cousin. "He ran young and of course! The Marchesa del Carro likes handsome even when she doesn't know them."

"Thank you very much," said Massimo, making a little bow.

Then they all got excited and talked of innumerable things. Sig- of their acquaintance, telling their "lives and miracles." Clara, not to be left out, was insistent in describing the costume of a countess.

Regina listened. She did not confess it to herself, but she certainly pleased that her new relations had friends among aristocracy.

Suddenly, however, while Signora Clara was repeating description of the countess's dress, Regina saw her husband look at her with distressed eyes, and she knew that her brows were contracted in a frown. He got up, came over, and stroked her.

"It's time for bed now. You're tired, aren't you?" he whispered, his voice almost supplicating.

Regina rose. Arduina and Claretta thought it necessary to conduct after her, embracing and kissing her. When they had led her to the bedroom, they kissed her again.

Now she was alone with Antonio, and great was her other-ness. The door opened immediately, and in came the mother-in-law.

"What is it?" asked Regina, dismayed; and she turned her eyes on one of the immense, encumbering arm-chairs, and closed.

Signora Anna, sighing as usual, advanced to the bed.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in accents of tragedy, "give no heed nowadays, know nothing of their business! They have changed. Forgive me, my dearest child—"

"What on earth has happened?" asked Antonio, half undressed.

"She hasn't turned down the bed!" cried the poor cousin, sitting on the pillows with her fat and trembling arms.

She fussed about, altered all the blankets, tidied the dress; but she examined the jugs. Regina was waiting to undress; and the old lady would not go away, she leaned back in the chair, her eyes still closed, her hands folded in her lap. She listened; and her mother-in-law's uncertain step and panting breath came to her thought with anguish of to-morrow.

"And the morrow of that, and the next day, and the day after, ever, I shall have to put up with these people! It's awfully jamas."

"Where are your things?" asked Antonio, in his pyjamas.

Regina opened her eyes, got up hastily, and searched for her mantleau. Lo! behind her the heavy panting of the old lady.

"Let me, dear child! You go and undress. I'll fit for you."

"No, no," said Regina, vexed, "I'll do it myself."

"Leave it off to me. Go and undress."

"No!"

"There's nothing for me but to dance!" said Antonio, cutting his papers; he was well-made, and agile as a clown.

"My dear daughter! what are you thinking of? That's a petticoat, not a night-dress! This? Surely that's one of Antonio's diannel shirts? Ah! a flannel nightdress! Dear me! doesn't it tickle you? But I believe it's very cold in your part of the country. It's cold here, too, when the *tramontana* blows. The *tramontana* blows for three days at a time. Dear! what lovely embroidery! Did you do it yourself? Listen——"

But Regina could listen no longer. Rage possessed her, while the old lady rummaged in the portmanteau, examining everything with the greatest curiosity. Antonio was waltzing round the arm-chair, he suddenly seized Regina, and whirled her away with him.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a cry of suffering protest, "it's time now to leave me in peace!"

The hint was lost upon the old lady. She put everything straight in the portmanteau, then came to Regina and embraced her lengthily. At last she did take herself off, and at last Regina was really alone with her husband, but it was too late for her to feel great comfort in the fact. She undressed and got into bed; into the huge, solid bed, hard, and wide and cold as the bed of a river! She felt shipwrecked, around her floated gaping trunks, boxes, curtains, displeasing furniture; above beetled the grey ceiling, overwhelming as a rainy sky. Confused noises, vibrations in the silence of night, penetrated from the distance, from some unknown and mysterious place. Arduma's foolish laughter, Clarotta's hysterical jeeks, echoed on in the next room. And above these, above all noises far and near, sounded a melancholy whistle, the sibilant accent of some nocturnal train, which seemed to Regina a voice of other times from a distant place, a cry which called, invited, explored her to—what? She did not know, did not remember; but she was sure she knew that cry, that it had once told her something wonderful, that it was sounding now only for her, having sought her in the night of the vast, unknown city;—that it was repeating other things wild, sweet, lacerating——

At last! "said Antonio, embracing her. "This bed is a limitless desert! Where are you? Oh, what little cold hands! You're trembling! Are you cold?"

"No."

"Then why do you tremble?" he asked, in another tone; "are you not happy, Regina?"

She made no answer.

"Are you not happy?"

"I'm tired," she said, her eyes shut, "I still feel the shake of a train. Do you hear that whistle?"

"Ah!" she went on as if speaking in a dream, "I know it now!"

It's the whistle of the little steam-train that starts me!"

"We have hardly arrived, and already you start at his voice half jesting, half bitter

She made no response. He thought she slept, and for fear of waking her

Long afterwards he confided to Regina that he had been unable to sleep. He wanted to ask how she liked the rest, but dared not put the question, guessing that she would not answer him sincerely.

He heard the whistle which had reached the ears of Regina, and had lulled her in memories and hope.

"Go? Is she already dreaming of going?" he thought, and remembered, not without resentment, her cold, then contemptuous manner during those first hours of contact with her new relatives. Yet he could not but feel the distance which divided those relatives from the thoughtful creature of a superior race whom he had dared to marry.

But she knew all about it!" he reflected, "I had told everything. I said to her: 'We're a family of working people descended from working people. My mother is just like her, my sister-in-law is a harmless lunatic. She said she did not love me, and that was enough. Then what more do we want?'"

He had a foolish desire to push her away, to distance himself in that great, limitless bed, but she was so fragile, so cold! lying like a dead thing on his warm, pulsing breast.

"I've been wrong in bringing her here! I ought to have prepared our own nest, and taken her there at once. She's like an exotic flower which must be planted at once in an adapted soil."

He looked at her with profound tenderness, and remembered, lest he should disturb the slumber which had descended on her, home-sickness and fatigue.

(To be continued)

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